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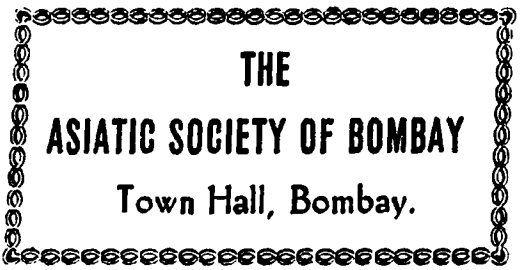

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HOW I CROSSED AFRICA:

FROM THE

ATLANTIC TO THE INDIAN OCEAN, THROUGH UNKNOWN COUNTRIES;
DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT ZAMBESI AFFLUENTS, &c.

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ROYAL ASIATIC

BY MAJOR SERPA PINTO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT

BY ALFRED ELWES.

B1371

IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING 15 MAPS AND FACSIMILES, AND 192 ILLUSTRATIONS.

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VOL. II.—THE COILLARD FAMILY.

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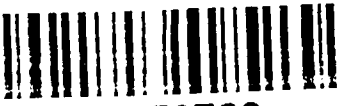


CONTENTS TO VOL. II.

PART I. *continued.*—THE KING'S RIFLE.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE BAROZE.

PAGE

The Upper Zambesi—King Lobossi—The Kingdom of the Barôze, Lui or Ungenge—The King's Counsellors—Great Audience—Private Audiences—Things are all *couleur de rose*—My Lecture to Gambella on Geography—A change in the Aspect of Matters—Intrigues—Quimbundos and Quïmbares—An Attempt at Assassination—The young Negress Mariana—An Embassy to Benguella—The Bihenos return Home—The 6th of September—Attack upon the Encampment—Withdrawal to the Mountains 1

CHAPTER X.

THE KING'S RIFLE.

Fresh Treason—All but Lost—The King's Rifle—Misery—Fresh Scenes with King Lobossi—Departure—On the Zambesi—Game—Muangana—Itufa—Canoes—Sioma—Cataract of Gonha—Beauties of Nature—Basalt—The Region of the Upper Cataracts—Balle—Bombue—In the mouth of the River Gôco—Cataract of Nambue—The Rapids—A giddy voyage—Catima Moriro—Quisseque or Chicheque—Eliazar—Carimuque—The River Machilla—Abundance of Game—A frightful Encounter—Embarira 50

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER 105

PART II.—THE COILLARD FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

IN LUCHUMA.

PAGE

A prisoner in Embarira—Doctor Benjamin Frederick Bradshaw—The Doctor's camp—Bread—Serious questions—The chronometers recovered—François Coillard—Luchuma—The Coillard family—Serious illness—Apprehensions and irresolution—Arrival of the missionary—I come to a decision—Departure from Luchuma . . 131

CHAPTER II.

MOZI-OA-TUNIA.

Journey to the Cataracts—Storms—The great Cataract of the Zambesi—Abuses of the Macalacas—Return—Patamatenga—Mr. Gabriel Mayer—Graves of Europeans—Arrival at Daca—The Coillard Family 150

CHAPTER III.

THIRTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.

The Desert—Forests—Plains—The Macaricaris—The Massaruas—The Great Macaricari—The Rivers of the Desert—Death of Córa—Want of water—Madame Coillard's last cup of tea—Shoshong . 178

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE MANGUATO.

Severe illness—A Stanley, but not *the* Stanley—King Khama—The English in Africa—The pound sterling—Mr. Taylor—The Bamanguatos on horseback—Horses and riders—Farewells—I start for Pretoria—Nocturnal adventures—Return to Shoshong—Will the chronometers run down? 210

CHAPTER V.

FROM SHOSHONG TO PRETORIA.

PAGE

Catmio—The waggon discovered—Parting from Mr. Coillard—Tempests—An upset—A change of labour—Rains—The Limpopo—Fly—Sport—On the Ntuani—A poor specimen of a Stanley—Augusto in a rage—Adicul—Unwelcome visitors—Stanley loses heart—Boers Nomades—A new waggon—Troubles—Serious illness—A troublesome Christopher—Madame Gonin—The last grave—Magalies-Berg—Pretoria 235

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Rapid sketch of the history of the Boers—What they are—Their immigrations and works—Adrian Pretorius—Pretorius—Diamond mines—Brand—Burgers—Erroneous opinions respecting the Boers—What I saw and what I think 277

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE TRANSVAAL—(*continued*).

Mr. Swart—Difficulties—I become a Gastronomist—Dr. Risseck—Sir Bartle Frere and the Portuguese Consul Mr. Carvalho—Mr. Osborn, the Colonial Secretary—Dinners and Balls—The Rev. Mr. Gruneberger—Mr. Fred. Jeppe—A dinner with the 80th—Major Tyler and Captain Saunders—Insubordination—Mr. Selous—Monseigneur Jolivet—Some account of Pretoria—Negroes and photography—Burlesque episode of the tragic war of the Zulus . 306

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

Arrival of Sir Owen Lanyon—I leave Pretoria—Heidelberg—A dogcart—Lieutenant Barker—Dupuis—Incidents of Travel in the Transvaal—Newcastle—The diligence—Burlesque episodes—Pietermaritzburg—Durban—Return to Maritzburg—Didi Saunders—Adventures at Durban—The Portuguese Consul Mr. Lenell—The *Danubio*—Captain Draper—Return to Europe 331

CONCLUSION 356

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

(*VOL. II.*)

FIG.		PAGE
92.	The King Lobossi	4
93.	Gambella	5
94.	Matagja	6
95.	Pipes for smoking Bangue	33
96.	Milk-pot	35
97.	Iron Implement used as a Handkerchief	36
98.	Wooden Platters	36
99.	Wooden Spoon	36
100.	Hatchet	36
101.	Earthenware. 1. Kitchen Jugs; 2. Jar for Wheat; 3. Pipe Bowls	37
102.	Luina Man	38
103.	Luina Woman	39
104.	Assegais	40
105.	War-Hatchets	40
106.	War-Club	40
107.	Attack on the Encampment in Lui	*to face* 45
108.	Itufa house	77
109.	My Canoe.—The paddles	79
110.	My Camp at Sioma	83
111.	Gonha Cataract	*to face* 84
112.	Conveyance of the Boats at Gonha	*to face* 87
113.	Cataract of Calle	88
114.	Bombue Rapids	89
115.	In the Rapids	*to face* 94
115 A.	Three Europeans crossed the River	*to face* 134
116.	Dr. Bradshaw's Camp	135
116 A.	Mr. and Mrs. Coillard	*to face* 138
116 B.	Encampment of the Coillard Family in Luchuma	*to face* 141
116 C.	Interior of Mr. Coillard's Camp in Luchuma	*to face* 142
116 D.	Mozi-oa-tunia. The West Falls	*to face* 156
116 E.	Mozi-oa-tunia. Uneasy Mode of Measuring Angles	*to face* 160
117.	Mozi-oa-tunia	162

FIG. PAGE
118.—The Five Graves 171
119.—The Defiles of Letlotze 207
120.—Ruins of Rev. Mr. Price's House . . . . . *to face* 220
121.—In the Desert . . . . . *to face* 238
122.—Fly, my Horse of the Desert 241
123.—Fly chasing the Ongiris 243
124.—A View on the Upper Limpopo 251
125.—Ant-hills near the Limpopo 252
126.—My Oxen were safe . . . . . *to face* 254
127.—The last Burial . . . . . *to face* 273
128.—Magalies Berg . . . . . *to face* 275
129.—Myself at Pretoria 305
130.—The Remnant of the Expedition . . . . . *to face* 306
131.—Betjuana Women . . . . . *to face* 326

MAP OF MOZI-OA-TUNIA . . . . . *to face* 153

THREE FACSIMILES OF PAGES OF DIARY, BOOKS OF CALCULATION AND ALBUM (THE WATERSHED IN CANGALA) . . . . *to face* 359

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA.

PART I. *continued*.—THE KING'S RIFLE.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE BARÔZE.

The Upper Zambesi—King Lobossi—The Kingdom of the Barôze, Lui or Ungenge—The King's Counsellors—Great Audience—Private Audiences—Things are all *couleur de rose*—My Lecture to Gambella on Geography—A change in the Aspect of Matters—Intrigues—Quimbundos and Quimbares—An Attempt at Assassination—The young Negress Mariana—An Embassy to Benguella—The Bihenos return Home—The 6th of September—Attack upon the Encampment—Withdrawal to the Mountains.

ON the 25th of August I rose, feeling very ill and burning with fever. I was in the Upper Zambesi, close to the 15th parallel South, in the city of Lialui, the new Capital, founded by King Lobossi, of the Kingdom of the Barôze, Lui or Ungenge, for by all three names is that vast empire of South tropical Africa known to the world. We learn from the descriptions of David Livingstone that a warrior coming out of the South at the head of a powerful army, by name Chibitano, a Basuto by origin, crossed the Zambesi close to its confluence with the Cuando, and invaded the territories of the Upper Zambesi, subjecting to his sway the whole of the tribes who inhabited the vast tracts of country thus conquered.

Chibitano, the most remarkable captain who has ever existed in Central Africa, started from the banks of the Gariep with the nucleus of an army formed of Basutos and Betjuanos, to which he went on adding the young manhood of the peoples he vanquished, and as he drew nearer to the North, he organised his new phalanxes till they became as terribly successful in the conquest of the Upper Zambesi as in the defence of the subjected countries.

On this army, formed of different elements and of peoples of many races and origins, their commander bestowed the name of Cololos, hence the designation of Macololos, which became so well known throughout Africa.

In the Upper Zambesi Chibitano met with many distinct peoples, governed by independent chiefs, who could not, separated as they were, oppose any serious resistance to the Basuto warrior's arms.

Chibitano turned out to be as wise a legislator, and as prudent an administrator, as he was a redoubted warrior; and he succeeded in uniting the conquered tribes and causing them to regard each other as brethren in one common interest.

The said tribes might be grouped in three great divisions, marking three distinct races.

In the South, below the region of the cataracts, were the Macalacas; in the centre the Cangenjes or Barôzes, and in the North the Luinas, a more vigorous and intelligent race than either of the other two, and which was destined in the course of time to take the place of the Macololos in the government of the country.

The reins of government have been indeed centred in the country of the Barôze or Ungenge since the time of Chicrêto, the son and successor of Chibitano; and while all the tribes of the West bestow upon the vast empire

the name of Lui or Ungenge, those of the South distinguish it by the designation of Barôze.

Later on in the chapter I shall have occasion to say something of the history of this people, between the last visit of Livingstone and my passage through the territory, but for the present I continue the narrative of my adventures under the reign of Lobossi and of his counsellor and intimate Gambella.

The political organisation of the Kingdom of the Lui is very different to that of the other peoples I had visited in Africa. It possesses two distinct ministries, that of war and foreign affairs, the last being subdivided into two sections, each having a minister of its own. One of them has to do with Western, the other with Southern affairs, so that while the former deals with the Portuguese in Benguella, the latter has to treat with the English at the Cape.

At the time of my arrival, the King's counsellors were four, two of them not being in office; the ministry for foreign affairs was entrusted to a certain Matagja, whilst Gambella, the President of the King's Council, had the double charge of war and Southern foreign affairs. I made myself acquainted with these details the better to regulate my conduct in the serious matters I had to negotiate.

I was advised at daybreak that King Lobossi was prepared to receive me.

I at once undid my traps, and put on the only complete suit of clothes I possessed; repairing subsequently to the great Square, in which the audience was to be held.

I found the King seated in a high-backed chair, in the middle of the open place, and behind him stood a negro, shading him with a parasol.

He was a young man about 20, of lofty stature, and proportionately stout.

He wore a cashmere mantle over a coloured shirt, and, in lieu of cravat, had a numerous collection of amulets hanging on his chest.

His drawers were of coloured cashmere, displaying Scotch thread stockings, perfectly white, and he had on a pair of low well polished shoes.

A large counterpane of smart colours, in lieu of capote, and a soft grey hat, adorned with two large and beautiful ostrich-feathers, completed the costume of the great potentate.

Fig. 92.—THE KING LOBOSSI.

He held in his hand an instrument formed of a wooden carved handle, into which were stuck bunches of horse-hair, that served to keep off the flies, and as he sat he waved it to and fro with great gravity.

On his right, on a lower chair, was seated Gambella, and the three Counsellors were on the opposite side. About a thousand persons squatted on the ground in a semicircle, displaying their hierarchy by the distance at which they were placed from the sovereign.

On my arrival King Lobossi rose, and after him the Counsellors and the whole people. I exchanged a pressure of the hand with the King and with Gambella, bowed my head to Matagja and the other two Counsellors, and then sat down near Lobossi and Gambella.

After an exchange of compliments and polite

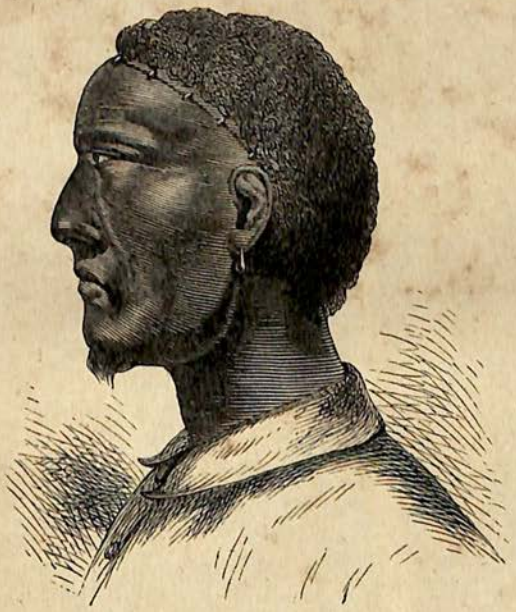


Fig. 93.—GAMBELLA.

greetings, which appeared rather to belong to a European court than a barbarous people, I explained to the King that I was not a merchant, but came to visit him by order of the King of Portugal, and that I had that to say to him which could not well be said before so numerous an assembly.

He replied that he knew and understood that it was

so, and that the reception he had given me the evening before, and the one he made me on this occasion, must prove that he did not confound me with any trader whatsoever; that I was his guest, and that we should have time to talk about affairs, as he hoped to have the happiness of keeping me for some time in his court. After this amiable expression of opinion, he dismissed me, and I returned to my house in a high fever.

I found in my court-yard no fewer than 30 oxen, which the King had sent me as a present.

The favourite slave of Lobossi hinted that it would be an act of delicacy on my part to order the animals

Fig. 94.—Matagja.

to be slaughtered, to offer the best leg of beef to the King, and distribute meat among the courtiers.

I thereupon gave orders to Augusto to act accordingly, and, the whole of the cattle having been killed, the flesh was divided among my carriers and the people of the court. I took good care to send to the King and the four Counsellors the better parts, not

forgetting to make Gambella's the choicest, and letting him know that I did so.

The hides, which are highly esteemed by the people, I presented to Matagja and Gambella.

At 1 o'clock I was received by the King in private audience in a house of the same semi-cylindrical shape, but of large dimensions, being upwards of 60 feet long by 25 broad.

Lobossi, on this occasion, was seated on a stool, and opposite him were the four Counsellors upon a bench, attended by some grandees, among whom was a hale old man, whose sympathetic and expressive face greatly struck me. This was Machauana, the former companion of Livingstone on the journey which the celebrated explorer made from the Zambesi to Loando, and of whom he speaks in his 'Journal' in such high terms of praise.

An enormous pot of *quimbombo* was placed in the middle of the room, and, after the King had drunk of it, all followed his example in copious draughts, without offering any to me, being informed that I drank only water.

We conversed upon indifferent matters, and I understood that the time had not yet come to talk of my affairs. Among other subjects of conversation, we spoke about languages, and Lobossi requested me to say something in Portuguese, that he might hear how it sounded. I recited to him the Flores d'Alma out of the poem 'D. Jayme', and the negroes appeared delighted to listen to the harmony of our language, which that great and charming poet Thomaz Ribeiro so admirably brings out in those remarkable verses.

On my retiring, the King whispered, in a tone which none could hear, that he should like to see me that night.

Shortly after my arrival at my own house, Machauana called upon me, and I had a long talk with him about

Livingstone. He left me with many professions of friendship.

At 9 o'clock I repaired to the King's residence. I found him in one of the inner *pateos*, seated upon a stool, near a large fire burning in an earthen brazier, a couple of yards, at least, in diameter. Opposite him, in a semicircle, were some twenty men, armed with assegais and shields, who, during our conference, remained as motionless and silent as statues.

Shortly after my arrival, Gambella came in and our conference began.

I commenced by saying that I had been compelled to leave upon the road the rich presents I had brought for him, but that, even as it was, I had been able to save a few trifles, and among them a uniform and hat, which I then presented him.

The former was one of those richly bedizened liveries that all Lisbon has seen worn by the lacqueys seated in the ante-chambers of the Marquis de Penafiel, and which were sold when that wealthy nobleman changed his luxurious Lisbon residence for the more restless life of the capital of France.

Lobossi was delighted both with the uniform and hat, and thanked me very warmly for the gift. We then, after some conversation upon indifferent subjects, began to talk of business.

Three languages are spoken in the Barôze country, —the Ganguella, the Luina and the Sesuto; the last-mentioned being a dialect left behind them by the Macololos, who modified the customs of the conquered people to the extent of introducing their own tongue, which still remains the official language and the one affected by the Court.

It was this idiom that was spoken by Lobossi and Gambella, and wherein Verissimo and Caiumbuca served me as interpreters. I at once informed the

monarch that I came as the envoy of the King of Portugal (the *Mueneputo*, for by that name His Most Faithful Majesty is known among all the peoples of South Africa, and which is formed of two words, *Muene*, meaning King, and *Puto*, the name given to Portugal in Africa). I said that my chief aim was to facilitate commerce between the two countries, and that, as Lui was in the centre of Africa, and already in communication with Benguella, I desired to open the road to the Zumbo, which would afford a much nearer market, where it would be easy for himself and his subjects to furnish themselves with those European products of which they stood most in need.

He complained warmly of the dearth of such products for some time past, owing to the absence of Benguella traders, nor did he conceal from me that, among other articles, he was absolutely without powder. To this I replied that they would come fast enough if they saw a chance of doing good business, and that I could assure him the Mueneputo was willing to protect any trade between the two countries, if he, on his part, would engage to forbid in his States the purchase and sale of slaves.

I did not disguise from him the want of resources under which I was labouring, and, whilst urging upon him the desirability and advantage of throwing open the Zumbo road, I promised that, if he aided me in my enterprise, I would procure for him from Tete, in the shortest possible time, all the powder and other things he required.

Mr Gambella, an intelligent man and acute diplomat (for such are not wanting among the blacks), tried more than once to catch me tripping; but I would not travel out of the road of facts and logic, and he apparently gave in.

After much discussion, it was decided that King

Lobossi should send a deputation to Benguella, I supplying it with a man in whom I could place confidence, with letters for the Governor and for Silva Porto, and that, in return, he should give me the people I wanted to accompany me to the Zumbo.

It was 1 in the morning when I retired, and, in spite of my mistrust of negroes, I freely confess that I went away satisfied.

The whole of that day I was busily engaged, and at night-time, when I lay down, I had a severe attack of fever.

I rose next morning very ill, and despatched some Quimbundos and Quimbares to a spot rather more than a quarter of a mile to the S. of Lialui, with orders to construct an encampment, for which I had procured the King's authorisation.

At 10 I went to pay a visit to Lobossi, whom I found in a large circular house, surrounded by people, and having before him six enormous pans of *capata*. My own followers, Augusto, Verissimo and Caiumbuca, and the King's attendants, were very soon in a helpless state of drunkenness; and, as I could do nothing to stop it, I returned to my own house, and went to my couch with a great increase of fever.

A perfect crowd of people came to visit me, and, as there was nothing to be done but to listen to them—for the negroes have no consideration for any one who is ill,—I rapidly grew worse.

Lobossi sent me six oxen, the flesh of which was all stolen by his men, for the major part of my people were away constructing the encampment, and Augusto, Verissimo and Caiumbuca were too drunk to attend to anything.

Early next morning, the King came to see me. I was then a little better, but the fever still continued, and obstinately refused to yield to the usual remedies.

At 10, Lobossi sent to request me to appear before his great Council, which he had convened expressly in order that I might lay my projects before it.

Again did Gambella, who presided at the meeting, try to confuse me, but with no better success than before. I had, however, to give Gambella and the other members of the Board a lecture in Geography.

I traced upon the ground the course of the Zambesi, and to the east, running parallel to it, the course of the Loengue, which, under the name of Calucue, runs into the Zambesi below the Cariba rapids.

I demonstrated that in 15 days I could reach the village of Cainco, situated upon an island in the Loengue; and that I could descend that river in a boat down to the Zambesi, and by the latter stream to the Zumbo.

I asserted that the Loengue was without cataracts, and that the Zambesi, from Cariba to the Zumbo, was perfectly navigable.

The audience were astonished at my erudition, and Gambella, who knew more of African geography than many ministers of European States, was aware that what I said was true, and did not attempt to refute it.

After a lengthened and heated discussion, it was resolved to send the deputation to Benguella, and to allow me sufficient people to cross the Chuculumbe to Cainco, leaving three or four strong posts on the road to secure the passage, on their return, of those who should accompany me to the Zumbo. When the meeting broke up there was great enthusiasm, and the chiefs who were to proceed to Benguella, and those who were to attend me, were selected on the spot.

I returned to the house with such an accession of fever that I lost my senses, but recovered somewhat by 6 next morning.

In the evening of that day a visitor was announced

in the person of Manutumueno, a son of King Chipopa, the first monarch of the Luina dynasty.

I ordered him to be shown in, and beheld a youth of some 16 or 17 years, with a handsome figure and sympathetic face.

He wore a pair of black trousers and the uniform of an ensign in the Portuguese light cavalry, in excellent condition. The sight of the uniform made a deep impression on me. To whom had it belonged? How had it found its way into the centre of Africa?

Perhaps some unfortunate widow had bartered the clothes, once worn by a beloved husband, for the means of procuring food to stay her hunger.

Moved by curiosity, and to put an end to further conjecture, I questioned Manutumueno as to how he had come by the uniform; to which he replied that it was a present of a Biheno trader, made him some time previously.

I then inquired if he had met with nothing in the pockets. He answered that there were none. "None!" I exclaimed. "What, no pockets in an officer's coat? Impossible!"

I requested him to let me examine it, which he willingly did, and unbuttoned the coat for the purpose. True enough, there were no pockets in the breast.

I then turned him round, and examined the skirts, which, to his astonishment, *did* contain such contrivances; and, foraging in one of them, I found and drew out a tiny little note.

Was my curiosity to be gratified, and should I learn who was the owner of the garment? What were the contents of that tiny folded billet which I held in my hand, and for a moment hesitated to open?

It was not without a certain feeling of emotion that I did open it, and rapidly scanned the few lines it contained, hurriedly written in pencil.

As I did so, I could not refrain from giving vent to a hearty laugh.

The paper contained these words:—

"If I am not indifferent to you, kindly let me know how we can correspond."

And beneath, there was a name and an address.

I then knew to whom the uniform had belonged.

The name was that of one of my friends and companions at college, who now holds a high position in one of the scientific branches of the Portuguese army.

One day, in public, I committed the indiscretion of pronouncing the name of the party who signed the note which had come so strangely into my possession; but, indiscreet as it may have been, I do not consider that I, in any way, offended that gallant officer and distinguished gentleman.

That a uniform, which talent and application to study were the means of exchanging for a more important one, thrown aside or given to a servant, should, from the instability of mundane things, have found its way into the centre of Africa is not, I take it, a thing to cast a reflection upon anyone. And still less has a man cause to be offended at being discovered as the author of a billet-doux.

Unhappy are those who at 18 never indited such epistles, and still more unhappy they who at 30 can no longer write them!

"No doubt, good friend of mine," I thought, "some severe papa or lynx-eyed mamma, who is always inconveniently in the way in such matters, prevented thee, on leaving the theatre or festive ball, from delivering the little missive to thy Dulcinea of that night, and compelled thee to stuff the precious document into thy pocket. Little didst thou dream that the forgotten note would travel across the seas, penetrate into far different regions to that in which it was indited, and be carried

—an unknown treasure—on the person of a negro in the Upper Zambesi! For thy consolation, however, know that the negro was at least the son of a king!"

It shows pretty clearly the state of my mind at this conjuncture, that only sad thoughts should have been engendered at sight of that note found in the pocket of the uniform of an ensign of cavalry, as I ought to have instinctively known that the note could only have been a billet-doux.

A cavalry ensign in Portugal, as I presume everywhere else, is always a dazzling light at which the thoughtless butterflies singe their gilded wings.

Musing upon this subject, I sought my pillow, not without a sigh that I was already a major.

Next day, my fever had so increased that I could not stand upon my legs. Lobossi came to visit me, and brought with him his confidential doctor.

He was an old man, small in stature, and thin of frame, with white beard and hair.

He began by drawing from his breast a string that was run through eight halves of the stones of some fruit that was unknown to me. He then, with great gravity, pronounced certain cabalistic words, and cast the fruit-stones on the ground. Some of them remained with the inner side upwards, and others the reverse. After examining the positions they had taken, he came to the conclusion that my deceased relatives had possessed me, and that it was necessary for me to give him something, that he might charm them away. I bore all this nonsense with the utmost patience whilst feigning to lend the greatest credence to his words, and dismissed him with a small present of gunpowder.

Later on in the day Gambella sent me 10 loads of maize and massambala.

My encampment being now finished, I lost no time in shifting my quarters into it.

By the 29th of August the fever had yielded somewhat to the strong doses of quinine I had taken, and my strength was coming back to me. Unfortunately, my moral condition retrograded in a like degree. At times, indeed, the depression of spirits was most inexplicable, and my energy gave way as my moral weakness took the stronger hold of me. I was becoming crushed by the weight of a terrible attack of home-sickness.

The King himself displayed a good deal of concern at my condition, but each messenger who came to inquire after my health made a more exorbitant and impertinent request than his predecessor.

On that day, he sent his musicians to play and sing for my *entertainment;* but when they had done, a demand was made of two cartridges of powder per man.

In the afternoon I heard a great beating of drums in the city, and the King sent to request that I would fire off some volleys in the great square—a wish that I gratified by despatching a dozen of my men for the purpose.

I afterwards learned that it was a convocation to war, and before referring to the motives which led to it, I would fain say a few words about the history of the Lui, taking up the narrative from the point at which it was left by Dr. Livingstone, that is to say, from the death of Chicrêto.

The empire so powerfully sustained by the iron hand, wisdom, prudence and policy of Chibitano, began visibly to decline under the reign of his son Chicrêto. David Livingstone, deeply grateful for the favours of the latter, who supplied him with the means of proceeding to Loanda and the Mozambique, is perhaps somewhat prejudiced in the eulogiums he bestows upon this king, for, in the record of the journey he subsequently undertook to these parts with his brother Charles and

Dr. Kirk, he could not refrain from dwelling on the disorder and deep decadence in which he found the Macololo empire.

Of the natives who came from the South, with Chibitano, viz. the Macololos, few now remain, they having been decimated by the fevers proper to the country, which do not even spare the natives themselves. Drunkenness and the too free use of *bangue*, joined to the unruliness of the chiefs, little by little, deprived the invaders of all their usurped authority. On the death of Chicrêto, he was succeeded by his nephew Omborolo, who was to reign during the minority of Pepe, a younger brother of Chicrêto and son of the great Chibitano.

The Luinas conspired, and Pepe was one day assassinated. Omborolo ere long shared the same fate, and the Luinas, having organised what amounted to another Saint Bartholomew's, slew without mercy the remnant of the former invading warriors, of whom only a handful escaped, who, under the command of Siroque, a brother of Chicrêto's mother, fled westward and crossed the Zambesi at Nariere.

The Luinas, after this sanguinary act, proclaimed their chief Chipopa, a man of ability, who took measures to prevent any dismemberment of the country, and managed to keep the empire in the same powerful condition that it boasted in the time of Chibitano.

Chipopa reigned many years, but treachery was soon at its old work, and in 1876 a certain Gambella caused him to be assassinated and proclaimed his nephew Manuanino, a youth of 17, king in his stead.

The first act of Manuanino's exercise of authority was to order Gambella, the man who had brought him to the throne, to be beheaded; and, not content with this, he deposed from office all the relatives and friends

of his father, who had assisted to procure him his dignity, and collected about him only his maternal kinsmen. The former conspired in turn, and made a revolution, with the object of assassinating him, in March 1878; but Manuanino, learning of his danger through some who were yet faithful to him, succeeded in escaping, and fled towards the Cuando, where he assailed and devastated the village of Mutambanja.

Lobossi, having been proclaimed King, despatched an army against him, and Manuanino had to retire from his new quarters, and repassing the Zambesi at Quisseque, plunged into the country of the Chuculumbe, which he crossed, and joined a band of whites, elephant-hunters, who were encamped on the borders of the Cafucue. Lobossi, apparently conscious that his own safety depended upon the death of Manuanino, sent a fresh army against him. It was of the result of that very expedition that news had arrived that day.

It seems that, on nearing the spot where the late sovereign was harbouring with his newly found white friends, whom they styled *Muzungos*, the chiefs demanded that Manuanino should be given up, that he might be slain, and on receiving a flat refusal, they attacked the band, but with so little success, that they were completely routed by the whites, few only being left to escape back to Lialui and narrate the disaster which had befallen the expedition.

This was the motive of the beating of drums and convocation to war, above alluded to, and for which I had been invited by Lobossi to fire off the volleys in the great square of the city.

As I have been speaking of the history of the Lui, I may as well narrate here one of its most interesting and romantic episodes.

Among the few Macololos who, on the occasion of

the African St. Bartholomew's, managed to [illegible] with a band of natives, and pass the Zambesi, was, as I have mentioned, a chief of the name of Siroque.

Intrepid and fearless, Siroque proceeded westward, until he reached the Cubango, which he made his temporary residence, and where he passed his days hunting the elephants.

He subsequently mounted the river to the Bihé, and remained there a considerable time, paying an occasional visit to Benguella, with trading caravans. One day, however, a dispute having arisen, resulting in blows, in which he got the better of his antagonists, he prudently retired to the interior, where he pitched his tent on the river Cuando, below the Cuchibi, and resumed his former life as a huntsman.

He could not, however, in his retreat, forget his former state, and, mindful of the power that was once wielded by his family, he brooded upon ambitious projects. The re-establishment of the Macololo dynasty in the Lui became his constant thought, and, that he might the better set about the realisation of his scheme, he drew nearer to the proposed scene of action by the Cuando.

A pombeiro of the Bihé, his reputed friend, and who had furnished him with powder, denounced him to Manuanino, then recently proclaimed, and that Monarch, having in the most cowardly way got him into his power, caused him to be assassinated near the village of Mutambanja.

All his adherents fell victims at the same time, and the assegai of the slayer of Siroque opened the tomb to the last of the Macololos.

The day on which the intelligence which had befallen the King's arms reached the capital was dark and gloomy, and seemed in harmony with the state of Lobossi's mind.

[redacted]pace, and rumours of fresh mishaps tread upon the heels of each other. Among other scraps of sinister intelligence, it was next reported that Lo Bengula, the powerful monarch of the Matebeli, was projecting an attack upon the Lui.

Everything was topsy-turvey in the city; everyone had a pet expedient to propose, or some mad scheme to ventilate; and two men, only, appeared to retain their wits and coolness amid the general confusion. These were Machauana and Gambella—the latter the Minister of War, Machauana the General-in-Chief.*

Decided and rapid orders were issued by these two chiefs to faithful emissaries, who were at once despatched to distant villages.

The thought pressed uneasily upon my mind, what was to become of me, amid the fresh events, now agitating the country?

It was said, and repeated, that they were the *Muzungos* who had slain the troops of Lobossi despatched against Manuanino, and that if it were known that I was a *Muzungo*, my life was not worth a day's purchase. Luckily the people were ignorant of the fact, and thought that the Portuguese of the East were of a different race to those of the West.

In the Lui the Portuguese in the western colonies are styled *Chinderes*, a name bestowed upon them by the Bihenos; those in the eastern colonies are called *Muzungos*, and the English in the South *Macúas*. They

* News of the Lui, which I have since received in Europe, partly communicated by Dr. Bradshaw and partly sent from the Bihé, inform me that the Luinas, after my stay among them, suffered a fierce attack from certain N.E. tribes, which Dr. Bradshaw describes under the name of Ma-Kupi-Kupi; and that, subsequently, Lobossi ordered Gambella, Machauana, and young Manatumueno, son of King Chipopa, to be put to death. Shortly afterwards it was reported in the Bihé that King Lobossi had himself been assassinated, and another sovereign proclaimed in his stead; the new monarch being, according to the same source—not, by the by, too reliable a one—the Manuanino before referred to.

designate *Mambares* every black man coming from the Portuguese colonies. This word is certainly a corruption of *Quimbares*, a name given to all the half-civilised negroes of Benguella. Hence arose the error of Dr. Livingstone, in assigning to the west of the Tala Mugongo range of mountains, a district inhabited by a race of *Mambares*.

The *Quimbares* are negroes of various races, either slaves or free men, who are partly civilised. Many of them come from the *Senzalas* or slave-quarters of Benguella, or appertain to similar quarters belonging to the whites on the coast.

In Benguella they call *Quimbundos* the wild aborigines of the interior, and they bestow that title more particularly on the Bihenos.

On the 30th August, at early morning, Lobossi sent to inform me of his intention to proceed to hostilities, and of the motives which compelled him to such a course.

His emissary was Gambella himself, who further communicated that, as Chuculumbe was the theatre of the intended war, my journey thither was impossible, and that, as a necessary consequence, everything which had been arranged between us was at an end.

Events certainly were rendering my position very critical.

In the afternoon, having, meanwhile, had a fresh and violent attack of fever, a message was sent me that the Biheno pombeiros wished to speak to me.

Although with difficulty, I rose and proceeded to hear what they had to say.

After a good deal of beating about the bush, they at length came to the point. They were going to leave me, seeing, as they did, the ugly turn that things were taking in the Lui, and only wanted to get back to the Bihé.

The cowardly crew! They were about to desert me at the very moment I most needed their services!

Miguel, the elephant-hunter, the pombeiro Chaquiçonge, and two carriers, Catiba and another, and Dr. Chacaiombe, protested their fidelity, and declared they would stand by me. The whole of the *Quimbares* also came forward to make a like declaration.

This unexpected move on the part of the Bihenos restored to me, as if by magic, the cool determination which had abandoned me for days past. As difficulties were gathering all round, it behoved me to struggle with them, and I at once threw off the moral torpor which had been insidiously creeping over my mind.

I forthwith dismissed the Bihenos; ordered them out of the camp, and delivered them over to old Antonio, the very man I had recommended to Lobossi as the chief and guide of the deputation he was to have sent to Benguella.

This done, I reviewed my forces, and found that they amounted to 58 men.

On the day after this event Lobossi called to see me, and made urgent demands for things which I did not possess, and which he had apparently set his mind upon having. He was becoming constantly more and more importunate. He was just like a child, but a very troublesome and impertinent one. It required a vast stock of patience to bear with him and his wants, and mine was nearly at an end.

At night he sent for me to visit him. I went, of course, when he told me that my journey to the Chuculumbe was impossible, but that he would furnish me with guides and some people to proceed southwards as far as the Zumbo.

He further said that the report concerning the Matebelis was without foundation; that there was peace on that side, and that he could easily terminate

matters with Manuanino. He then complained most bitterly of the few things I gave him, and said, if I had nothing else left, I ought to let him have all my arms and powder, with the greater reason, as, if I went to the Zumbo with his people, I should be under their protection, and not need to be accompanied by so many armed men of my own.

I offered him the arms of the Bihenos who had left me that day, and whose weapons I had been careful to secure, and seven barrels of powder; but I formally refused to give up a single gun which belonged to the men who remained or to my immediate followers.

I then retired, not too well satisfied with the interview.

On the 1st September I rose feeling very ill, and, after making my morning observations, I turned in again to try and get a little sleep, when Verissimo, in an alarmed state, entered my hut, and told me that Lobossi had called all my people about him, and informed them that I had come there for the express purpose of joining the *Muzungos* who were on the Cafucue with Manuanino, and making war upon him. That this was proved by my persistence in wishing to go to the Chuculumbe. That he had, during the night, been made acquainted with the projects I meditated, and intended therefore to order me out of his country, and only to leave the road to the Bihé open to me.

He had charged Verissimo to bring me this message, which, however, in no wise disconcerted me, as I had, since the evening before, been expecting some such news.

I sent to Gambella, with a request that he would call on me; but he carefully kept out of sight, nor could I succeed in coming across him the whole of that day.

I did not fail to despatch a reply to Lobossi, pointing out to him the impolicy of the course he was adopting, as I had it in my power to do him a deal of harm by

preventing the traders of the Bihé from setting foot in his dominions; but I got, for sole rejoinder, a fresh order to pack up, and to look to the Bihé as the sole available road.

In the afternoon I received another message, to the effect that the forces which had been got together for the war would not march until I had quitted the Lui and was on my way to Benguella.

I told the envoy to inform King Lobossi, from me, that he had better sleep upon the matter, as night was a good counsellor, and that I should wait for his ultimate decision till next day.

It was on the 2nd September, at early morning, that I had a visit from Gambella, who came from the King to command me to quit his territory forthwith, and to take no other road than that which led to the Bihé. That I must not go there, nor there, nor there, pointing successively to the North, East and South.

Against all usage in the country, Gambella, whilst he remained in my house, retained his arms, and I followed his example by toying with a splendid Adams Colt revolver.

I pretended to meditate over my answer, and then said, "Friend Gambella, go and tell Lobossi, or accept the message for yourself, that I don't budge a step from here in the direction of Benguella. Let his army be as numerous as it will, if I am attacked, I shall know how to defend myself; and, if I fall, the Mueneputo will call him to account for my death. He is not on the best of terms with the Matebelis, he is threatened with civil war, raised by Manuanino; let him fall out, besides, with the Mueneputo, and he is a lost man. Any way, you may take it as my final resolve that I only leave here to follow my own road."

Gambella left my hut in a towering rage.

Late at night, Machauana came secretly to visit me.

He informed me that Gambella had counselled the King to order me to be put out of the way, but that Lobossi formally refused to take such a step. The advice was given at a Council which Machauana attended, and who urged me warmly to be upon my guard.

In a long conversation which I held with Livingstone's old companion, I discovered that there was an ancient grudge between him and Gambella. The old warrior, once attached to Chibitano's service and subsequently to that of King Chipopa, was very desirous of seeing raised to the throne of the Lui, the son of the latter, his own pupil and protégé, young Monatumueno, my ensign in the light cavalry.

The discovery of this hatred, and of this affection in the heart of the old man, put me at ease upon my own safety. His power was great, as he had an enormous influence over great part of the Lui tribes, and hence the assegais, which spare but few in the revolutions of the country, had spared him. I expressed to him all the gratitude I felt, and begged him, at parting, to give me timely warning if Lobossi decreed my death. He promised and retired.

After this interview I lay down, and revolved in my mind a singular plan I had been for some time cogitating, but which I had abstained from communicating to Machauana, in order to prevent him conceiving ambitious projects, which he might not at that moment have been nourishing.

I had resolved, if Lobossi decided upon my death, to surround myself with five of my most reliable men, to act as bull-dogs, such as Augusto, Camutombo and others, and repair with them at once to the King's audience, where all are alike unarmed; to cause them, at a given signal, to spring upon Lobossi, Gambella, Matagja and the other two privy counsellors, whilst I,

accompanied by Machauana, the General in Chief, who had ten thousand warriors at his call, would shout out, "Live Monatumueno, King of the Lui; long live the son of Chipopa!"

A revolution effected in this way could scarcely fail to be successful in a country which dearly loves revolutions, and where I should have made the first wherein not a drop of blood was shed.

I fell fast asleep while ruminating this notable project, and slept on till awoke by Catraio next morning, who came to inform me that Lobossi was there, and wanted to speak to me.

I at once arose, and went to receive the King. His object in visiting me was to say that he had altered his mind, and that all the roads were open to me. That he would furnish me with guides to the Quisseque, but that, in consequence of the events that were occurring in his States, he could furnish me with no forces, nor would he be responsible for any disaster that might occur through my attempting the journey with barely 58 men.

I thanked him for his decision, and, with respect to his caution, said I was accustomed to guarantee my own safety and to make no one responsible for my life.

Before retiring, he made a lot more requests, which as usual could not be satisfied, as I did not possess a single article he wanted. One of his demands, which he repeated daily, was for half-a-dozen horses. Having seen me arrive on foot, and knowing full well that I had no horses, such a request was a pure impertinence.

I afterwards learned that this latest decision of Lobossi was due to the reiterated counsels of Machauana, who kept pointing out to him the impropriety of the step he was urging, of compelling me to leave his dominions against my own will.

On the morning of the 4th, being somewhat better of

my fever, I attended an audience of the King, who behaved towards me in a very amicable way. It was Lobossi's custom, at sunrise, to leave his quarters, and, at the sound of *marimbas* and drums, to proceed to the great Square, where he took his seat near a lofty semicircular fence, the centre of which was occupied by the royal chair.

Behind him squatted the natives who composed his Court, and on his right were Gambella and the other counsellors, if present.

In front of the sovereign, and at about 20 paces distant, stood his musicians in a line, and files of the people were ranged at the sides.

Many causes which did not require to be treated in the privy council were there heard and tried, for the audience was in every sense a judicial one. On the day in question, among other matters, was a case of robbery. The complainant summoned the accused (who squatted down in front), and stated his grounds of complaint. The accused denied the crime, and at once a man came forward from among the people to defend him. Any friend or relative is competent for such a purpose.

Gambella acted as public prosecutor, and, the accused kneeling before him, he put a variety of questions to which the other replied.

The discussion went on, and various witnesses for the accusation and defence came forward in turn. The crime was held to be proved, and the plaintiff demanded that the thief's wife should be delivered up to him, which was done, so that he was indemnified for the loss of his property (a few strings of beads) by the possession of the other man's wife.

The case being thus terminated, it is to be hoped to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, another man presented himself, who accused his wife of failing in

her obedience to him. This complaint was followed by many others of a similar character, and I counted more than twenty of Lobossi's subjects who made bitter complaints against their partners, so that it seemed to me the women of the Lialui were in a state of complete domestic revolt. After some discussion, it was resolved that any wife who failed to yield blind and absolute obedience to her lord, should be bound hand and foot and thrust into the lake, where she was to pass the night with only her head out of water.

This new law being approved, Gambella gave orders to certain chiefs to promulgate it in the various villages.

One thing which struck me as particularly curious in these audiences, was the mode in which Gambella conferred with the King, in secret, before the whole assembly. At a signal of the Minister's, the music struck up, and the eight *batuques* made such an infernal noise that it was simply impossible to hear a word of what was being debated between the King and his Minister.

The audience being over, the King is accustomed to retire to a convenient place, and go in for hard drinking.

Numerous pipkins of *capata* are sent round, and the sovereign and his courtiers devote themselves to the worship of the God Bacchus. From this scene he retires to bed, and in the afternoon, after fresh libations, he gives another audience. This lasts till nightfall; he then feeds, and repairs to his seraglio, whence he rarely issues till 1 in the morning. At that hour, amid the beating of drums, he turns into his own house to sleep.

The cessation of the *batuques* is a sign that the monarch has retired. His guard, composed of some 40 men, then strike up a music which, though mono-

tonous, is far from disagreeable, and all the night through they join their voices, in an undertone, in a soft and harmonious chorus. This music, which is presumably soothing to the King's ear, and lulls him agreeably to sleep, serves to show that his guard are watching round his house. The foregoing will give the reader a general idea of the monotonous life led by this African autocrat,—a life made up of gross lasciviousness and brutal intoxication.

On that same day, the 4th September, I learned that I owed my life to Machauana, who, at the privy council, formally opposed a motion for my assassination, saying that he had been in Loanda with Livingstone, had been well treated by the whites, as were the Luinas who accompanied him, and that he would never consent to any evil befalling a white man of the same race.

He went so far as to threaten the constituted authorities,—a very serious matter for them, indeed, as in the Lui, when ministries fall, the ministers die; a little measure of precaution taken by new counsellors, who, with a few strokes of an assegai, cut down opposition to the root.

In Europe it is not unfrequently the fashion for political adversaries to blacken the reputation of their predecessors, and endeavour to discredit them in the eyes of the people, with a view to diminish their moral force. But I find the system pursued in the Lui, under similar circumstances, to be more straightforward, more dignified, and infinitely safer; by which I do not mean to say that I recommend its adoption.

The Council, in view of the attitude and reasoning of Machauana, resolved that sentence of death should not be passed upon me; but, as it would appear, one of its members came to a contrary decision, on his own

account, for that night, having left the camp with the intention of taking the altitudes of the moon, an assegai, cast by some unseen hand, came so near me that the shaft glanced along my left arm. I cast a hasty glance in the direction whence the missile came, and saw, in the dim light, a negro, at 20 paces' distance, preparing for another throw. To draw my revolver and fire at the rascal, was an act rather of instinct than of thought. At sight of the flash, the fellow turned and fled in the direction of the city, and I pursued him. Finding me at his heels, he threw himself on the ground. This made me cautious, and I approached him very gingerly, prepared again to fire, if I observed any evidence of treachery.

I saw, however, that the burly black was lying on his arms, and that his assegais had fallen by his side.

I seized hold of one of his arms, and whilst I felt his flesh tremble at contact with my hand, I also felt a hot liquid running between my fingers. The man was wounded. I made him rise, when, trembling with fear, he uttered certain words which I did not understand. Pointing the revolver at his head, I compelled him to go before me to the camp.

The report of the pistol had been heard there, but had passed unheeded, the firing off a gun or two, in the course of the evening, being a common occurrence. I called for two confidential followers, into whose hands I delivered my prisoner, and then proceeded to examine his wound. The ball had penetrated close to the upper head of the right humerus, near the collar-bone, and, not having come out, I presumed that it was fixed in the shoulder-blade. As there was no blood apparent in the respiratory passages, I considered that the lungs had not been touched, and the small stream which ran from the wound convinced me also that none of the principal arteries had been

cut. Under these circumstances, the wound did not assume a very serious aspect, at least for the moment.

Having bound up his hurt, I sent for Caiumbuca, and ordered him to accompany me to the King's house, my young niggers with the prisoner following behind.

Lobossi had returned from his women's quarters, and was conversing with Gambella before retiring for the night. I presented to him the wounded man, and inquired who and what he was. The King appeared to be both alarmed and horrified at seeing me covered with the blood of the assassin, which I had not washed off, when a hurried glance exchanged between the bravo and Gambella revealed to me the true head of the attempted crime. Lobossi immediately ordered the fellow to be removed, and said that he should get little sleep that night, from thinking of the spectacle I presented.

I narrated the occurrence, and Gambella loudly applauded what I had done. His only regret was that I had not killed the wretch outright, and that he would take a terrible vengeance for the act.

The negro was unknown in Lialui, and the men of Lobossi's body-guard asseverated that they had never seen him. Lobossi begged me to keep the incident a profound secret, assuring me that nothing more of the kind should occur so long as I remained in his dominions.

I returned to the camp, more than ever distrustful of the friendly professions of Gambella.

In the middle of the night, lying awake, I heard some one attempting to steal quietly into my hut. I was on my feet in an instant, ready to surprise the intruder.

The person, whoever it was, could be no stranger, as my faithful hound Traviata, instead of growling, began to wag her tail as her nose pointed in the direction of the uninvited guest.

I waited an instant, and then, by the light of the fire, I recognised the young negress Mariana, who, with her body half in and half outside the hut, made me a signal to be quiet.

She entered, drew close up to me, and whispered: "Be cautious. Caiumbuca is betraying thee. After returning home with thee, he went back to the city to speak with Gambella; on again returning here, he quietly summoned Silva Porto's men, and got them together in his own hut. I was on the alert and listened, and heard them talk about getting thee put to death. Verissimo was there too. They said that, as thou didst not understand the Lui language, when thou saidst one thing to the King, they would say another, and answer in the same way, so that the King should get angry, and order thee to be killed. So be cautious—for they are all bad—very bad!"

I warmly thanked the young girl for her advice and courage, and gave her the only necklace of beads I had left, and which I destined for one of Machauana's favourites.

This intelligence of Mariana was a heavy blow to me. The men in whom I most trusted were then the first to betray me! A thousand sad thoughts trooped through my mind, and, though they did not shake my courage, they completely banished sleep from my eyelids. It was true that Mariana's caution gave me an enormous advantage over my enemies, who remained in ignorance of my knowledge of their treason; and next morning, as I rose from my uneasy couch, I found myself muttering the old proverb, "Forewarned is forearmed."

Gambella was an early visitor, and though his manner was most amiable, and his uttered words were those of sympathy and friendship, his very presence hinted to me of danger, and made me feel that the

sword of Damocles still remained suspended above my head.

Later in the day, I delivered to him the letters for the Governor of Benguella, and saw the deputation of the King of the Lui, commanded by three Luina chiefs and guided by old Antonio of Pungo Andongo, take its departure for the coast.

With it went the Bihenos, who had abandoned my service in the manner recorded. I felt satisfied, at least, with this first result obtained; and if my labours were lost, and I did nothing more, the having brought so powerful a people into close relation with the European civilisation of the coast was an important result of my journey.*

The revelation made me that night by Mariana greatly preoccupied my mind, and every thought was directed to discover a means of parrying the blow which had been dealt me by the treason of those in whom I most trusted.

I concocted a plan which I decided upon putting into execution that very day.

The narration of the many and serious events which affected me personally, and that followed so quickly on the heels of each other since my arrival in the Lui, must not make me forget to speak of the people and the customs that distinguish them.

Instead of meeting there the strong and vigorous race created by Chibitano, and that existed under the Macololo empire, I found a mongrel crew, composed of

* This Luina expedition, set on foot by me, duly arrived at Benguella, where it was very well received by the Governor, Pereira de Mello, and by the trading body of the city, more especially by Silva Porto, who used all his efforts to induce traders to return and organise business journeys. This attempt of mine, to which some importance was attached in Benguella, passed almost unnoticed at headquarters. And yet, if it be important that Europeans should carry trade into the countries of the interior, it is still more important both for commerce and for civilisation, so to contrive that the natives shall flock to the factories on the coast, and there carry on legitimate business.

Calabares, Luinas, Ganguellas, and Macalacas, each of which had infused its own blood, while every separate crossing bore the evidence of fresh decadence. The immoderate use of *bangue* or *cangonha* (Cannabis indica), drunkenness and syphilis, have reduced the people to the most abject moral brutishness and physical weakness.

The first of those three great enemies of the negro race reached them from the south and east, by the Zambesi; the two others were imported thither by the Bihenos, who also introduced a fourth enemy, not less terrible, viz. the traffic in slaves.

Again, few countries in Africa have carried further than the Luinas the practice of polygamy: Gambella, at the period of my stay in the Barôze, had more than seventy wives!

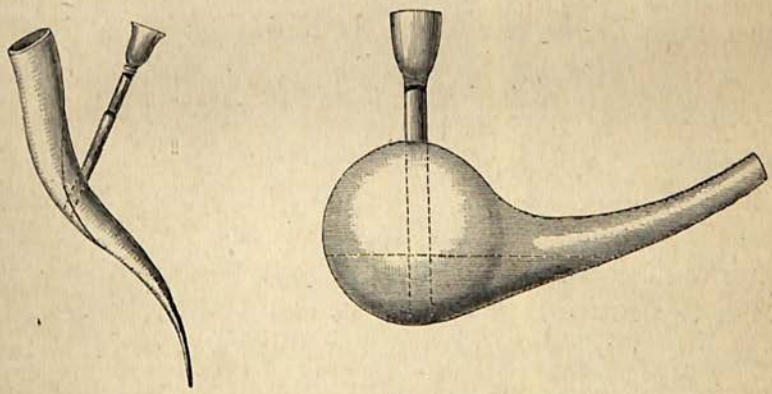


Fig. 95.—Pipes for smoking Bangue.

The Lui or Barôze, properly so called, that is to say, the country lying to the north of the first region of the cataracts, is composed of the enormous plain through which courses the river Zambesi, stretching from 180 to 200 miles from north to south, with a varying width of from 30 to 35 miles; a plain raised to some 3300 feet above the sea-level, and rising still higher in the

eastward, where numerous villages are seated whose plantations flourish in the open. It likewise consists of the enormous valley of the Nhengo, through which runs the river Ninda. The Nhengo district is separated from the bed of the Zambesi by a ridge of land upwards of 60 feet in height, running parallel to the river, and in which many villages are situated that are out of reach of the greatest floods.

During the rainy season the plain of the Zambesi becomes inundated, and I found, by the measurement of several trees, whereon had been recorded the highest level of the waters, that the floods had attained the height of 9 feet 6 inches.

At the 15th parallel, the plain is 30 miles in width, and therefore, during the period of repletion, calculating a minimum current of 60 yards per minute, something like 240 millions of cubic yards of water must rush along per hour. This will give an idea of what the rains are in tropical Africa, if it be also remembered that the inundation regularly attains its maximum at the end of eight days.

The Luina people, who in great part reside in the plain, repair to the mountainous region during the inundations.

On the retirement of the waters, they return to re-occupy the villages abandoned during the inclement season, and cover the country with their enormous herds, which, to say truth, do not find a very luxuriant pasturage at any portion of the year, as the meadows are, for the most part, formed of rushes and canes, the most abundant species being the *Calama,grostis arenaria.*

Cultivation is carried on more upon the right than on the left bank of the Zambesi, and always near the rising ground.

The inundation leaves upon the extensive plain an immense number of small lakes, which form the beds

of aquatic vegetation, and become so many sources of miasma and swamp-fevers, so that there are periods in the year when the aborigines themselves suffer greatly from zymotic diseases.

The lakes abound in fish, and are the homes of multitudes of frogs.

It is from these lakes, also, that the natives draw their supplies of drinking-water, but it is necessary to explain that they only drink it when converted into *capata*.

The Luinas are no great tillers of the land, but they are great rearers of cattle. Their herds constitute their chief wealth, and in the milk of their cows they find their principal nourishment. A Luina's property may be said to consist of cows and women.

The basis of their food is milk, either fresh or curdled, and sweet-potatoes. Maize-flour is used to make *capata*, mixed with the flour of *massambala*, the chief article of cultivation in that country.

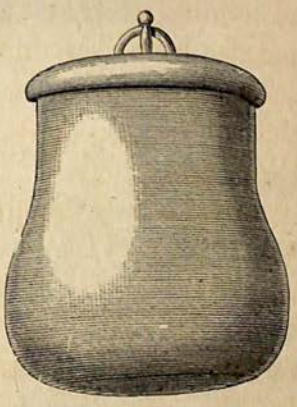


Fig. 96.—Milk-Pot.

The people work in iron, and all their arms and tools are manufactured at home. They use no knives, and one cannot fail to admire their wood-carvings, more especially on considering that they are untouched by a knife, but are the result of what in our eyes would be most unmanageable implements. In the Lui they employ but two; the rough work is done by the hatchet and the fine by the assegai. The iron of the latter performs all the wonders; the benches on which they sit, the porringers out of which they eat, the vessels that contain their milk, and all their other wooden articles, are wrought by its means.

There is one utensil upon which generally the greatest care is bestowed, and that is the spoon.

Fig. 97.—Iron Implement used as Handkerchief.

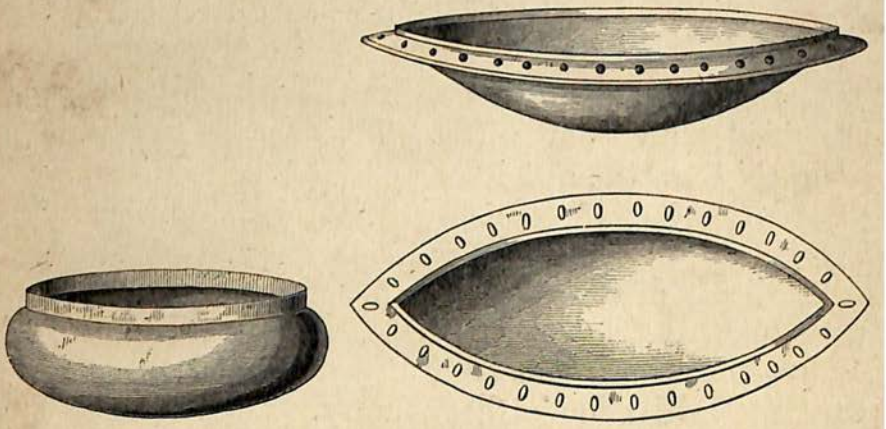


Fig. 98.—Wooden Platters.

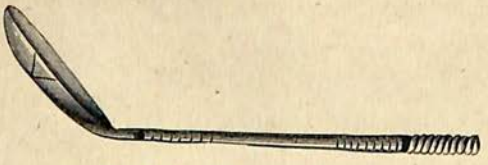


Fig. 99.—Wooden Spoon.

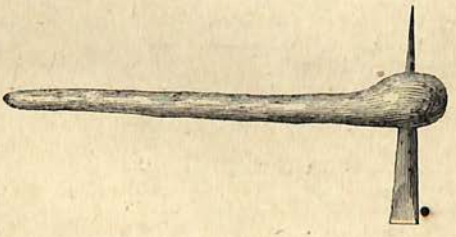


Fig. 100.—Hatchet.

Living, as he does, upon milk, the Luina cannot do without his spoon, but he dispenses with the knife.

His system of feeding, naturally explains the use of one and the neglect of the other article.

Ceramic manufacture is limited in the Barôze to the making of pipkins for cooking-purposes, pans for *capata*, large jars for the preservation of cereals, and moulds for the confectioning of pipes in which to smoke *bangue*.

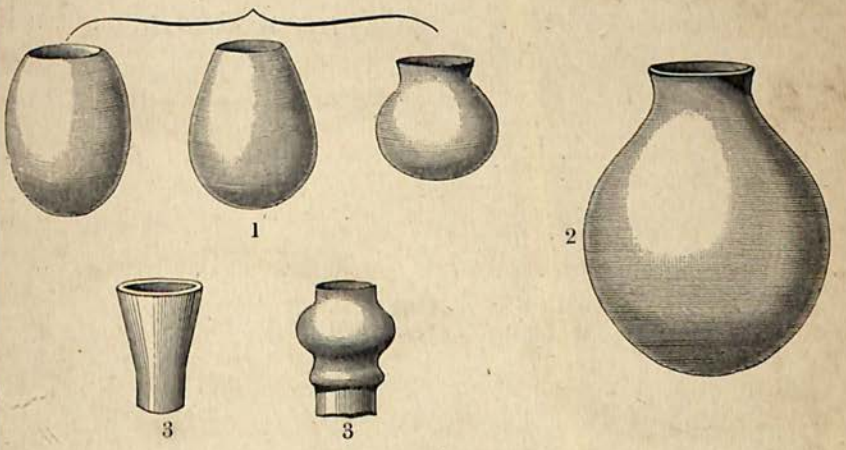


Fig. 101.—EARTHENWARE.

1. Kitchen Jugs. 2. Jar for Wheat. 3. Pipe Bowls.

The Luina smokes nothing but *bangue*; tobacco is cultivated to a considerable extent, but it is used exclusively as snuff, and both men and women make great use of it in that shape.

The people are more covered than any I had hitherto met with. It was rare to see either an adult male or female naked from the waist upwards. The men, as I mentioned in the previous chapter, wear skins fastened to a girdle, which hang behind and before, and reach as low as the knees. A fur mantle with a cape, in the style of Henry III. of Portugal, covers the shoulders and falls to about the middle of the leg. A broad leathern belt, independent of that to which the skins are fastened, completes the attire.

The women wear a petticoat of skins, reaching in front to the knee, and behind to the calf of the leg. They also have a broad girdle about the waist, adorned with cowries. A small fur mantle, a great many beads round the neck, and several bangles on the wrists and ankles, form the usual costume of the country. It is no uncommon thing to see females substituting European stuffs for skins, and wearing cotton counterpanes for capotes; and both males and

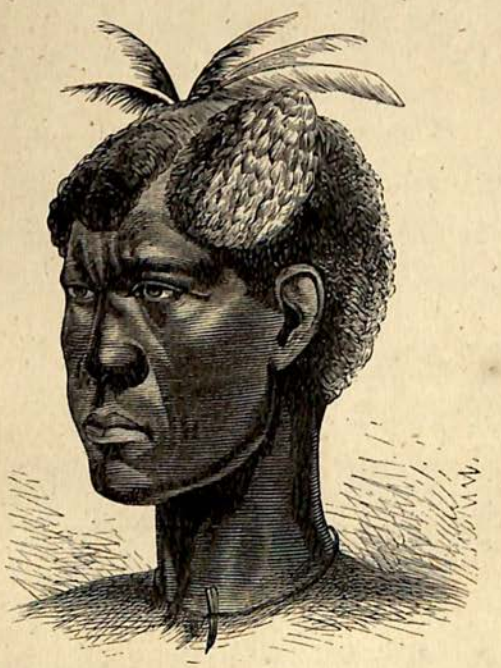


Fig. 102.—Luina Man.

females adopting, in lieu of the native costume, the dress of the European: but I do not deal here with such exceptions, they being simply the innovations which trade has brought among the people. It is necessary, however, to refer to them as betraying the manifest tendency of the people towards body-covering.

Undoubtedly, before the invasion of the Macololos,

the Luinas wore but little clothing. The Chuculumbes, their neighbours to the east, go completely naked, both males and females. On the west are the Ambuellas, whom the first Portuguese traders that ventured thither,* found also without clothing, and even now, it cannot be said that they wear much.

The costume of the Luinas, above described, is the same as that formerly worn by the Macololos, which induces me to believe that it was introduced by them.

Fig. 103.—Luina Woman.

This inclination, which I have noted, to body-clothing is worthy the attention of the trading world, as it may be turned to account, both for the benefit of commerce and as a means of civilisation.

* Silva Porto in 1849.

The women of the upper ranks, and generally the rich, grease their bodies over with beef-suet, mixed with powdered lac, which gives the skin a vermilion lustre, and at the same time a most disgusting smell.

Among the Luinas, I observed a good many percussion-muskets of English manufacture, conveyed

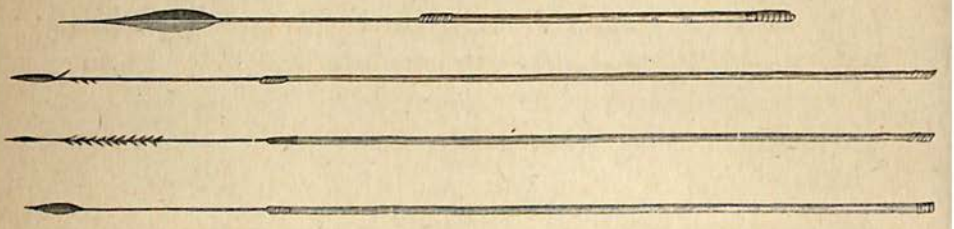


Fig. 104.—Assegais.

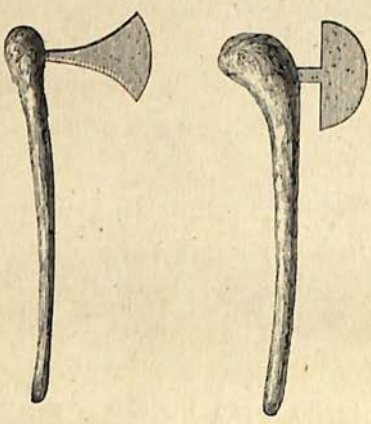


Fig. 105.—War-Hatchets.

Fig. 106.—War-Club.

thither by the traders from the South, and other flint ones, made in Belgium, obtained from the Portuguese at Benguella. The natives here, however, in contradistinction to all the tribes I met with between the

Western coast and the Zambesi, prefer percussion-guns, and there are even some who seek after rifles. They do not use cartridges, like the Bihenos and their immediate neighbours, but carry their powder loose in horns or little calabashes. The arms of the country are assegais, clubs, and hatchets. Bows and arrows are not in use.

By way of defensive arm, they employ large oval-shaped shields of ox-hide over a wooden frame. Every man carries, as a rule, from five to six assegais for throwing.

The irons of these assegais, although not poisoned, are none the less very terrible weapons, owing to their being barbed in every direction, so that, in the majority of cases where they run into the body there is no extracting them, saving by the death of the wounded.

With respect to beads, I observed that the Luinas give the preference to those known in the Benguella trade under the names of *leite*, milk, *azul celeste*, sky-blue, and Maria II. The fine white, blue and red *cassungas* are likewise much esteemed.

All goods are acceptable in the Lui, the best being preferred. Brass wire, about the eighth of an inch in diameter, is valuable, and all ready-made clothes, coverlets, percussion-arms, powder, lead in pigs, and articles of the chase, are quoted at a high figure.

Throughout the country, trade is carried on exclusively with the King, who makes a monopoly of it; to him belongs all the ivory obtainable within his dominions, as well as all the cattle of his subjects, from whom he obtains them whenever needed. He makes presents to his hunters, chiefs of villages and courtiers, of the goods, arms, and other articles which he obtains by barter.

Women enjoy within the territory a good deal of consideration, and the nobler among them do literally

nothing, passing their lives seated upon mats, drinking *capata* and taking snuff.

They possess many slaves, who are for the most part Macalacas, who wait upon them and attend to their wants.

The vast herds of the Luinas are cattle of a magnificent race, and even their poultry and dogs are of better breeds than any I had previously observed.

To the east and south of the Barôze valley the terrible tsee-tsee fly is constantly met with, a circumstance which obliges the people to concentrate their herds in the plain; and it is difficult to travel out of it in any direction but the west, which leads to Benguella, without coming across that redoubted insect.

The foregoing is a brief summary of what I saw and learned in this interesting country, which, in the first instance, prior, that is to say, to the invasion of Chibitano, was visited by a Portuguese (Silva Porto), was subsequently seen by David Livingstone under the empire of the Macololos, and which I found in very different circumstances, under the Luina dynasty in 1878.

Resuming the narrative of my own trying adventures on the 5th of September, the day following the revelation of Mariana, I resolved that the traitors should be betrayed by one of their own party, and cast my eyes upon Verissimo Gonçalves.

I called him into my hut, and showed him, before saying a word, an imaginary letter despatched to Benguella, wherein I informed the Governor that, having reason to mistrust him, I had to request the authorities to seize his wife, son and mother, and hold them as hostages; so that, if perchance I fell a victim to any plot, they might be at once sent to Portugal, where, as I then explained to Verissimo, my relatives would cause them to be burnt alive.

After this exordium, I assured him that the letter had been written as a simple measure of precaution, as I fully confided in his devotion to me, but that such devotion behoved him to be upon the watch, as I strongly mistrusted Caiumbuca; for that, if any mishap befell me, I should be unable to prevent the horrors which were reserved for the beings that were most dear to him. I took care to apprise him, more particularly, that I apprehended Caiumbuca's not imparting to the King what I told him to say, and distorting in turn Lobossi's replies. That he must be always present during my interviews with Lobossi, and tell me in Portuguese (a language which Caiumbuca did not understand) everything the latter said to the King.

Verissimo, in great alarm, blurted out that I was not mistaken, and confessed the whole plot. I warned him about letting Caiumbuca know what had occurred, and impressed upon him the necessity of keeping me informed of the other's doings.

That same afternoon, Lobossi sent to say that the people were ready to accompany me on my journey towards the coast of Mosambique, and that I might, therefore, leave whenever I pleased.

I was feeling a little improved in health, and, in fact, since my arrival on the Zambesi had never felt so well as on that day.

My encampment was very extensive, and spread out more than usual, owing to the Quimbares having taken up their quarters in the huts of the Quimbundos since the latter had left me. The centre was a vast circular space, more than a hundred yards in diameter. On one side was a row of huts, in which my own habitation was situated, having round it a cane-hedge, within whose precincts no one passed except my immediate body-servants.

We had reached the 6th of September. The ther-

mometer during the day had stood persistently at 33 degrees Centigrade, and the heat reflected from the sandy soil had been oppressive.

Night came down serene and fresh, and I, seated at the door of my hut, was thinking of my country, my relatives and friends: I was musing also upon the future fate of my enterprise, so seriously threatened in the country where I was at present sojourning; but though sad thoughts would often chase the bright ones from my mind, I lost neither faith nor hope of bringing my undertaking to a successful issue. Still, the event of the night before was a black cloud which I essayed in vain to banish from my memory.

My Quimbares, who had retired within their huts, were chatting round their fires, and I alone, of all my company, was in the open air.

Suddenly my attention was caught by a number of bright lights flitting round the encampment.

Unable as I was at the moment to explain the meaning of this strange spectacle, nevertheless my mind misgave me as to its object, and I jumped up and looked out from the cane-fencing which surrounded my dwelling.

Directly I caught a fair view of the field, the whole was revealed to me, and an involuntary cry of horror escaped from my lips.

Some hundreds of aborigines surrounded the encampment, and were throwing burning brands upon the huts, whose only covering was a loose thatch of dry grass.

In a minute the flames, incited by a strong east wind, spread in every direction. The Quimbares, in alarm, rushed out from their burning huts, and ran hither and thither like madmen.

Augusto and the Benguella men gathered quickly about me. In presence of such imminent peril, there

Fig. 107.—ATTACK ON THE ENCAMPMENT IN THE LUI.

fell upon me, what I have more than once experienced under similar circumstances, namely, the completest self-possession. My mind became cool and collected, and I felt only the determination to resist and to come out victorious.

I called aloud to my people, half-demented at finding themselves begirt by a ring of fire, and succeeded in collecting them together in the space occupying the centre of the camp.

Aided by Augusto and the Benguella men, I dashed into my hut, then in flames, and managed to get out in safety the trunks containing the instruments, my papers, the labour of so many months, and the powder. By that time the whole of the huts were ablaze, but happily the fire could not reach us where we stood. Verissimo was at my side. I turned to him and said, "I can defend myself here for a considerable time; make your way through, where and how you can, and speed to Lialui. There see Lobossi, and tell him that his people are attacking me. See also Machauana, and inform him of my danger."

Verissimo ran towards the burning huts, and I watched him till he disappeared amid the ruins. By that time the assegais were falling thickly round us, and already some of my men had been badly wounded, among others Silva Porto's negro Jamba, whose right eye-brow was pierced by one of the weapons. My Quimbares answered these volleys with rifle-balls, but still the natives came on, and had now made their way into the encampment, where the huts all lying in ashes offered no effective barrier to their advance. I was standing in the middle of the ground, before alluded to, guarding my country's flag, whilst all round me my valiant Quimbares, who had now recovered heart, were firing in good earnest. But were they all there? No. One man was wanting,—one man whose place before

all others should have been at my side, but whom no one had seen,—Caiumbuca, my second in command, had disappeared.

As the fires were going down, I perceived the danger to be most imminent. Our enemies were a hundred to our one.

It was like a glimpse of the infernal regions, to behold those stalwart negroes, by the light of the lurid flames, darting hither and thither. Screaming in unearthly accents, and ever advancing nearer, beneath the cover of their shields, whilst they brandished in the air and then cast their murderous assegais. It was a fearful struggle, but wherein the breech-loading rifles, by their sustained fire, still kept at bay that horde of howling savages.

Nevertheless, I revolved in my mind that the combat could not long continue thus, for our ammunition was rapidly disappearing. At the outset, I had but 4000 charges for the Snider rifles and 20,000 for the ordinary; but it was not the latter which would save us, and directly our firing should slacken, through the falling off of our rapidly charged breech-loaders, we should be overwhelmed by the bloodthirsty savages.

Augusto, who fought like an enraged lion, came to me, with anguish depicted in his face, as he held up his rifle, which had just burst. I passed the word to my little nigger Pepeca to give him my elephant-rifle and cartridge-box. Thus armed, the brave fellow ran to the front, and discharged his piece point-blank against the enemy where their ranks were thickest. At the instant, the infernal shouts of the assailants changed their tone, and, amid screams of fright, they precipitately fled!

It was not till the following day that I learned, through King Lobossi, what had produced this sudden

change in the aspect of affairs. It was solely due to the unexpected shots of Augusto.

In the cartridge-box entrusted to him were some balls charged with nitro-glycerine!

The effect of these fearful missiles, which decapitated or otherwise tore in pieces all those subject to their explosion, had produced the timely panic among those ignorant savages, who fancied they saw in this novel assault an irresistible sorcery!

Their unpremeditated employment at such a critical time seemed almost providential.

I saw at once that I was saved. Half an hour afterwards, Verissimo appeared with a large force, commanded by Machauana, who had come to my rescue by order of the King. Lobossi sent me word that he was a stranger to the whole affair, and he could only suppose that his people, imagining that it was my intention to attack them, in conjunction with the Muzungos of the East, who were collected under Manuanino, had taken the initiative, and fallen upon me of their own accord; but that he would take the most vigorous measures to prevent my suffering further aggression. I explained the matter to myself in another way, feeling convinced that, if the assault had not been ordered by him, it was the work of Gambella.

Verissimo, seeing the disasters occasioned by the conflict, asked me what was now to be done; a question I answered in the words of one of the greatest Portuguese of ancient times, "Bury the dead, and look after the living."

The conflagration had caused us serious losses of property, but infinitely more serious were the valuable lives which had been sacrificed through so unexpected an assault. The Portuguese flag was rent by the many assegais which had pierced through it, and besprinkled

with the blood of many a brave man; but the stains it bore only served to bring out in stronger relief its immaculate purity, and again, far from the country to which it belonged, and in unknown lands, it had commanded respect, as it has always hitherto done and will continue to do till the end.

I laid down my soldier's arms, to take up the instruments of the peaceful surgeon; and the remainder of the night was spent in dressing the hurts of the wounded and sustaining the courage of the sound, whilst I set a careful watch to guard against another surprise, notwithstanding the fresh protests just received from Lobossi.

At break of day, I went to seek the King, and spoke to him in bitter terms of the events of the preceding night. Before his people, there assembled, I held him responsible for what had occurred, and said aloud that they who had to bemoan the loss of parents and kindred should attribute the blame to him, and him only.

I further said that I should proceed upon my journey without loss of time, and announced my intention of pitching my camp among the mountains, where I could with greater advantage resist any fresh attack.

He used every effort to worm out of me the sorcery I had employed the night before, which had caused the assailants to take such hasty flight. For to sorcery alone he and his people attributed the terrible effects caused by the explosive balls, accidentally employed by Augusto.

Notwithstanding the great desire I entertained to quit the plain and to take to the mountains, I was unable to carry it out until 9 that morning, owing to the condition of my wounded men; and on the 7th and 8th September we had to put up with hunger, as no one would sell us food, and the King asserted

he had none to give us. The lakes fortunately had abundance of fish, and we managed to knock down a few wild and very skinny ducks. Machauana, however, sent me some milk, and continued to display the same uniform kindness.

As I mentioned, at 9 o'clock on the 7th we quitted the plain, and succeeded in reaching the mountains near Catongo, all of us, sound as well as wounded, in the greatest state of weakness.

This new plan adopted by the King and his people, of starving us to death, gave me subject for serious meditation, for I found myself thus isolated, in a country destitute of game.

Our only resource was, as I observed above, the fish which abounded in the lakes.

CHAPTER X.

THE KING'S RIFLE.

Fresh Treason—All but Lost—The King's Rifle—Misery—Fresh Scenes with King Lobossi—Departure—On the Zambesi—Game—Muangana—Itufa—Canoes—Sioma—Cataract of Gonha—Beauties of Nature—Basalt—The Region of the Upper Cataracts—Balle—Bombue—In the mouth of the River Gôco—Cataract of Nambue—The Rapids—A giddy voyage—Catima Moriro—Quisseque or Chicheque—Eliazar—Carimuque—The river Machilla—Abundance of Game—A frightful encounter—Embarira.

AFTER a march of 15 miles, we came to a halt, and pitched our camp in the forest which covers the flanks of the mountains of Catongo. I marked this village at a mile S.E. of the site I selected for my encampment.

Quite close to me was a little hamlet, to which I sent to procure some food. A few women came over to us, bringing some trifling articles, which they exchanged for the metal cases of the cartridges fired from my Winchester rifles.

After the camp was constructed, we went off to fish in the neighbouring lakes, whence we drew a small supply, which we boiled and ate without salt.

There was no news of Caiumbuca, and I became convinced that he had left with the people who returned to the Bihé; when, in the afternoon, some one came and said that he had just arrived in camp and wanted to speak to me.

He made his appearance, and explained that he had just returned from accompanying Lobossi's deputation, now on its way under the conduct of the negro

Antonio, as he had to send word to the people of his compound in the Bihé, of his intention to make a long stay in the interior, having determined to go on with me to the East Coast.

I was puzzled to know how to act in respect of this man, but after a moment's reflection I resolved to accept his excuse for his absence the night before and conceal from him the fact of his having forfeited my confidence, and of my being acquainted with his projected treachery. He asked to be allowed to return that night to Lialui, promising to return next day with the people Lobossi was to send, to enable me to continue my journey to Quisseque so soon as the state of some of my wounded men would admit of their being removed.

I told him to request the King to order food to be sent to the camp, unless he wished us to perish of hunger in his dominions.

Caiumbuca started, without holding any conversation with a single man among my people.

On the 10th I set the men to fish in the lakes, so as to obtain the wherewithal to stay our hunger. I spent the day at work, and as I had on the western side a boundless horizon, where as in the open sea the azure firmament covered the earth like an enormous dome, I thought it a good opportunity of determining the variation of the magnetic needle by the amplitude, a simpler method than by the azimuths which I had hitherto been compelled to employ.

I prepared the marking needle and otherwise got ready for the observation, a good while before the proper time, because the sun was still some ten degrees above the horizon, when a most curious phenomenon became perceptible in the atmosphere. It was of a clear azure, a little charged perhaps, but without a cloud or the semblance of one on the horizon. Sud-

denly the lower limb of the sun began to lose its circular shape, and slowly to disappear, as if I were observing it dip into the ocean, and this, be it remembered, ten degrees above the horizon and in a sky apparently clear. It was only after its complete disappearance, that I could perceive with difficulty through the fan-like beams of light which spread over the heavens, a band of mist so similar in colour to the blue of the atmosphere that the keenest eye would have confounded the two, as to all appearance the limpidity of the firmament was uninterrupted to the horizon. On other occasions I have witnessed a like phenomenon, but never at so great a height, or so perfectly defined.

The day passed on, and yet nothing was seen of Caiumbuca, or of the people Lobossi was to send me.

I was desirous of observing during the night of the 10th—11th a reappearance of the first satellite of Jupiter, which would occur about midnight, and as I did not wish to lose the observation, as there was a great difference of longitude in the position of the Zambesi, I recommended Augusto to call me when the moon was at the height I explained to him, which would be 11 o'clock, and, thoroughly fagged, I lay down early and slept profoundly, trusting of course, after the strict injunctions I had given him, that Augusto would keep watch. In the middle of the night I awoke at Augusto's summons and did so very quietly, believing it to be the hour I had appointed, but no sooner had I answered the faithful fellow's call than he said, in a broken voice, "Sir, we are betrayed, all our people have fled, and have stolen everything!"

I sprang to my feet and hurried out of the hut.

True enough, the camp was deserted.

There were Augusto, Verissimo, Camutombo, Catraio, Moêro and Pepeca, and the wives of the young niggers, all silent—lost in wonderment—and eyeing one another.

I gave vent to a burst of bitter laughter.

What astonished me, under the circumstances, was to see that Augusto, Verissimo and Camutombo had stopped behind.

So critical, indeed, had my position become, living in the midst of so much misery, and surrounded by so many dangers, that I really could not understand why any of them should care to remain my companion and partake of my lot, where stronger men and more energetic spirits had fled from their disinclination to do so.

I sat down, with my eight faithful ones around me, and began making enquiries about what had occurred. But I sought in vain for details, which none could give me. The men had all fled without one of those who were left behind having been a witness of the desertion. The dogs, to which they were all known, uttered no warning bark. Pepeca, who had been the round of the huts, had found them all empty.

The few loads that had been deposited at the door of my own hut, and which consisted of powder and cartridges, had also disappeared.

This was the deepest wrong they could inflict upon me. All that they had left, were the contents of my scanty dwelling. These were my papers, my instruments, and my arms, but arms that were now valueless, for one of the stolen loads contained my cartridges, and without them the former were of no account.

Without delay I made an inventory of my miserable belongings, and found I had 30 charges with steel balls for the Lepage rifle, and 25 cartridges with large shot for the Devisme musket, which were but of little use. And those were all my heavy weapons.

I could not but bow my head before this last heavy blow which had been dealt me, and a terrible tightening of the heart awakened for the first time,

since I set foot in Africa, the presentiment that I was lost! I was in the centre of Africa, in the midst of the forest, without resources, possessing some 30 bullets at most, when to the sole chance of bringing down game I had to look for food, when in fact game only could save our lives, and when I had as supporters but three men, three lads, and two women.

Augusto accused himself again and again for having slept, when I had told him to keep watch, and in his rage would, at a word from me, have followed the fugitives and essayed to carry out his threat of killing them all. I had some difficulty to restrain the fury of my faithful negro, and scarcely conscious of what I said, certainly without my words carrying any conviction to my own mind, I ordered them to retire to rest, to fear nothing, and that I would find a remedy for the evil. Meanwhile I would keep watch.

When they were all gone and I was left to myself, I sat down by my fire with my senses dazed and my limbs nerveless. The moral shock reacted on my body, already considerably shattered by constant fever. With my arms on my knees and my head buried in my hands, I watched the wood as it blazed without a single thought or idea assuming a definite shape in my mind. I was, in fact, in a state bordering on imbecility. Nevertheless, instinct, the child of habit, soon made me conscious that I was unarmed, and I aroused myself sufficiently to call Pepeca and bid him bring me my gun. He came, delivered me the weapon, which, almost unknowingly, I laid across my knees, and again retired.

This wretched state of moral and physical depression lasted long, and when it began to yield it was to give place to the terrible consciousness of the horrors of my position. Many a month had now elapsed since I had been journeying on, poor and without resources; many

a time I had to reckon solely upon the chase to support the pressing wants of my caravan. The consciousness that I had the means of tracking and bringing down the game within my power always gave me strength to proceed, kept up my spirits, and left me room for hope. But now, all of a sudden, there was a huge gap. The consciousness alluded to was gone; it had vanished with the case that contained my ammunition, my treasure, my sole resource!

It must be in some such state of mind as the one in which I was then plunged that men commit suicide.

Thus brooding, with heart and brain alike torn by bitter feelings, my chin drooped upon my breast, till my half-dimmed eyes caught the glitter of the rifle lying across my knees, and as I gazed upon it, by slow degrees an idea, formed I know not how, took shape until it thoroughly roused me. Springing to my feet, I bounded into the hut and raised the skins which formed my bed. I removed the little valise which served me as a pillow, and then with the utmost care brought forth from beneath, a leather case, in shape rectangular, low and long.

With feverish hand I opened the case thus carefully concealed, and noted with eager eyes the articles it contained. Fresh thoughts rapidly succeeded each other. Laying aside the case, I opened the trunk of instruments where the box containing my Casella Sextant was kept in its place by two tins, of whose contents I hastily satisfied myself. I then hurriedly rose, quitted the hut and the encampment, and gained the wood where in the daytime I had spread out my net to dry after using it for fishing. To my delight it was still there, kept outstretched by the weight of the lead fastened to its outer meshes.

I handled the leaden weights with trembling fingers, and then gathering the net in a bunch returned to

camp, bending beneath the heavy burthen. When I reached the fire, I deposited my load upon the ground beside me.

A spectator of all these varied actions, in such strong contrast with the utter listlessness of a few minutes before, must have concluded that I had lost my wits, and half-mad indeed I was, but with joy.

The miser, devouring with eager, covetous eyes the treasure of which he is possessed, must wear some such expression as brightened mine, when gazing upon a rifle in that case. It was in fact new life to me, it was my safety and my victory. It was, for my country, an expedition happily carried to an end; it was the realization of the ardent desire expressed in solemn conclave, it was the crowning of the edifice, all the more meritorious as being effected in spite of every obstacle.

The arm which I now fondled so tenderly, as one would fondle a beloved child, the arm which was to work out my destiny, and with it the expedition across the broad continent of Africa, was the KING'S RIFLE.

Within its case were stored the implements for casting bullets, and all things needful to charge the cartridges, when once the metal envelopes were obtained, each of which, by its system of construction, would serve again and again. A small box, also within the precious case, when the King presented to me his valuable gift, contained five hundred percussion caps.

The thoughts which had trooped so tumultuously through my mind, brought to my recollection two tin-boxes of powder, which I had used since leaving Benguella, in default of something better, to jam tightly into its place in the trunk, the box containing Casella's Sextant. Lead only was wanting, and that was now supplied me by my net!

I had therefore the means within my power to

dispose of some hundreds of shots, and I felt that with such a supply, I could command the wherewithal to support life in a country where game was to be found.

The remainder of that night was, to my distracted mind, like a peaceful morning after a night of tempest.

I awoke and rose, having as yet, it is true, formed no plan, but calm and confident.

I summoned the chief of the neighbouring hamlet and induced him to send off a couple of messengers to Lialui, to relate what had occurred to King Lobossi, and at the same time inform him I was shifting my camp to a spot somewhat nearer to the village. We then, Verissimo, Augusto, Camutombo and myself, set to work to construct four huts and a strong fence, to which place we removed with all the despoilers had left me.

I worked that day till beyond noon, when I stretched myself upon my leopard-skin couch, and slept profoundly till sundown.

Augusto, meanwhile, had managed to net some fish, and by means of a snare had also caught a wild duck. Insipid as they were, eaten without any condiment, they sufficed to stay our hunger, and I then turned in again, sleeping little, but thinking much. The supporting nine persons was, however, an easier task than supplying food to a large caravan, and therefore the most momentous and most urgent question to solve was, if not already solved, at least considerably simplified.

The idea of pursuing my journey was perfectly rooted in my mind, and without even knowing how, without having formed any precise project, I felt that I should go forwards, because I willed to do so. My confidence was such, that my attendants soon relapsed into their old habit of thoughtlessness and indifference. They said to each other that I knew what was to be done,

and when I went so far as to say I had formed as yet no plan, they only laughed and said, "Ah! the master knows!"

I spent that day preparing cartridges for the King's Rifle. I had about two kilogrammes or 4½ lbs. of the finest gunpowder, and as the charge of each cartridge was somewhat less than a quarter of an ounce, I could with the powder provide for 235 shots, so that with those I already possessed and the 30 steel bullets of the Lepage rifle, I summed up a total of 300 cartridges.

Of lead for the bullets there was enough and to spare, for the weight of the 235 was less than 20 lbs., that of each bullet was 1⅓ oz. and the lead on the net must have weighed rather more than 66 lbs.

Of percussion caps there were upwards of 200.

The messenger despatched to Lobossi returned with a message from the King, to the effect that I should take up my quarters at Lialui until a determination was come to.

I at once made up my mind not to quit the forest where I was encamped, and therefore decided to despatch Verissimo to Lialui to treat with the potentate. I gave my man precise orders, and bade him set out before daybreak, so that he might have time to get back the same day.

A violent attack of fever prostrated me, and I was compelled to lie down, feeling very ill.

Next day I was even worse, and got most anxious for the return of Verissimo, who did not put in an appearance till evening.

With him came some of the King's young negroes, bringing food and a present of curdled milk from Machauana. Lobossi sent word that he was my very good friend and was quite ready to help me, but that I must go and live in his house, when, in time, we would decide upon what was best to be done. I sent

back my answer by the negroes, to the effect that when I got better I would go and have a talk with him, but should not leave my camp in the forest; and I also said that it was impossible for me to take up my abode with him, on account of the fever. I dismissed my visitors with what haste I could, as I was longing to find myself alone with Verissimo, to learn news of Lialui.

The very first bit of intelligence he imparted gave me subject for deep reflection. He said that when he reached Lobossi's house the great Council was assembled and a heated debate was going on.

Some envoys of Carimuque, the Chief of Quisseque, had recently arrived, requesting permission from an English missionary, who was at Patamatenga, to enter the country, as he was very desirous of visiting the Lui.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Matagja, opposed the entrance of this missionary with the whole power of his eloquence, and a hot discussion ensued which Verissimo stayed to hear. It ended with a resolve not to allow the Englishman to penetrate into King Lobossi's dominions.

Verissimo, having mentioned this incident, to which he attached not the slightest importance, then began to narrate all the gossip he had succeeded in picking up about the intrigues of Silva Porto's and Caiumbuca's men; but my thoughts were just then elsewhere, and the English missionary (whom in the town they called *Macúa*,) was the sole subject of my meditations. By the time my follower had ceased his report, none of the latter part of which I had heard, my problem was solved, and my resolution taken to go and seek that missionary.

How this end was to be brought about, I did not know, but I felt an inward conviction that we should meet.

I eagerly ferreted out a map, a very wretched one, of Africa, and calculating approximately the distance from Patamatenga, I made out that it was some 375 miles from my present place of sojourn. Three hundred and seventy-five miles, at the rate of six miles a day, would require, say sixty days, and three hundred shots which I could command, divided by sixty, would leave me five shots per day. I already felt an ardent desire to be upon the road, but my fever was ardent too, so, as a preliminary to my journey, I went to bed.

On the 14th and 15th the fever increased in intensity, so that I was unable to leave my hut, but feeling somewhat better during the night of the 15th I resolved on the following day (the 16th) to go over to Lialui to have a talk with the King, and use my best endeavours to put into execution the plan I had conceived to go and find the missionary. This became a fixed idea, which I could not get out of my head.

Although very ill and weak, I set out, next morning, for Lobossi's quarters. I was well received by him, and assured that he had connived in no way whatsoever with Caiumbuca and Silva Porto's negroes in the flight of my *Quimbares*; which however was false, because without his consent they could not have crossed the Zambesi.

I then requested him to assist me in my journey, to go and join a missionary who I knew was at Patamatenga, to which he answered by enquiring how I intended to get there without carriers? This question was much applauded by the bystanders, who admired the skill with which he parried my question.

I responded it was true that I had no carriers, but that there was the river Liambai and he had boats, so that if he gave me boats I could dispense with the carriers, more particularly as I had no loads to carry.

He replied that no doubt the Liambai was there, but that it had cataracts also, and how could I get over them? This elicited fresh applause from the auditory.

I rejoined that I was quite aware of the fact, but that in those places the boats and their contents might be brought ashore and be relaunched in the water, below the falls, and then continue the navigation.

He retorted that his people had very little strength, and could not drag the boats ashore. This retort elicited fresh applause, and he evidently took much pleasure in displaying his wit before his hearers. Then suddenly, without waiting for further remark on my part, he inquired why I had not come to live with him at Lialui, as he had ordered me?

I answered quietly that I had not done and did not intend to do so, for many reasons, the principal being that he was a crafty knave, who since my arrival had done nothing but try and deceive me in order to rob me of all I had. I then rose, and bestowing upon him the epithets of robber and assassin, abruptly left the presence.

The assembly were so astonished at my audacity, that not one of them attempted to bar my way.

I repaired at once to the house of Machauana. I found him conversing with Monutumueno, the son of King Chipopa and lawful heir to the sovereignty, who, as I prophesied, would one day be King of the Lui.*

When about to leave them for my mountain home, an envoy from Lobossi appeared to beg me in his name to go and see him. I went at once.

The King said that I had no reason to distrust him, for that he was very much my friend; that he intended

* I was a false prophet; for Monutumueno was assassinated by King Lobossi in December 1879.

to have some boats got ready, and that the Liambai was open to me.

I seized the opportunity of preaching him a sermon, wherein I said that he was very ill advised; that what had contributed to give the Macololo kings their power and great name was the noble protection they had extended to Livingstone. That the Luinas were doing their best to drive away all trade, and by so acting would complete the ruin of the Lui, already assailed by Manuanino; that in the end if he did not reform, his people,—not the coterie which surrounded him, but his own more sensible people—would drive him from power as incapable of governing them.

He made me fresh protestations of friendship, assured me that I should have the boats I wanted, and that it would not be his fault if I failed to reach the missionary; for he wanted me to change the opinion I had formed of him.

He assured me that I might return quite easy in my mind to Catongo, where he would send to let me know when the boats were ready and he had got the crews selected. He then summoned the chief of Libouta, and gave him orders to the above effect.

I lent no credence whatsoever to these fresh assertions and told him so. He again begged me not to form too hasty judgments, but to await events.

I left him, to again return to Machauana, with whom I had a long talk about Caiumbuca and the flight of my Quimbares. From him I learned the whole truth in its minutest details, although I failed to ascertain who could be the party in the far distance, who pulled the strings.

It will be borne in mind that when I arrived in the Lui I was perfectly well received by the natives, and the name of the *Mueneputo*, under which I sheltered myself, was hailed with respect. I had declared

my projects and they were warmly approved, as it was naturally to the interest of the Luinas to be in communication with the eastern coast. Some days after my arrival, a revolution broke out in the Chuculumbe, at the head of which was Manuanino, the deposed King. Caiumbuca took the opportunity of insinuating to Lobossi that I was no stranger to the revolt, and that my object in proceeding to the east was to join the whites who were supporting his enemy. The traitor further won over the Bihenos to abandon me, on the plea that the King had given him warning that he intended to have me put out of the way, and would not be answerable for the lives of those who were about me.

When the Bihenos declared their intention to leave me, Caiumbuca, who was still openly faithful, pretended to be excessively indignant; and so it happened, that the first and only time that I departed in Africa from the principle I had had impressed upon me, of distrusting everybody and everything, I became a victim. It is true I had for my excuse in the present instance that Silva Porto, the man in whom I reposed the utmost confidence, had written to me that I might trust to Caiumbuca, and I trusted him accordingly.

It would have been easy enough to defeat such an intrigue among sensible men, but it will readily be comprehended that among the natives the plot was well laid, and the truth was difficult of attainment.

In spite of it all, however, my attitude convinced Lobossi that I felt no animosity towards him; and then it was that Silva Porto's negroes repaired to the King and told him they had received orders from their lord to leave me there, and to advise him, the King, to put me to death if he desired that the Bihé traders should ever come back; for that otherwise he could never hope for better relations with Benguella.

It was in consequence of this that the attempt was made to assassinate me, a measure which, according to Machauana, Lobossi strongly opposed, as well as the majority of the Council, but which Gambella, on the other hand, supported.

As a further temptation to the King, Caiumbuca and Silva Porto's men assured him that my trunks were stuffed with the richest possible goods, hoping by thus exciting his cupidity, the more readily to bring about my ruin; as similar temptations have already ruined so many previous explorers upon the African continent.

Notwithstanding all those intrigues and the acts to which they gave rise, I should still have continued my journey with the Benguella people, but for the attack on the night of the 6th of September, which thoroughly disheartened them, and a fresh intrigue of Silva Porto's negroes led to a general flight. But under whose orders was Caiumbuca working? There I was completely at fault.

That he did so on his own account I cannot believe, as he had little or nothing to gain by such a step. No: the instructions were given from the Bihé, and Silva Porto's blacks were the emissaries who brought them. Caiumbuca simply acted as ringleader in carrying them out, but they were supplied him by the fellows from Belmonte. I felt assured that the prime mover was far, very far away, and that the cause lay in my mission and in the war which, in the name of my native country, Portugal, I unceasingly waged against the traffic in slaves.

Some African explorers, and more especially David Livingstone and Commander Cameron, have recorded many horrible and veracious facts, touching the trade in slaves, carried on in the interior of Africa by Portuguese traders.

On various occasions, public opinion in Portugal has raised its powerful voice against what it styles the libellous assertions of foreign accusers, eagerly endeavouring to deny the facts that are alleged, and to which it lends no credence, as, from the kindliness of its nature, it is incapable of comprehending and admitting them.

But unhappily, though at times they may be grossly exaggerated, they are, at bottom, but too true and real.

But even admitting them to be correct, do they cast any stain upon Portugal? I affirm and maintain that they do not.

Those Portuguese traders, who penetrate most deeply into the interior of the African continent, cease, when they do so, to be Portuguese at all.

I mean, that they are convicts, fellows who have broken out of the prisons on the coast,—men whom Society has deprived of the guarantees of citizenship, —wretches on whom a sentence of infamy has been passed, and whom justice has branded with the mark of Cain,—robbers and assassins whom their country has cast out of her bosom with horror, who should still be carrying the convict's chain allotted to them in their place of bondage, and who, on escaping from the territory where the finger of scorn of every civilised man was pointed at them, have fled into those remote regions, to seek among savages the refuge they have forfeited, and there to continue a life of crime.

Such men cannot be said to dishonour their country, because they have no country to dishonour.

To endeavour to make Portugal responsible for the crimes of these African traders, is as reasonable as to make France responsible for the acts of the Communists, America for the assassination of Lincoln, or Italy for the acts done by the bandits of the Abruzzi.

There are wretches in all parts of the world, and they

cannot be considered as bringing disgrace upon a people who, in their righteous indignation, have cast them from out their midst.

Of the European traders who have been established in the Bihé, of two only have I any knowledge, who are of a widely different order to those I have above described. These are Silva Porto and Guilherme José Gonçalves, men who have been always beloved and esteemed both by natives and Europeans, who have ever enjoyed that consideration which their uprightness and probity have gained them, honourable citizens, who, though pursuing a lawful traffic by honest means, have not succeeded in making their fortune, but have been on occasions victimised by others.

The name of Silva Porto is respected by the natives, and known throughout a great part of South Central Africa by the corruption of the word *Prôto*, and more than once I have made use of it to overcome obstacles that have beset me.

In Cassango as in Tete, two other gates of Central Africa, there are worthy and noble Portuguese, who have done good service to humanity in lawful trade with the interior; a trade which is the surest messenger of progress and civilisation in the land of the negroes.

Let us therefore not confound these men with each other; and above all, let us not seek the authority of the explorer in order (by recording facts, not devoid of truth, but of little value as evidence) to cast a reproach upon a noble people, the first to unite themselves effectively with England to put down the infamous traffic; upon a people who, casting aside their selfish interests in Africa, legislated for the abolition of slavery; upon a people, among the freest in the world, who have extended their liberty to Africa and established there the laws which govern their own metropolis; even going so far as to abolish on that continent

the penalty of death, and furnish it with a code the excessive freedom of which renders it unfortunately useless amid such surroundings.

But Portugal requires no justification; she is defended alike by facts, by her laws and the energy which she displays in the great work of African civilisation. But when speaking of this traffic in slaves, of which she has at times been the victim, I could not refrain from one attempt to put the question upon its true basis.

José Alves, Coimbras and others of the same class may be Portuguese by birth, but have little of the Portuguese in heart; they are men without education or manners, mere savages in European clothes.

I will likewise affirm that it is more difficult to travel through those parts of Africa traversed by those men than in the regions peopled by cannibals who never before set their eyes upon a stranger. The latter may or may not act hostilely to the new-comer, but if they do, it is openly, and face to face; but there the traveller will find cunning and treachery ever dogging his footsteps. In the one case it is like exploring the thorny jungle, where the lion may have to be met and fought with; in the other, it is like walking in a verdant meadow, where venomous serpents may assail one at every turn.

I may mention another thing which is a great stumbling-block to the explorer, namely, the peculiar reception he is so apt to find at the hands of the great potentates. Witness, for example, what took place in the Muatayanvo; what occurred to Monteiro and Gamito in the Muata Casembe; and what befel myself with Lobossi in the Lui.

The Biheno trader, in his ardent desire to obtain ivory, gives everything to the sovereign; he has been known to strip the very clothes from off his back and

return to the Bihé with nothing on but an apron of skins, like any of his carriers.

In the Lui, at the time that it was much frequented by the Biheno traders, it was no uncommon custom for them to deliver over all their goods to the King and to take what he considered sufficient, in exchange.

The natural consequence of such a proceeding is, that the explorer who arrives at the seat of government and does not do the same, is a lost man.

There is another reason which should induce the explorer, where possible, to avoid these great potentates, and that is the constant apprehension with or without cause of an aggression, a thing devoutly to be avoided.

With the Sovas and petty chiefs who are spread over the greater part of South Central Africa, there is a chance of his not always coming out the worse in an encounter; but in these great empires he must perforce go to the wall.

Thoughts of this nature were passing through my brain as I returned to my camp in the mountains of Catongo on the 17th of September after partaking of curdled milk and potatoes in Machauana's dwelling.

It was already night when I reached Catongo, and I learned with no little satisfaction on my arrival that Augusto had killed a gazelle.

We were fortunate too in occasionally catching with our snares both wild geese and heathcocks.

The next few days found me busily engaged in scientific labours. I was enabled to obtain a very approximate longitude, to make a close determination of the declension of the needle, and attend to various meteorological studies.

On the 19th, not having heard anything from King Lobossi, I decided to send Verissimo down to the capital, in order to learn whether the promise of the canoes was mere moonshine.

On the same day I had a visit from certain negroes who, I saw at once, did not belong to the country. They informed me that they came from Lueña, and to my inquiry where it was, they pointed in a N.E. direction and by means of knots made in a piece of string, gave me to understand that it had taken them twenty-six days to reach that spot. They had been sent by their chief on a complimentary visit to King Lobossi, and learning that a white man was hard by, they had taken the opportunity of looking in upon me, in order, I suppose, to see what kind of animal I was.

Our conversation was carried on by the aid of the old chief of the hamlet, who kindly acted as my interpreter. He spoke the language of the Machachas, a tongue with which my visitors were acquainted, although they said it was very different to their own.

They informed me that there were many elephants in their country and that they hunted them with the assegai for only weapon. They were slender of body and low of stature, with very regular features. Of the score or so that I saw, almost all wore upon their heads one or more plumes composed of elephant's bristles —each plume, as it would appear, representing an elephant killed by the wèarer. They were clad in skins similar to the people of the Cuchibi, with waist cloths of *liconde.*

They also wore bracelets, both of iron and copper, manufactured by themselves. The difficulty which I found in carrying on a conversation did not allow me to obtain more precise data respecting themselves, or the countries they had passed through to arrive at Catongo.

On the 21st, Verissimo returned from Lialui with the information that the canoes were ready, and that Lobossi sent me word to repair to the town the following day. I at once despatched a messenger to the

King to explain that I should not go till the day after, being ill, although the true motive was my desire to make some observations and complete certain meteorological studies on the 22nd. By the same man I sent a message to Gambella, desiring him to make ready a room for me in his house, as I proposed to be his guest during my short stay. I was tickled at the thought of turning my enemy into a faithful host.

On the 23rd of September I left Catongo for Lialui, where I arrived at half-past two in the afternoon. Gambella received me with much ceremony, and had me shown into the apartment he had prepared for my reception. The walk under a burning sun had for the time completely knocked me up, and it was not until night that I was able to wait upon Lobossi. He received me very favourably; told me he was now convinced he had been deceived by Caiumbuca and Silva Porto's men; that he believed me to be an envoy of the Mueneputo's Government; and that he desired to repair, as much as possible, the anxieties and trouble I had suffered in his States, which, he alleged, arose from no fault of his.

I took advantage of such excellent intentions to renew my request for people and assistance, to enable me to continue my journey to the country of the Chuculumbe as far as Caiuco, and thence descend the Loengue in boats and proceed to the Zumbo, by the Zambesi. He answered that this could not be, as the project had met with great opposition from the elders in his council. That the Munari (Livingstone), during the time of Chicreto, had made the same journey with people from the Lui, and that none of those who started with him eastward ever returned to his country. That when he was speaking with the elders on the subject, they desired him to ask me what had become of their brethren Mbia, Caniata, Scûebu, and many

others who had gone forth and never come back. And they had further said that when Livingstone started he promised that he would return and restore his followers to their friends, but even now, wives and children were looking in vain for husbands and fathers.

He assured me that if it were in his power he would give me some men, but the opposition on the part of his people was great, and it was not advisable for him to run counter to it. The three boats were waiting my orders to descend the Zambesi, and he could do nothing more for me.

On the 24th of September, at early morning I had a visit from Lobossi, who came to take leave and present me with his slaves who came to man the canoes as far as certain villages on the Zambesi, where the chief would supply me with fresh boats and crews. He gave me a small tusk of ivory, as a present to the chief of the villages who was to arrange about the boats, and he also presented me with an ox as provision for the voyage. I thanked him warmly, and we parted the best of friends.

I started in a S.W. direction, and an hour's walk brought me to the arm of the river which is called the little Liambai. Shortly afterwards three small canoes put off from the bank, laden with my baggage and carrying myself, Verissimo, and Camutombo.

Augusto, Moëro and Pepeca, with the two women, followed us on foot, accompanied by the hunter Jasse, and the Chief Mulequetera, sent by Lobossi to convey his orders to the chiefs, and see that the road was kept free for my passage.

There were two other creatures, belonging to our little band, concerning which I have hitherto said little or nothing; two beings, whose devotion to me had never faltered, whose fidelity had never been called in question, that were ever ready to follow when I

marched, to remain still when I pitched my camp, to load me with caresses when I was sad, and to divert me in my gayer moods. These were Córa, my pet goat, and Calungo, my parrot.

This river-voyage would separate me all day from Córa, as, on account of the narrowness of the canoes, it was impossible to take her on board, but Calungo, seated fearlessly upon my shoulder, made one of the boating-party as a matter of course.

After paddling southwards for a quarter of a mile, we left the little Liambai and steered S.W. by a canal, through which the western branch of the river pours a small stream of water, from lake to lake, into the eastern branch.

In the space between the lakes, occasionally for more than a hundred yards at a time, navigation becomes difficult, for the simple reason that there is no water. It became necessary at these places to unload the boats, and drag them over the muddy shallow. In the lakes, too, navigation was often impeded by the thick beds of canes and rushes.

After tremendously hard work, we came to a halt at six o'clock, on the bank of a lake, in a plain recently fired, where there were no materials to construct the slightest shelter.

I had had the precaution to bring some wood with us, which enabled us to roast some meat that I ate with a voracious appetite, not having partaken of food the whole of the day. I then spread my skins upon the damp ground, and lay down with the sky for a covering.

The boatmen sat up all night roasting meat, and eating it when it was done, by which means they made a great hole in the ox given me by Lobossi, and further proved to me, if such proof were wanting, that the stomachic capacities of the King of the Lui's subjects were truly immeasurable.

After a wretched night I started with the canoes at daybreak of the 25th, and, paddling along the lake for half an hour, we then entered the main branch of the Liambai. So great a quantity of game appeared upon the banks that I made the boats pull up, and hand-selled the King's Rifle, which, thus early, furnished me with food sufficient as I calculated to last for a couple of days, notwithstanding the voracity of the Luinas.

The Liambai at that spot was some 220 yards broad and very deep. The current was trifling, a circumstance that told against my men; for in their fear of the hippopotami, which were always coming to the surface to blow, they closely hugged the shore, where the shallowness of the water prevented the huge creatures troubling them. Perhaps, however, under the circumstances, this cautious navigation was just as well, for owing to the miserable condition of the wretched old boats, we had to stop every now and then to bale the water out of them.

I stopped near Nariere to repair my canoe, and while the blacks were at work, calking the seams with grass and clay, I measured the velocity of the current, which I found to be running at the rate of 26 yards per minute. My mean course was S.E., but the river took long curves, and on one occasion, for at least twenty minutes, we were actually navigating N.W. I camped on the left bank at five in the afternoon, under the same conditions as the night before, without shelter and under the open sky.

Many times during that day, when attempting to avoid the hippopotami on one side, they appeared on the other, so that we ran a very great risk of upsetting.

I did not care to fire at them, for fear of wasting ammunition. Only those who find themselves in the centre of Africa, short of powder, know the value of a shot.

The boatmen, who, as I observed, were slaves of

King Lobossi, were very inclined to be insolent, so that I was compelled to keep them in order with the stick, in accordance with instructions given me by Lobossi himself, who, no doubt, foresaw that they might be so.

Verissimo who, since leaving Quillengues, had escaped the fever, now had a violent attack, and I was not myself quite free.

On the following day, we paddled on for about an hour, stopping near the village of Nalolo, governed by a woman, a sister of Lobossi. I sent to make my excuses for not visiting her, owing to the state of my health, and the fever from which my interpreter, Verissimo, was suffering. She accepted my excuses, and sent me a small present of massambala. Ill as I felt, I went out on the hunt to obtain a fresh supply of meat, and managed to bring down a couple of antelopes (*Pallahs*). The skins, like those obtained on previous occasions, were carefully dried and kept.

I succeeded in bartering a leg of the *Pallah* for a small basket of kidney beans.

Verissimo was much worse to-day and at night I was also in a burning fever, and yet was compelled to sleep in the open air upon damp ground. I woke completely wet with dew, and feeling wretchedly ill. I continued my voyage next morning, and, after six hours of steady navigation following a mean course of S.S.E., camped again upon the left bank.

Notwithstanding another bad night, the fever was reduced by means of strong doses of quinine, and on the 28th we paddled along for an hour and a half to reach the village of Muangana, whose chief was to furnish me with a boat by Lobossi's orders.

Muangana turned out to be a Luina with grizzled hair, very respectful in manner, who received me most cordially. He said that he would, next day, himself

go over to the village of Itufa, and would manage to obtain for me a boat and some provisions.

The wind blew very hard from the east, and made the waters of the river, which was not less than a mile in width at that spot, exceedingly rough. It really was a work of danger with canoes so small and crank as ours, but nevertheless we continued on, and in about an hour and a half arrived at Itufa, a large village built upon the left bank of the stream.

More than once we were in great danger of capsizing, and the reader may believe me that the prospect of tumbling into a river teeming with crocodiles is not a pleasant one.

Verissimo was a little better, and I too somewhat gained strength, in spite of the fever which seldom or ever left me.

I found, on arriving at the village, that I was fully expected, as notice had been given of my coming by my people, who, accompanied by Jasse the hunter and the chief Mulequetera, had reached there in the morning over land.

The chief of Itufa gave me a good reception, put a house at my disposal, and offered me a pan of curdled milk and a basket of maize flour; he, however, told me that Lobossi had been misinformed, and that he had no boats.

I ate a little of the milk and flour, and my negroes in a twinkling devoured the rest of the chief's present, assuring me (after it was all gone) that they were as hungry as before. I requested the chief to furnish me with some more food, but he replied that he could only do so in barter for goods, and as I had none to give him, no business could be done.

I let my fellows have the skins of the antelopes I had shot, by the aid of which they were enabled to supply themselves with flour, earth-nuts and tobacco.

At night, when I lay down to rest, I saw that I was literally surrounded by enormous spiders, flat in shape and black, which began scuttling down the walls at such a rate that I fled from the house in dismay, and lay down in the open *pateo*. It was evidently written that during my journey on the Zambesi I was not to have a night's rest under a roof.

On the 29th at daybreak, old Muangana arrived with the promised boat. He renewed his assurances of good will, and retired with the remark that he had fulfilled the orders of his King Lobossi, and hoped that I was satisfied, as he desired the friendship of the whites.

The difficulty of procuring another canoe at Itufa continued; the chief contenting himself with repeating that he had none, and regretting the deception practised upon Lobossi and myself.

The Luinas and Macalacas are accustomed to hide their canoes in the little lakes—rich beds of canes and reeds—which communicate with the river by means of narrow channels, overgrown with vegetation and known only to themselves. When they wish to keep these boats out of sight, they are very clever at concealing them.

But Jasse the hunter and the chief Mulequetera, who were well aware of this peculiarity of the Luinas, set to work and made so vigorous a search that they ferreted out a boat, which elicited from the chief of the Itufa a world of protestations that he knew nothing of its existence.

The dwellings of Itufa, like those of all the Luinas, are of three different shapes, and are similar in character to the houses I have already mentioned when describing the villages of Canhete and Tapa; only that those which are shaped like a truncated cone are of very large dimensions. The one offered me by the

chief and which I may call the "Spider House," had an inner room 19 feet in diameter, while the exterior one was 36 feet.

When the buildings are of such dimensions, they cannot naturally be constructed of canes only: strong vertical stakes support the roofs, the framework of which is formed of long wooden poles.

I remarked, however, in Itufa another style of house which is peculiar to the place.

To one of an oval shape is added a semi-cylindrical one, constructed in the direction of the axis, and thus

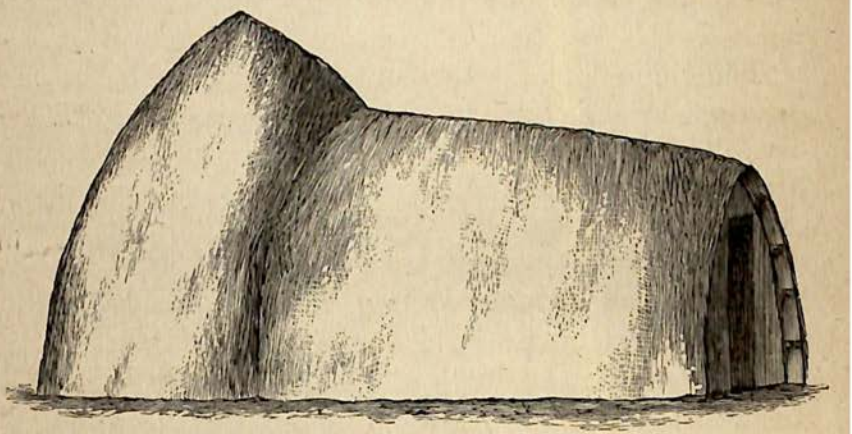


Fig. 108.—Itufa House.

forming two distinct compartments. These buildings are very roughly put together, whilst the truncated-cone houses, the true Luina dwellings, are erected with great consideration.

For the first time since leaving the Bihé I saw cats in Africa, these animals abounding in the village of Itufa. There are a good many dogs also, of excellent race, which the natives employ with advantage in hunting the antelopes.

The difficulty of obtaining provisions still continued, but my rifle supplied the place of goods for barter, and

we always managed to get a little massambala flour in exchange for the antelope flesh and skins.

The crews were ready and the boats prepared, when a fresh difficulty arose to delay our voyage.

The boatmen declared that they would not start until I placed in the graves of the wives of the former chiefs of Itufa, some measures of white massanga.

Unless this formality was gone through, they affirmed that we should be exposed to numerous perils on our journey, as the souls of those good ladies, unappeased and therefore irritated, would relentlessly pursue us. As I had no massanga whatsoever, either white or black, I called the chief and pointed out to him the impossibility of contenting the souls of the departed by such means. It was not without considerable difficulty he persuaded the crews to take to the boats, and not until the 1st of October that I could get away.

My new conveyance was a canoe scooped out of a long trunk of a *Mucusse* tree, and measured 33 feet long, by 17 inches amidships, and was 16 inches deep.

The two trees used in the upper Zambesi for the construction of these canoes, are the *Cuchibe* and the *Mucusse*, perfect giants of the forest, found in the region of the cataracts. The timber of these splendid trees is of excessive hardness, with a specific gravity greater than that of water.

My canoe was manned by four men, one forward and three aft.

I was seated about a third of the distance from the prow, upon my small valise that contained my labours. I carried a duplicate of my diary, initial observations, &c. in a woollen girdle wound about my waist. My guns were laid ready to my hand, and the skins composing my bed completed the cargo.

In the other canoe were Verissimo, Camutombo and

Pepeca, the trunks with clothing and instruments, and the game (when any) which was shot down. The boatmen always paddle standing, to balance the canoes, which would otherwise capsize. Paddling in such boats is a true acrobatic performance.

A canoe of the upper Zambesi is like a gigantic skate, wherein the native has to use all the balancing powers of a skater upon the ice, to maintain a firm position. It was under such circumstances that, on the 1st of October, I started from Itufa and embarked my fortunes upon the gigantic river, whose waves, raised by a stiff breeze from the east, threatened at every moment to swamp the fragile vessels.

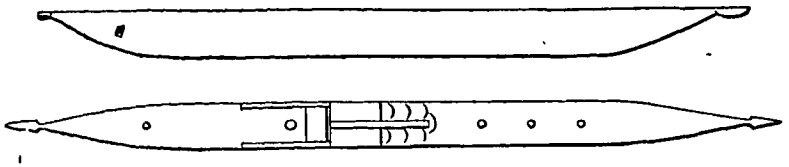
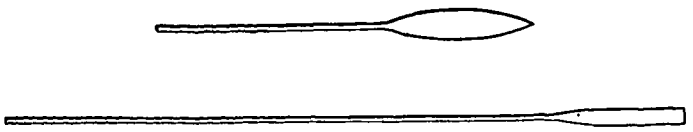


Fig. 109.—My Canoe.



The Paddles.

After four hours' journey, we came to a halt on the left bank, in a small creek, which my people, who were coming on foot, had appointed beforehand as our rendezvous. My new boatmen were rather a better lot than the King's slaves, who had conveyed me to Itufa, but even they, at this early stage, began to be troublesome with their wants and pretensions.

I met with no game in the jungle, but a flock of wild geese having settled in a neighbouring lake, I returned to the boat to get my fowling-piece carrying small

shot, for which I had only 25 cartridges, and managed in half-a-dozen shots to bring down 17 birds.

The place where I had halted was at the extreme south of the vast Lui plain. The two ridges of mountains which at the 15th parallel are 30 miles apart, there converge, leaving only sufficient space for the bed of the Zambesi, a mile and a quarter wide. The monotonous and bare plain is here succeeded by broken ground and covered with a luxurious vegetation. A still greater contrast is presented by the soil. To banks of the whitest and finest sand, in which the footsteps of man when withdrawn, show no bigger than those of a child and which, owing to its dryness, shrieks in a startling, half-human way, beneath his tread, succeeds, by a rapid transition, a volcanic ground where huge blocks of basalt form the river banks.

It was with indescribable delight that my eyes rested upon these blackened masses, vomited forth in waves of fire during the early ages of the world. I had seen nothing in the likeness of a rock since I left the Bihé, and I gazed upon these as upon the faces of old friends.

When my cook, Camutombo, lit his fire to roast the geese, a spark flew into the lofty, dry grass which covered the soil, and, fanned by a strong wind, speedily blazed and spread with inconceivable rapidity.

Indeed, so rapid and fierce were the flames that, for a moment, we were completely enveloped, and had to make a rush for the canoes to escape the danger.

We started again next day, always in a S.S.E. direction, and after four hours paddling fell in with huge basaltic strata, which crossed the river from E. to W. Some of the rocks were so near the surface that they made navigation difficult, and although the current was scarcely perceptible we still had to diminish the way on the boats in order to avoid dangerous collisions with these natural walls, which appeared

more like a work of art, raised by the hand of man, than the cooling of lava which at one period must have flowed so plentifully.

In the basaltic region the river begins to be dotted with little islands, rich in vegetation. Towards the afternoon we sighted a herd of Ongiris (*Strepsiceros kudu*) grazing on the right bank. I got out of the boat a little above them, and succeeded in killing one of these superb antelopes.

I ordered the canoe to proceed gently onwards while I followed on foot, for the space of an hour.

I started whole flocks of heathcocks. quails, and partridges (*Numida meleagris*), which were in greater numbers than I had hitherto seen in Africa. I also found, to my sorrow, that the tzee-tzee fly was quite as abundant as the birds; it troubled me excessively in the forest with its sharp sting, which, however painful, is not dangerous to man; and these insects were so numerous and pursued me so inveterately that, after I had again got into the boat, I had for some time to do battle with them.

I encamped on one of the islands, which was of considerable extent and charming of aspect, having navigated for six good hours in a S.S.E. direction.

Verissimo had now perfectly recovered, but I myself continued a prey to a slow and continuous fever which was undermining my very life.

On the 3rd of October I resumed my voyage, still gliding by most lovely islands, all covered with luxuriant vegetation. We had been paddling for about a couple of hours when we sighted two lions on the right bank, which were drinking out of the river. Notwithstanding my having established as a rule for my guidance that I would have nothing to do with wild beasts, unless compelled thereto by circumstances, and notwithstanding also the value which every cartridge had in my eyes

the instinct of the sportsman was stronger than reason or prudence, and I ordered the canoe to be put alongside the bank on which the creatures were standing.

They caught sight of us at once, and quitting the river-side, leisurely walked up to the top of a hill some 600 feet in height. I then leaped ashore and set off in their direction.

They allowed me to approach to within about 100 paces, and then resumed their way up stream, stopping again after they had walked a short distance. By this time I had got within fifty paces of them, but they once again set off and were lost to view in a little thicket of shrubs. They were lions of unequal size, one being in fact almost double the dimensions of the other.

I crept quite close up to the shrubs and, peering cautiously through them, saw the head of one of the majestic beasts within twenty paces of me. I raised my rifle, but in the act of taking aim felt a sudden tremor run through all my limbs. It flashed upon me that I was weak and debilitated by fever, and my hand trembled as I put my finger on the trigger. It was a singular sensation which took possession of me, one that I had never experienced before, and that was probably caused by fear. By a strong effort of will I subdued it, and by degrees my rifle remained firm in the direction I slowly gave it, as if I were firing at a mark, and I was then almost surprised at my own shot. The puff of smoke passed rapidly away, and looking intently I saw nothing at the spot where only some seconds previously I had observed the head of the superb animal. I again loaded the empty barrel, and with both locks ready cocked, skirted the clustering shrubs. On the northern side I distinctly saw the spoor of a lion, but of one only; the other must have remained behind. With natural precaution, I then ventured into the thicket, and on a

tuft of grass I saw the inert body of the king of the African forests. An *express* ball had penetrated his skull and killed him on the spot. I called my people about me, and within a very few minutes they stripped off his skin and claws.

The ball which caused his death was found buried in the encephalic mass.*

Shortly after leaving the bank we began to hear, somewhat indistinctly, a distant noise, similar to that

Fig. 110.—My Camp at Sioma.

of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. It must be a cataract, I thought, and the idea which at once flashed upon my mind was confirmed by my boatmen. A little later the basaltic strata were multiplied, forming natural ramparts, ever running E. and W., but, unlike what had been before observed, the river had assumed a rapid current, which made navigation most perilous.

* This ball, and some of the claws of the enormous beast, were presented to H.M. the King, Dom Luiz I.

A herd of malancas which appeared on the right bank again compelled me to call a halt; but after I had succeeded in knocking one over, which cost us an hour's delay, we resumed our voyage.

Late in the afternoon we paddled to shore near the hamlets of Sioma, the camp being pitched beneath a gigantic sycamore close to the river side.

Our voyage that day had been of 5½ hours duration, our course being constantly S.S.E.

That night my sleep was broken by the roar of the cataract of Gonha, which, below the rapids of the Situmba, interrupts the navigation of the Zambesi.

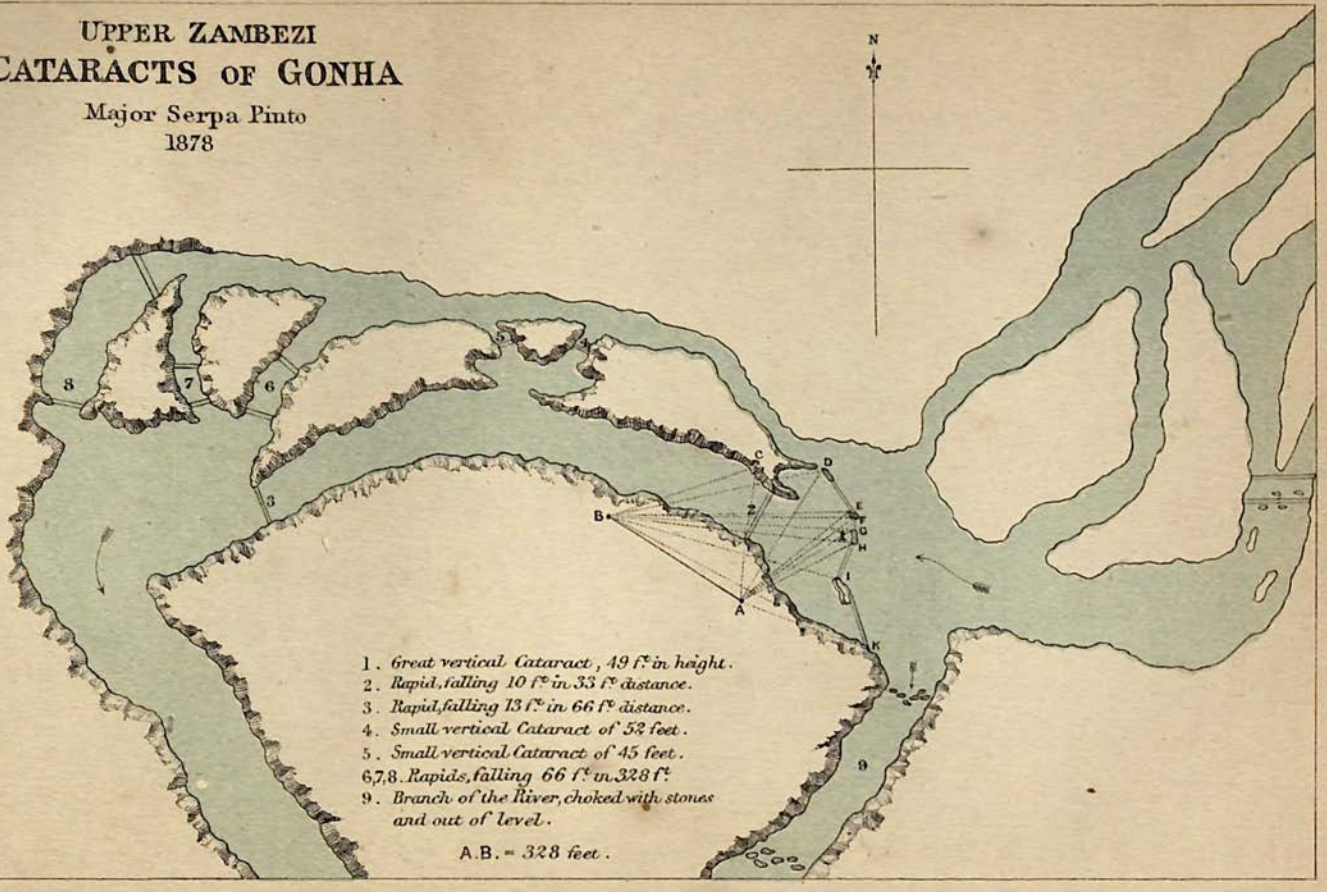
On the 4th at early morning, after partaking of an enormous dish of ground-nuts, a present from the chief of the hamlets, I took a guide and set off for the cataract. The arm of the Liambai, whose left bank I skirted, runs first to the S.E., then bends towards the W. and finally runs perfectly E. and W., and in that position receives two other branches of the river, which form three islands covered with splendid vegetation. At the site where the river begins to bend westward, there is a fall in the ground of three yards in 120, forming the Situmba rapids. After the junction of the three branches of the Zambesi, it assumes a width of not more than 656 yards, where it throws out a small arm to the S.W. of trifling depth and volume. The rest of the waters as they speed onward, meet with a transverse cutting of basalt, with a rapid drop in the level of 49 feet, over which they precipitate themselves with a frightful roar.

The cutting lies N.N.W. and creates three grand falls, a centre and two side ones. Between and over the rocks which separate the three great masses of water, tumble innumerable cascades, producing a marvellous effect. On the north a third branch of the river continues running on the same upper level as the

Fig. 111.—GONHA CATARACT.

UPPER ZAMBEZI
CATARACTS OF GONHA

Major Serpa Pinto
1878



1. *Great vertical Cataract, 49 ft. in height.*
2. *Rapid, falling 10 ft. in 33 ft. distance.*
3. *Rapid, falling 13 ft. in 66 ft. distance.*
4. *Small vertical Cataract of 52 feet.*
5. *Small vertical Cataract of 45 feet.*
6,7,8. *Rapids, falling 66 ft. in 328 ft.*
9. *Branch of the River, choked with stones and out of level.*

A.B. = *328 feet.*

London; Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

Edw.d Weller.

cataract, and then disembogues into the main artery in five exquisitely beautiful cascades, the last of which is 440 yards below the great fall. There the river bends again to the S.S.E., narrows to 50 yards, and has a current of 165 yards per minute.

The different points of view whence one can take in the entire space of the falls render the scene more and more surprising, and never had I before beheld, in the various countries I had visited, a more completely beautiful spectacle.

Gonha does not possess perhaps the imposing character proper to great cataracts; for all about it the landscape is soft, varied, and attractive. The forest vegetation is so mixed up and blended with the rock and water, that the result is one harmonious whole, as if the hand of a great artist had studied the aspect which each feature should assume.

Nor does the fall of the water into the vast abyss cause that deafening noise which is generally so painful; the copious vegetation which surrounds it, doubtless helps, when at a very short distance, to muffle the roar.

No vapours arise from the depths to be converted into rain and make a near approach so dank and disagreeable; the falls allow of free access on every side, as if nature had taken a delight in allowing one of her loveliest works to be gazed upon at leisure. Gonha is like a magnificent casket which is visible to all who approach it, and which displays its exquisite workmanship for all the world to wonder at and admire.

After drawing up a plan of the grand cataract, I remained hovering about it until night, my eyes unsatiated with gazing on the superb picture, where at each moment I discovered some fresh beauty.

I returned to my camp at last, with a saddened feeling at the thought that I should probably never

again see in life the sublime spectacle upon which I now turned my back.

On the 5th I surveyed the track along which the boats would have to be conveyed to take the river again at a safe place below the cataract, and found that it lay through a dense forest, not less than three miles in length; for throughout the whole of that space the Zambesi, enclosed in rocky banks not more than from 40 to 50 yards asunder, retained a speed of 165 yards per minute, with boiling billows in which no canoe could possibly have lived.

This narrow space below the Gonha cataract is called the Nanguari, and terminates in a fall which bears the same name.

The point where it again commences to be navigable is styled the Mamungo.

The conveyance of the canoes by land was effected by natives of the hamlets of Sioma, people of Calacas or slaves, governed by a Luina chief, who are established there by the Lui government for the express purpose of performing this service, to which they are bound without being entitled to any recompense whatsoever.

The labour they had to undergo was very great, and I felt really grieved at the thought that I had nothing to give to those poor fellows who performed their heavy task so patiently.

The Zambesi at Mamungo widens to 220 yards, but still continues, shut in by walls of rock, on which the various heights that the waters have reached are marked by discoloured lines left by the mud held in solution by the stream. I perceived by those same traces that the waters had risen, at their fullest, to 33 feet above the then level, which must have been pretty nearly the minimum water line.

No sooner does vegetable soil appear upon the rocks of basalt, than it is followed by abundant vegetation.

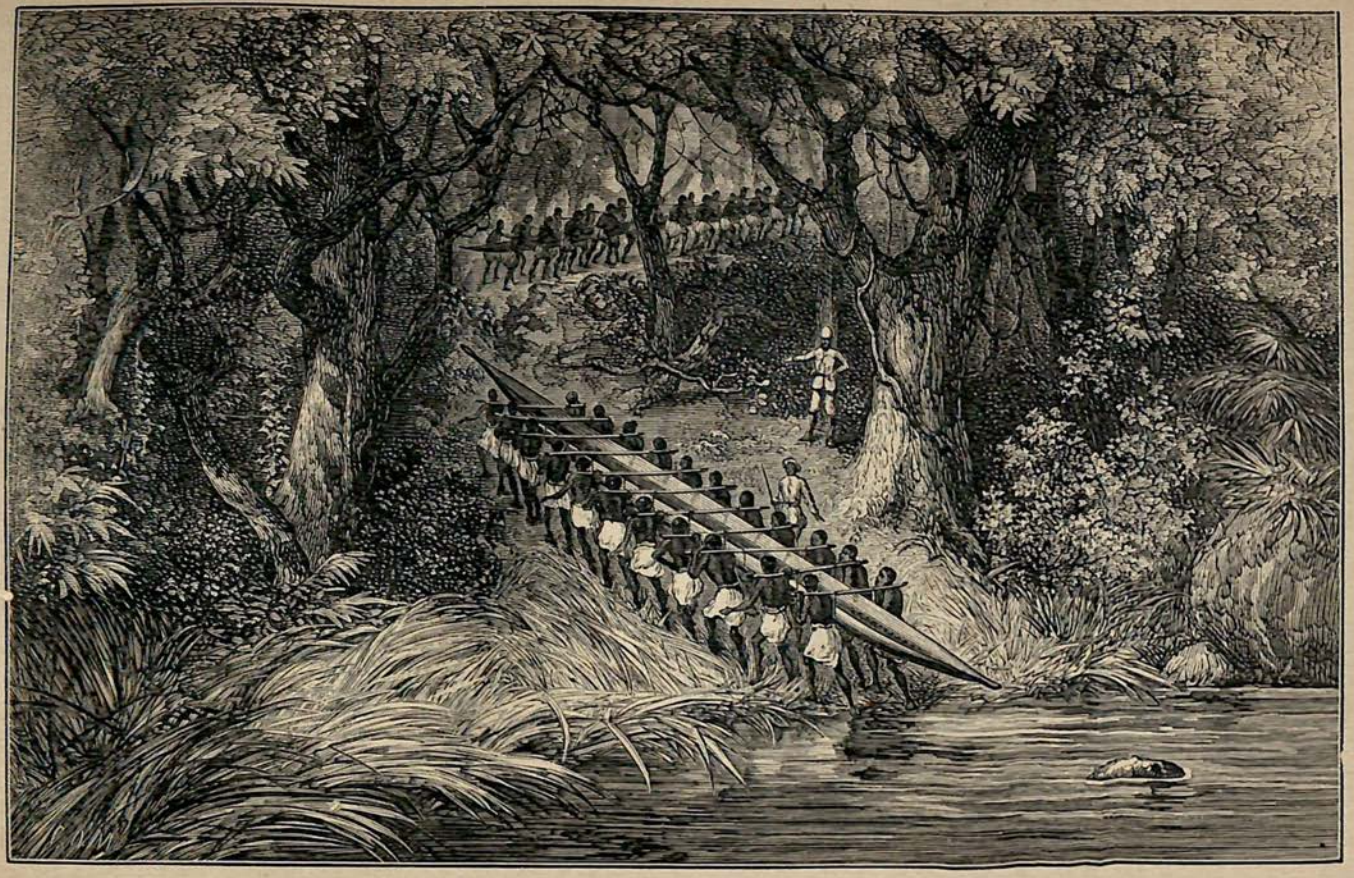


Fig. 112.—CONVEYANCE OF THE BOATS AT GONHA.

The aspect of the Zambesi at that point has a great resemblance to parts of the Douro, saving that the granite rocks of the latter are replaced by basalt.

After navigating for about an hour and a half, I came across the mouth of the river Lumbe, where I pulled up. This river flows from the N., and near its embouchure is 21 yards wide and between four and five feet deep. A hundred yards or so before emptying itself into the Liambai, its level is nearly a hundred feet higher than the latter; and it makes its way down in several cascades, which might perhaps be considered extremely fine were they not eclipsed by their vicinity to the gigantic Gonha.

Having examined the mouth of the Lumbe, I continued on my way for a couple of hours, when I camped; for having caught sight of some antelopes, I would not lose the opportunity of replenishing our larder. I succeeded in killing two, and, satisfied with my day's work, resolved to proceed no further.

On the 7th, I again set out, and after an hour's paddle reached the Cataract of Calle.

The river there runs to the S.E. and assumes a width of nearly a thousand yards. Three islands divide it into four branches. The second, on the west, is the one which contains the greatest volume of water, but it is also that in which the irregularity of level is most marked.

In the other branches the inequality of level, which is about ten feet, is produced over a hundred yards or so of length, whilst in the former the extent is not greater than about forty yards. All four outlets are obstructed by huge rocks, against and over which the waters tumble with a hoarse roar.

We turned everything out of the canoes and towed along a little runnel which skirted the right bank, and on reaching the river below the falls, we re-embarked and continued our voyage. Half an hour later we fell in

with some rapids, which only vessels of light draught could pass, and over which our men steered us with admirable dexterity.

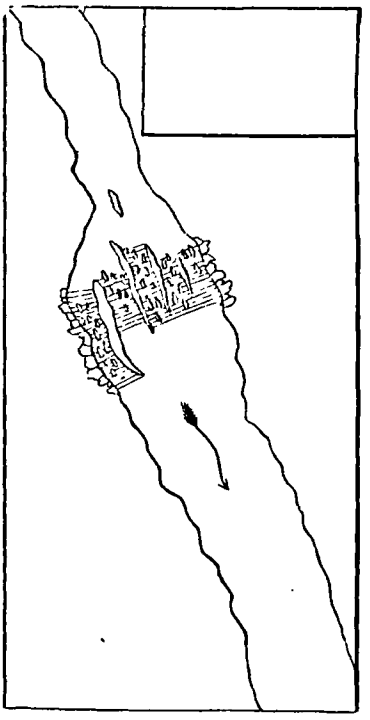


Fig. 113.—Cataract of Calle.

Other rapids shortly succeeded, which we got over with like good fortune, and navigated for the rest of that day amid jagged cliffs ever washed by the violent current, but without meeting any more rapids, properly so called.

When we camped that night I felt seriously ill. The fever had increased upon me, and the want of vegetable diet was very sensibly felt. The sleeping constantly in the open air and the impossibility of taking any care of myself (being obliged to support my people with the game which fell to my rifle), was telling badly upon me and increasing my pains. During the night a violent thunder-storm burst over us, and with it fell the first drops of the new rainy season.

On the 8th of October I felt worse, suffering from great weakness of body, but fortunately not dejected in spirit. I therefore continued my voyage, and, in half an hour or so, found myself near the great rapids of Bombue.

The river here forms one huge central rapid, where the inequality of level is about six feet. On the east side, there are three channels obstructed by numerous rocks, and on the west a wider channel, where the fall is more rapid.

Above the first descents an island, covered with vegetation, divides the river into two equal branches. Bombue has two other descents, the second being 330 yards below the first, and the third 220 yards below the second. All these rapids are full of jutting rocks in every direction, making navigation simply impossible.

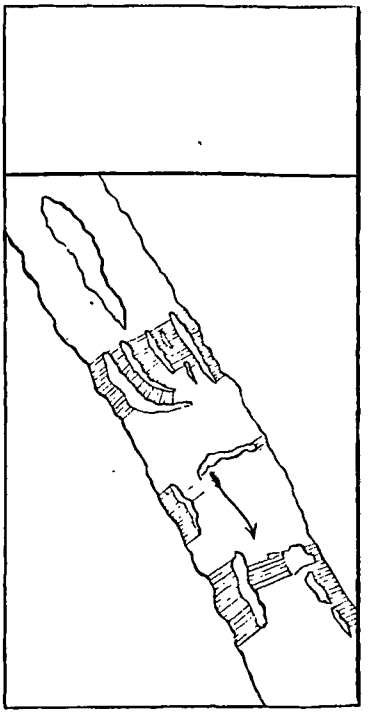


Fig. 114.—Bombue Rapids.

The canoes, being emptied, were floated down, close in to the bank — a fatiguing operation, and one which occupied a great deal of time.

Putting off again in the canoes, we started afresh, and against our will were carried over another rapid, fortunately without mishap, and after four hours' paddling came to a halt near the confluence of the river Joco. Our voyage that day had been beside and between islands of exceeding beauty, displaying the most picturesque prospects imaginable, and which appeared doubly so in my eyes, fatigued as they had been by the monotony of the African table land.

In the afternoon of that day, having lain down to get a little rest, I was suddenly roused by the negroes, who had seen some elephants in the immediate neighbourhood. In spite of my state of health, I seized my rifle and went in search of them.

It was on the bank of the Joco that I sighted the enormous beasts, that were wallowing in a muddy pool.

I got to leeward of them, and crept up very

cautiously. On getting nearer, I saw they were seven in number.

The thick jungle which grew close up to the pool, allowed me to approach comparatively closely without being seen.

For a moment I gazed upon the giants of the African fauna, and will not conceal that I had some hesitation about doing them an injury. Necessity, however, soon overcame any sentimental scruples, and I fired at the nearest, taking aim at the frontal bone. The colossus, on receiving the shot, staggered a moment without moving his limbs; he then dropped inertly upon his knees, rested an instant in that position and finally toppled over on his side, making the earth about him tremble with his fall.

The other six made for the river at a round trot and, having crossed it, disappeared in the forest.

I drew near to the inoffensive quadruped, and as I contemplated my work of destruction I could not forbear glancing from myself to him and thinking what a mite I appeared in comparison. The excitement being over I felt so weak and ill that I could scarcely stand, and was unable to get back to the encampment without assistance.

The following day I was much worse, being attacked with severe inflammation of the liver, for which I applied caustics of pulverised quinine.

As it was impossible for me to travel in such a condition, I resolved to stop where I was till I got better.

On that day Augusto met with the most extraordinary adventure that I ever remember to have heard of. He had fired at a buffalo, which he wounded, but not so badly as to prevent it turning upon and chasing him. Finding himself closely pursued, he drew his hatchet, and as the huge creature lowered its head to

butt at him, he struck the animal a blow with all the force that his herculean strength allowed him.

Both man and buffalo rolled upon the ground together. The natives who were hard by, looked upon him as lost, when to their astonishment, the beast regained its legs, and made off in the opposite direction. Augusto then rose, and, with the exception of a bruise or two occasioned by his fall, found himself none the worse for the encounter.

The fellows then gathered about him, and when one of my young niggers stooped to pick up the hatchet, he discovered, lying beside it, one of the creature's horns, which had been cut clean off, with the violence of the blow.

The forest, in the region of the cataracts, produces the Cuchibi, the Mapole, the Opumbulume and the Lorcha, all fruit-trees, which are met with in greater or less quantities on the table-land, and beyond these, two others which are peculiar to the place, namely, the Mocha-mocha and the Muchenche. This last produces a very saccharine fruit, with which I made a most refreshing drink.

The pulverised caustics of quinine, and three grammes of that medicament which I introduced into the system, in three hypodermic injections at short intervals, calmed my feverish state, so that on the 10th I was able to rise, feeling considerably relieved. The first news which greeted me when I did so, was that Augusto had disappeared since the evening before, and all the efforts to discover his whereabouts by the men who had sought him in the woods, were vain.

This intelligence caused me considerable anxiety, for knowing that he was bold to the verge of madness, I was afraid some terrible accident had befallen him. I sent scouts out in every direction, and I myself headed one of the searching parties, notwithstanding my state

of health, and the pain caused me by the blisters. All our endeavours were in vain, and the only results of our excursion were a couple of Sebs-sebs (*Rubalis lunatus*) which I killed, and sundry rods of wood which the Luinas brought away with them, as fitted for the shafts of assegais, and which were of the same wood as our paddles were composed of. The natives called it Minana.

On our return to camp, we dried at the fire a good deal of the flesh of the antelopes.

This region, which bears the name of the Mutema country, abounds in forest game, and from the elephant to the quail, there are thousands of animals of all the families, genera and species of the African table-lands. In the Zambesi, on the contrary, the water-game, so abundant in the region of the plains, is comparatively scarce.

In the afternoon, to my relief, Augusto reappeared. He said he had lost his way in the forest, had fallen in with a hamlet of the Calacas, who had robbed him of everything he possessed, barring his gun.

The Luinas on hearing this, declared they would avenge the injury, and all my efforts to restrain them were perfectly useless.

They did not return till night, when they appeared laden with the spoils, having completely sacked the place. Augusto's mantle was among the articles they brought in.

It seems to be a custom among these fellows, when they come across the Calaca hamlets in the region of the cataracts to sack and destroy them.

The state of my health was anything but satisfactory, and I passed a wretched night; still, I gave orders next morning to pack up and proceed on our voyage.

About an hour after leaving behind us the mouth of the river Joco, we fell in with the rapids of Lusso.

I there got ashore and proceeded on foot, taking three hours to get over a couple of miles.

The river at Lusso is of very great width, and divides into a variety of branches, forming the most lovely aits, covered with the richest vegetation.

After the splendid cataract of Gonha, I beheld nothing more beautiful than the Lusso rapids.

I re-embarked just below them, and having navigated for two more hours, I ordered the men to pull up a little above the cataract of Mambue.

The little islands, with their wealth of jungle, here as in other places presented the most charming of pictures.

I resolved upon clearing the cataract that same day, although it was tremendous work, with the few hands at my disposal, to drag the boats overland. It occupied four hours in the operation, but I carried my point and took up my quarters for the night, just below the falls.

The cataract of Mambue represents four different levels; the first gives a fall of about a foot and a half; the second, which is nearly 500 feet below the first, presents a fall of six feet quite perpendicular; the third; 190 feet still lower down, has a drop of about three feet, and the last, which has a similar fall of three feet, is 330 feet distant from the previous one. The falls therefore cover an extent of 1050 feet. The Zambesi there runs N. and S., but almost directly after bends to the S.W. before resuming its regular course to S.S.E.

During the night I thought my end was come. An intense fever seemed to be devouring my very vitals, and I had little hope of living to see the 12th of October, a festive day for me, as it was the anniversary of my wife's birthday. I called Verissimo and Augusto to my side and handed them the fruits of my labours, charging them, if I should die, to continue the journey which I was now pursuing, until they found the

missionary, into whose hands they were to deliver the books and papers. I pointed out to them that the Mueneputo, the white king, would reward them handsomely if they saved those records, and were thus the means of conveying them in safety to Portugal.

The repeated hypodermic injections of sulphate of quinine, in strong doses, had, against my expectations, nevertheless overcome the fever, so that by 6 o'clock on the morning of the 12th I felt so much relieved that I determined to pursue my voyage.

We started at half-past 6, and at a quarter past 7 shot over some small rapids, and immediately afterwards some larger ones, that were highly dangerous. We steered into the only practicable channel, but no sooner had the canoe entered it, and begun to feel the strength of the current, than a hippopotamus appeared blowing just below us. We were thus placed between Scylla and Charybdis, and had to choose between the monster or the abyss. We fought bravely with the current, and managed by a skilful manœuvre to get out of it, and avoided the threatened peril beneath the shadow of a rock, almost on the ground.

The other boat, in the endeavour to steer clear of the beast, shot out of the channel, and rushed with fearful velocity towards some rocks which guarded the entrance to another apparently impassable runnel. We all gave her up for lost, but she made her way through the obstructions, and escaped the danger, having shipped one large wave that almost swamped her.

At ten minutes to 8 there were more rapids, and others again at 8 o'clock presented a great volume of water, of considerable extent. We would have gladly made for the bank, as we heard at some distance below us a frightful roar, similar to the reverberation of thunder from the mountain sides, which made us ap-

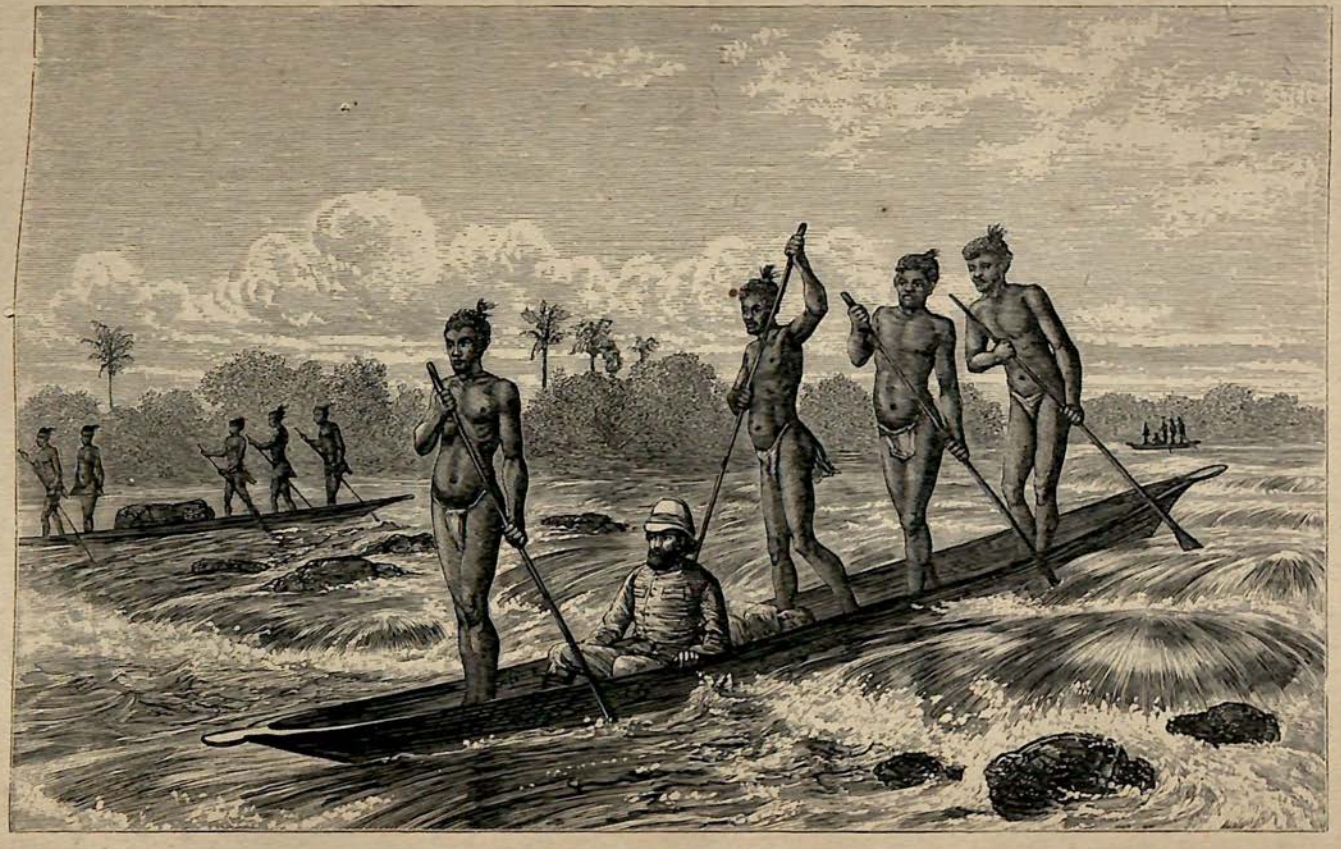


Fig. 115.—IN THE RAPIDS.

prehend other great rapids, or another cataract, impossible to get over—alive. But all our efforts, even if we made the attempt, would have been vain. The nearest bank, the one on the left, was upwards of 650 yards from us, and the current, which was most rapid, enclosed between walls of basalt whence the waves were driven back in foam, made the approach simply impossible. It was one of those moments that are perfectly indescribable.

Hurried along by a giddy current, towards an unknown bourn, vividly feeling the imminent danger which each succeeding fall in the river's bed too clearly demonstrated, emerging from one gulf only to rush into another in which the waters were seething, we poor hapless navigators experienced at each moment a new sensation, and suffered a hundred times the pangs of death as we recalled the pleasures that life might yet have in store for us.

From a little after 8 o'clock to within twenty minutes of 9, we passed six rapids of trifling inequality of level, but at that hour a fall of fully three feet stood right in front of us.

Like to a man, who, in running a race, stops short by an instinctive movement on beholding a chasm lying open before him, our canoe, as though an animated creature, was stayed for an instant by a mechanical and unconscious back motion of the paddle. That motion caused us to swing round, and it was when the long canoe was right across the current that it leaped into the abyss, amid the foam of an enormous wave. It took but a second of time, but it was the fullest of sensation that I had ever experienced in my life. We owed our safety to the will of Providence. Had the boat gone into the gulf head first, nothing could possibly have kept us from destruction. The loss of steerage was our salvation.

Immediately below the fall from which we had escaped, were other smaller rapids, and on passing them we succeeded, after immense efforts, in reaching a cluster of rocks which reared their heads in mid-river, at a point where the current was somewhat less violent. Having grappled them, we baled out the water and put things a little straight, disordered as they were by the shock to which we had been subjected.

By 9 o'clock we were again under way, and an hour later came upon fresh falls. These were followed at 9.25 by the great rapids of Manhicungu; at 9.30 by others, and so on again to those of Lucandu, presenting seven more falls, which we passed at a few minutes after 11. Another small rapid having been cleared a little later on, we arrived at about noon at the cataract of Catima-Moriro (*Fire-extinguisher*).

Catima-Moriro is the last fall of the higher region of the Cataracts of the Upper Zambesi. Thence to the fresh regions of rapids, preceding the great cataract of Mozi-oa-Tunia, the river is perfectly navigable.

The mind becomes fatigued just as the body does, and I was utterly fagged out, when I reached the close of that perilous 12th of October, a day which I cannot even now look back upon without a shudder. The emotions of those terrible hours had nevertheless so acted upon my system, that I found myself without fever, though lamentably weak. Game was started abundantly, but my debility and the pain produced by the caustics that were still open, did not allow of my making an attempt to secure any.

The course of the river was still S.S.E., and from that point it reassumes the aspect proper to it in the Barôze, running through enormous plains, with a sandy soil and free of rock or stone. The banks are formed of strata of earth, surmounted by a greenish clay.

The wind was again blowing very strongly from the

east, and raising the surface of the water into no contemptible waves. I nevertheless re-embarked on the 13th and did not stop till I reached the village of Catengo, where I pitched my camp. By that time I was feeling much worse, the fever which had temporarily left me having returned.

At Catengo I was again joined by my people whom I had left at the mouth of the Joco, and who had arrived the night before.

They also had their adventures, and the previous day had escaped most imminent danger when they were attacked by several lions. They had saved their lives by climbing to the tops of trees, where, for a considerable time, they were surrounded and besieged. My poor little goat, Córa, was hauled up by a cloth which they tied round her horns, and she remained lashed to a branch close to Augusto. That worthy fellow to succeeded in killing one of the lions from his elevated perch, and afterwards exchanged the skin at Catengo for a good lot of tobacco.

On the 14th I journeyed eastward, that being the direction taken by the Zambesi, and in the afternoon found myself not far from the village of Quisseque or Chicheque.

The tract of river we had passed continued to be divided by largish islands, but very different in aspect from those in the region of the Cataracts. They were indeed merely cane-brakes, which soon tired the eye by their monotonous aspect.

On that day we were fortunate in falling in with fishers, though not exactly fishermen, that supplied us with plenty of fish. These were the Uanhis, as the Luinas called them, gigantic *pygargos* or aquatic eagles which inhabit the banks of the river. Many, on being pursued, dropped the prey that they had been at some pains to catch.

One of these large birds held in its powerful claws a fish bigger than a whiting, and fled from my boatmen without taking the trouble to soar into the air; but the greater part let go their prey in order to do so, when disturbed.

These *pygargos* of the Zambesi, which I had not seen near the cataracts, have heads, breasts and tails perfectly white, with ebony wings and sides.

They exactly resemble the American species described under the name of *white-headed pygargo*, but of smaller body than the bird which does duty as an emblem on the banner of the United States.

On the morning of the 15th of October I arrived off Quisseque, having navigated in an easterly direction for about an hour.

I did not choose to take up my quarters at the village owing to my distrust of the natives, but pitched my camp among the canes on a neighbouring island. I then sent word to the chief of my arrival, and lay down in a burning fever which had come on again with great violence.

Shortly after I had done so, I had a visit from a European descendant, whom I recognised by the pecular *café au lait* colour of the skin as a native of the Orange territory.

He informed me through Verissimo and by the aid of the Sesuto language, that he was a servant of the missionary I was seeking, and was there waiting for King Lobossi's answer to his master's application. I then learned, to my great astonishment and pleasure, that the missionary was a Frenchman. The servant's name was Eliazar, and the man, observing that I was very ill, showed me attentions that I never obtained from a negro.

When I told him that I was actually on my way to seek his master, he expressed the utmost satisfaction,

and assured me that the missionary was one of the best of men.

I cannot explain why it was that my pleasure was so great at learning that the man I sought was French, but the fact remains.

Whilst conversing with Eliazar, the chief of the village arrived. His real name was Carimuque, but he was quite as well known by that of Moranziani, the war-name of the chiefs of the Quisseque.

I communicated to him my desire to leave next day, as I was seriously ill and was anxious to reach the missionary to procure proper remedies for my ailment.

I also let him know that I had no provisions or means to purchase any, and he promised to send me over, that very day, food for myself and people.

In the afternoon my boatmen showed an inclination to strike, they were very noisy and discontented, declaring that they would not leave Quisseque until they were paid. I summoned them before me, and pointed out that I had nothing whatsoever to give them; that the ivory I possessed could only be converted into goods when I arrived at the missionary's quarters, so that in order to procure their pay, they must necessarily go on.

They retired, apparently convinced by my arguments, and I was left to my own reflections. I passed a horrible night in the cane-brake on the island. All through the dark hours I was disturbed by the cobras pursuing the rats, and the rats rushing away from the cobras. Pleasant companions to have around one! Meanwhile my fever increased.

Carimuque came to see me in the morning of the 16th, bringing with him, as a present, some massambala and a small quantity of manioc flour. He declared that the men absolutely refused to go further without being paid, and that I had better despatch a messenger

to the missionary, to desire him to send me goods, and wait where I was till they came.

This, however, I positively refused to do, and averred that I would pay the men nothing if they did not start with me next day. After a lengthened discussion, in which Eliazar manfully supported me, repeating again and again that his master would certainly at once pay the men's demands upon arrival, it was resolved that on the following morning, the 17th, our journey should be resumed.

A little later in the day, the envoys whom Carimuque had sent to the Lui with the missionary's message to the King, returned.

As the reader is aware from what I mentioned in an early part of this chapter, Matagja formally opposed the entrance of this missionary into the Lui territory. King Lobossi's reply, as dictated by Gambella, was a fine specimen of diplomacy, neither admitting nor absolutely rejecting the proposal. It expressed great pleasure at learning that he had arrived in the country, but that at the present moment, owing to imminent hostilities and the want of accommodation which the Lialui afforded, owing to its being a city so recently constructed, it was not advisable for him to proceed any further. He was therefore requested to forego his intention, and return next year to make another application. Carimuque, at the same time, received positive orders not to furnish him with means to pursue his journey northwards.

Eliazar, who was very disheartened at the receipt of his message from King Lobossi, continued to keep me company, and dilated in glowing terms upon the merits and goodness of his master.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were visited by a frightful thunderstorm, accompanied by torrents of rain, which did not hold up till 6. Carimuque

paid me another visit, bringing with him a brace of fowls.

On the 17th, at 9 in the morning, I took my departure, and before noon reached the mouth of the river Machilla, the course having been E.S.E.

The Machilla, at its embouchure, is 44 yards wide and upwards of 18 feet deep, but the depth is undoubtedly influenced by the level of the Zambesi, whose waters must occasionally stay the flow of the little tributary.

It runs through a vast plain, in which graze thousands of buffaloes, zebras, and a great variety of antelopes. I was there witness to a surprising effect of mirage, which presented to my astonished gaze a mass of heterogeneous animals with their hoofs in the air.

I never in my life saw so much game together as I beheld in that district. All the animals, however, were wonderfully shy, and would not allow a nearer approach than a couple of hundred yards.

I succeeded in killing a zebra, which supplied us with excellent meat, a good deal better than that of any antelope. After a stay of a couple of hours, we continued our voyage for two hours and a half more, and at 5 in the afternoon pulled in to the bank on perceiving an old tree floating down with the current. This tree, which we eagerly seized upon, was quite a godsend, as without it we should have had no wood that night for warmth or cooking purposes; the place being utterly destitute of even a shrub.

We were on the point of starting again, when a negro came running to say that the other canoes were moored much higher up the stream, and the crews encamped there. We had therefore, however unwillingly, to turn back, as all the stores and meat were in one of the other canoes. It was consequently half-past 6, and quite dark, before we were all met together.

56728

I may mention that on leaving Quisseque all my people had embarked, as Carimuque had placed two large boats at my disposal, in which I had stowed Augusto, the women, the lads, and my goat. Calungo, the parrot, always travelled with me.

Carimuque had made me a valuable present of a quantity of manioc flour, the best food possible for me just then in my weak and ailing condition; but when that night I wanted a little of it, and went to the bag in which it had been stored, the bag was empty! Upon inquiring into the matter, I found that my young nigger, Catraio, had forestalled me, and had devoured every scrap of the flour.

During the night a terrible drama was enacted, in the darkness, within earshot of my camp.

This was a frightful combat between a buffalo and a lion, which terminated in the death of the former, whose bellowings in his death agony were mingled with the prolonged roars of his conqueror and the howls of a troop of hyenas. On examination in the morning we found, at about 100 paces distance from the camp, the head of the buffalo, which was still intact, with the bones and remnants of the hide; all else having disappeared with the forest scavengers.

We then pursued our voyage, and after five hours navigation between islands divided by small channels, forming a complicated system, stopped just above a rapid with a descent of upwards of a yard, the first link in that chain of falls which terminates in the great cataract of Mozi-oa-Tunia.

With the basalt reappeared the ever beautiful forest, where among other trees towered the baobabs—those giants of the African flora that I had not seen since leaving Quillengues.

On getting ashore I went and lay down, in the shade of one of those colossal trees.

I had terminated my navigation of the upper Zambesi, and from that point, until I met with the missionary, my journey would be performed by land.

The village of Embarira was six miles distant from the place where I was lying, and my late boatmen had already started with the packs upon their heads.

Sleep fell upon me, and it was quite dark when I awoke. The only persons around me were Verissimo, Camutombo, and Pepeca. To my inquiry why we were still there, Verissimo answered that he did not like to wake me. I got up, and in spite of the darkness set out upon my journey, when I discovered that we were all completely unarmed. Verissimo, who from time to time certainly did very stupid things, had allowed my weapons to be carried away with the rest of the traps to Embarira. I certainly felt ill at ease after I had made this discovery, for it is not by any means pleasant to find oneself without arms in the midst of a forest infested with wild beasts. I therefore set the men at once to gather wood to make a fire, but in the darkness they could find none to suit the purpose.

Pepeca suddenly remembered he had seen at no great distance an old boat, which we managed to find, but being made of the hard wood of the Mucusse, my hunting knife made no impression upon it.

I then bethought me of using it as a battering-ram against the trunk of the baobab, and three of us, swinging it to and fro, dashed it full butt against the tree. This had the desired effect. The old canoe could not resist this operation, and after it had been practised a few times we had wood in sufficiently small pieces to make a good fire.

We were taking our measures to pass the night there, when we heard the voices of people approaching, and shortly after, Augusto appeared with several men who had come in search of me.

I readily started off with them, and arrived at Embarira at midnight. The chief of the village had prepared a house for me, in which I lay down, fagged out and burning with fever.

I was now at Embarira, on the left bank of the river Cuando, the sources of which I had discovered and determined three months before.

I was within a short distance of the missionary, from whom I trusted to obtain assistance that would enable me to continue my journey, and I stood on the threshold of fresh adventures which could not at that time enter into my calculations.

The state of my health, shattered as I have described it, the doubts which I entertained of the future, the apprehensions which I felt for the present, joined to the bodily discomfort caused by the visitation of thousands of bugs with which the house was swarming, made me pass a night of tribulation.

Another subject also tended to engage, if not disturb my mind. On my arrival I was informed that a white man (Macua), who was neither a missionary nor a trader, was encamped opposite me, on the other side of the Cuando.

Whom was I about to meet in those remote regions?

My curiosity was indeed great, and I tossed about upon my couch, impatient for the dawn of another day.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

At page 216, Vol. I., in a chapter analogous to the present, I described, in brief terms, the countries comprised in my journey from the western coast to the Bihé.

In this chapter I will endeavour to epitomise the most interesting portion of my labours respecting the vast territory lying between the Bihé and the upper division of the river Zambesi, as far as the spot where the narrative of my journey terminates in the preceding page.

In presenting a résumé of my astronomical data and of my meteorological observations, &c., I do so without pedantry, but simply to fulfil a duty incumbent upon me; and though many of the studies and labours which I thus make public may not interest the majority of my readers, they cannot fail to engage the attention of some of them.

In addition to the general map of tropical South Africa, I have prepared sundry fragmentary maps of the countries which were most deserving of record on the road I traversed, so as to be enabled to bestow upon the latter, certain minute details which the smaller scale of the general map would not admit of.

I propose to treat of that enormous tract of territory from a geographical point of view, with the greater reason, as it is unknown to geographers who have hitherto filled their maps with uncertain lines, traced by the tremulous hand of doubt, gathered from the loose and contradictory accounts of ignorant natives.

A European, Silva Porto, traversed that part of the African continent before I did, and, in a great measure, further to the south of my track: but Silva Porto never published his most interesting notes, which he is now engaged in marshalling into order. But it is necessary to remark that although those notes may lend valuable assistance to the study of African ethnography, owing to the keenness with which his observant eye took in the customs and modes of life of the negroes, they can be but a weak auxiliary to geographical science, as the want of elementary knowledge on the part of their author will prevent him making the labour a truly solid one.

The countries which I placed before the reader in the foregoing chapters, and which it is my intention to treat of in the present, are completely new to geography.

The geographical co-ordinates of the chief points of my itinerary were calculated from the elements which I publish later on.

I will begin by describing the fluvial system of this part of the African plain.

The waters which run to the western coast take their rise around the Bihé, within an enormous V, formed by two rivers—the Cubango and the Cuito—which, after uniting at Darico, run S.E. into the Desert of the Kalahari.

The fluvial system of the west coast between the mouth of the Cuanza and that of the Cunene, almost terminates there, the Cuanza further receiving certain affluents from the eastward, whose spring-heads must be sought in the 18th merid. E. of Greenwich. Among these are the river Onda (which takes its rise, however, within the angle formed by the Cubango and Cuito), the Cuiba, and the Cuime, whose sources are intermingled with those of the Cuito, and of another river, the Lungo-é-ungo, which, through the Zambesi, pours into the Indian Ocean waters drawn from the marshes of Cangala, in the 18° of E. longitude, and which, therefore, traverse the enormous distance of 1440 miles ere attaining the goal that Nature has assigned them. The latitude of these sources, which in friendly rivalry despatch their waters to points so distant from their place of birth, is approximately 12° 30′, that is to say, within the zone comprised between parallels 11 and 13, where spring to life the two gigantic rivers of Southern Africa, the Zaire and the Zambesi, and their principal affluents.

Between the equator and the 20th parallel, those two rivers form two water systems perfectly defined, but which have one common starting-point in the 12th parallel, and in the zone bordering that parallel 60 miles to the south and north; and there, many of the great affluents of the two colossi intermingle their sources, and each of them forms, of itself, a water system that goes to swell the two main arteries.

Thus, therefore, between the 18th and 35th meridian east of Greenwich, and parallels 8 and 15 south, all the water which runs to the north empties itself into the Atlantic at 6° 8′ under the name of Zaire; and all the water which flows to the south empties itself into the Indian Ocean at 18° 50′ under the name of Zambesi.

In travelling E.S.E. I got further away from the well-pronounced divisorial line of the waters of the two great rivers, and whilst my former companions devoted their attention to the study of one of those water-systems which help to swell the Zaire, I followed up another, a tributary of the Zambesi; and in proportion as I penetrated into the interior of the continent, that system appeared before me well-defined and clear.

The countries of which I treated in the foregoing chapters, and on which I propose to enlarge still further in this, are the seat of a fluvial system which forms one of the chief tributaries, if not the chief affluent, of the Zambesi.

The river Cuando, the main artery of this system, takes its rise at 18° 57′ E. longitude, and 12° 59′ S. latitude, in a small marshy pool, at a height of 4470 feet above the level of the sea.

Its mouth, at the confluence with the Zambesi, lies in 17° 49′ S. latitude and 25° 23′ E. longitude, its height above the sea level then being 3084 feet. The extent of its course is approximately 625 English miles. Its fall from source to embouchure is 1386 feet, or one foot in each 2380 run.

The affluents of the river Cuando, navigable for the greater part,

represent an extent of waterway not inferior to one thousand geographical miles, which, joined to the length of the main stream, will amount to a total of 1852 English miles. These high figures demonstrate the importance of that part of the African table-land.

By forcing my march, regardless of difficulties, I was enabled to follow the line from the sources of the great river and of its principal affluents, until I had the upper parts of the various streams perfectly indicated and determined. I have thus been enabled to substitute for the hypothetical tracings, which the majority of geographers have preferred to leaving upon the map of that part of Africa an enormous blank, a firm and safe outline of the previously unknown country.

The rivers Queimbo, Cubangui, Cuchibi, and Chicului are all navigable rivers, watering fertile districts rich in future promise to that portion of the Dark Continent, unvisited by the tsee-tsee fly, that terrible insect which destroys the prosperity of many other African territories.

Having thus briefly referred to the chief and vast water-system of the countries comprised between the Bihé and the Zambesi, I wish to give a short summary of its oreography; and in order to do so, I must, first of all, say a few words on the geological constitution of the soil, which will easily explain its trifling irregularities.

The soil of South Central Africa is rock of the early ages. If, near the coast, on the low lands, we observe sedimentary deposits, they are due to the labour of the water; there they begin and end, revealing to us no more than the action of fire.

The limestone terminates in the scarps, west of the mountains, which form the first elevations of the table-land. It is immediately succeeded by the plutonic formation, and up to the Bihé we fall in with the primitive granite, profusely distributed. From the Bihé eastward, the granite gradually disappears; and beyond the Cuanza, its place is taken by clayey schist and mica-slate.

It is always eruptive soil, but under the action of metamorphosis. In fact, from the Cuanza to the Zambesi, the soil is metamorphic.

The schists and mica-slate have become so plastic through the action of the great waters, that from the Bihé to the Zambesi, if a traveller be desirous of indulging in the diversion of throwing stones, I would recommend him to make a provision of such missiles in the Bihé, and where the granitic region terminates; for, should he follow the same route I took, not a single one will meet his eye.

The nature of the soil will itself explain its monotony of surface and the want of cataracts and rapids, in the rivers of this region of Africa. Throughout the track I followed, there is a constant depression of the land towards the bed of the Zambesi, forming a gentle slope. This depression amounts to 960 feet in the 450 miles, lying between the bank of the river Cuanza and the Nhengo plain.

The oreography of that region is caused by the action of the water, and is perfectly marked by the depressions of the beds of the rivers.

From 100 to 130 feet above the level of the running waters, rise systems of hills with rounded and uniform tops, which accompany without exception the course of the streams.

The flora which distinguishes the Bihé is, in those parts where the

ground attains its greatest elevation, poorer in trees, but very rich in shrubs and herbaceous plants, while to the east of that country, and more especially beyond the Cuanza, it recovers, with a less elevation of the soil, all its tropical profusion.

Game is scarce from the district of the Huambo to near the source of the Cuando, where it reappears abundantly, and so continues until we reach the upper Zambesi.

Six perfectly distinct races of men, but on which the traders of the coast bestow indiscriminately the generic name of Ganguellas, have planted their dwellings between the Cuanza and the Nhengo.

The country to the east of the Cuanza, in the tract which is cut through by the rivers Cuime, Onda, and Verea, and their small tributaries, is inhabited by the Quimbandes.

From the Cuito to the source of the Cuando, we find the villages of the Luchazes, while the affluents to the east of the Cuando, and that river itself, are peopled by natives of the Ambuella race.

As I mentioned in my narrative, the country of the Luchazes is being invaded by an enormous immigration of the Quiôcos or Quibocos, whose tendency is to establish their quarters on the banks of the river Cuito. Between that river and the Cuando, and a good deal to the south, the territory, though without fixed dwellings, is nevertheless occupied by a large nomadic population, known as the Mucassequeres.

The southern bank of the river Lungo-é-ungo and its small affluents, are inhabited by the Lobares.

Three of the above races, namely, the Quimbandes, Luchazes, and Ambuellas, speak the same language, the Ganguella, with trifling modifications. The Quiôcos and Lobares use different dialects, and the Mucassequeres talk an original tongue, so unlike the others that they cannot make themselves understood by them.

The Quimbandes are by nature indolent and little given to war, poor agriculturists and possessed of but little cattle, whilst dwelling in a most fertile country, possessed of all the elements necessary to furnish wealth to its possessors.

Though forming a federation, they none the less get constantly to loggerheads with their neighbours of the same race.

They are not particularly courageous; but they are great thieves, and will rarely fail to attack the caravans from the Bihé, which are passing into the interior to trade for beeswax, if such caravans are weak in numbers and are certain to become an easy prey.

It may be taken for granted, that directly a caravan defiles into the country, the Quimbandes are on the watch and hovering about, counting the number of guns it can boast and the extent of its powder-chests, which are distinguished by their covering of leopard skins, the method adopted to protect them by the Biheno traders.

If such caravans enter the territory with fifty muskets and six or eight cartridge boxes, the members composing it may sleep in safety, and will meet with nothing but friendship and respect.

The Luchazes, although somewhat more agricultural than the Quimbandes, possess no large cattle; and but a few herds of goats, and those of an inferior kind, represent their entire flocks.

They do take the trouble to hunt for beeswax, and are altogether a little more industrious than their neighbours on the west.

As regards valour and honesty, there is little to choose between them. Banded in a federation like the former, each township has an independent chief, a petty lord who gives himself no airs of a tyrant in his dealings with his people.

The Ambuellas, of a far better disposition than either, are by no means warlike. They are, perhaps, among the best of the natives of the South Central Africa.

Great cultivators of the soil, they are likewise active wax-hunters. They are poor, with the means of becoming extremely rich if they bred cattle.

They form a federation like the others, but the chiefs retain a little more independence.

Generally, I observed in Africa that those peoples were the happiest and freest who were governed by petty chiefs. Those scenes of horror, so common in the great empires ruled over by autocrats, were seldom or ever practised among the former.

If theft be common among them, murder, on the other hand, is unknown, whilst with the great potentates, robbery follows homicide.

Without having any pretensions to prophesy, I venture to express the belief, that one day it will be among the Ambuellas that the most lasting elements of progress and European civilisation in Africa will be planted.

In my opinion, it is in the countries occupied by those African confederations, governed by petty sovereigns, where a warlike disposition is less cultivated, owing to a sense of weakness, that civilisation may force its way, in the shape of the trader, the missionary, and the explorer.

I therefore differ from the opinion of that boldest of explorers, the most energetic among African labourers, the most devoted apostle of civilisation on the Dark Continent, my friend H. M. Stanley.

He asserts that the missionaries should attack Africa through its great potentates.

I do not think so, because a study of the facts has demonstrated to me the contrary.

The Matebeli country, for instance, has had English missionaries for twenty-five years past, and yet it does not contain a single Christian! When the chief becomes converted, his people follow suit, and outwardly observe the law of Christ. But the civilisation it represents is like Nebuchadnezzar's image—its feet are of the earth, earthy. The chief dies and is succeeded by another, who does not choose to exchange the hareem, in which he takes delight, for the companionship of one solitary wife, to keep him in the right path; so the edifice which has been so long building up, is toppled over, civilisation flies back to more genial regions, and on the morrow of the new potentate's proclamation, there is not one Christian left to worship in the churches which but yesterday were overflowing with people.

Trade is favourably looked upon by the great potentate, because it represents immediate interests of which he gathers the fruit.

In the Matebeli, where the English missionaries have failed to secure a hearing for the doctrine of Christ, English merchants have introduced,

in the shape of clothing and other necessaries (the want of which they have succeeded in creating), a relative civilisation.

The example of the Bamanguato may possibly be put forward in contradiction of my statement, but it will only serve to corroborate my assertion. If King Khama dies, and a Sova comes to power who cares nothing for Christianity, all the converts will vanish away like smoke. The merchants will continue their traffic all the same; but the missionary will be left to perform his Sunday service with the members of his family for sole congregation.

In the Transvaal, among some of the smaller sovereigns, we may observe many aborigines who follow the law of the Gospel. In Basutoland there are Christians from conviction, quite independent of the influence of any chiefs, who do not profess the same faith.

With such examples before them, let those who behold in the missionary the pioneer of African civilisation, attack the weak points of the redoubt, and not rush to perish ingloriously where the fire is hottest.

I am by no means an opponent of the missionary. From me the utmost consideration is due, not only towards the missions themselves, but towards their individual members, living in a state of exile among the barbarous people of the Dark Continent. But I have seen, in almost all those with whom I have become acquainted, a tendency to follow a different path to that which I point out.

All of them seek for a large crop of converts, without studying the soil in which they sow.

Now that I have incidentally spoken of the African missionaries, I will add a few more words upon a subject which I propose, one day, to treat at length, in a work devoted to the purpose.

Frankly, I do not believe the negro brain fitted to comprehend certain questions, which are easy enough to the comprehension of races that are evidently superior.

Abstract questions are far beyond the grasp of the inferior understanding of the negro.

To attempt to explain theology to a negro is tantamount to putting before an assembly of rustics the sublimities of the differential calculus.

But though the negro has too low an order of mind ever to comprehend the great truths of the religion of Christ, he possesses undoubtedly the sentiment of good and evil, and is in a condition to take in the principles of common morality.

Let the missionaries pass among the ignorant people of Central Africa; let them intrepidly follow the path which their evangelic mission imposes upon them, but let them do so with their eyes unbound.

Let them for a time keep to themselves whatever may be abstract in the science of religion, and not think of teaching at the outset, to negroes, all that finer organised brains may deem sublime. Let them inculcate morality, and morality only by example and by precept; let them create necessities in the bosoms of those whom ignorance makes indifferent to everything; let them create wants which will prove an incentive to labour, as by such means only can such a people be regulated.

While, therefore, I stand up for missionaries, I want missionaries of progress and of civilisation; men who, penetrated with a sense of their

duties towards God and towards society, know how to raise the edifice of progress upon solid bases, teaching good, and inciting to labour, inculcating all things which the negro is fitted to comprehend, and seizing their opportunity, which will not fail to come if they perform their labour properly, to instil, little by little, into the expanding mind of their pupils the truths of their theology.

Let them first of all seek to make the negro a man, and subsequently convert their man into a Christian. They may rest assured that to do otherwise is simply to build upon the sand.

Before this work is brought to a close, I shall have something more to say of African missions, and I shall say it frankly and clearly, conscientiously believing that I shall be rendering a true service to the cause, both of the missions and of humanity at large, in pointing out the errors of the present system.

The man who will ever be the most powerful coadjutor of the missionary in Africa is the merchant.

Unhappily, the inland trade is in the hands of very poor apostles of civilisation.

On a former occasion I spoke of the position held by the Portuguese traders, but, to my regret, I cannot assign to those of other countries a much higher standard. On the one hand, the trade carried on by the Arabs at Zanzibar has not been of a nature to give any assistance to civilisation, as the dissoluteness of such people has tended to undo all that commerce might have promoted; and, on the other hand, the English traders, if we are to believe the missionaries, their fellow-countrymen, have left much to be desired in the way of morality. This question of inland trade being the best civiliser, is one which I propose to discuss at far greater length, as I naturally only refer, in a very incidental manner in the present work, to missions and to commerce.

To return to the subject of which I was treating before being led away by the foregoing digression. I repeat that the inhabitants of countries comprised between the Cuanza and the Zambesi, are in a condition to receive, with far greater facility than any other peoples that I am acquainted with in Africa, that civilising impulse which Europe is, at the present time, bent upon giving to the torpid natives of the vast continent.

I now leave those countries concerning which I have said so much in the preceding chapters, to penetrate into the upper Zambesi.

Until the time of my visit I was, with one exception, the first explorer to traverse those regions, the first to describe them, the first to exhibit to the world a geographical map representing their position. I had been preceded by another traveller, by a man who gained such distinction in the work of African civilisation as to win for himself a tomb in Westminster Abbey, where he now reposes in the vicinity of the most distinguished sons of Great Britain. Twenty years prior to my visit David Livingstone had made a journey through those countries.

When he did so they were governed by another race, and I found a perfectly different state of things to that which he describes.

The conditions of physical geography were naturally the same, but all geographers who succeed each other have always rectifications to make and additions to put forward.

Between Livingstone's map and mine there are differences which cannot fail to strike European geographers.

I trust the honoured shade of the celebrated explorer will pardon me, if I venture to contradict him in certain points of his geography of the upper Zambesi. It was his first journey, and the doughty missionary was at that time far from being the explorer and geographer he afterwards became. He himself did not hesitate to avow that, at that period, he rarely endeavoured to measure the width of the river by an easy trigonometrical process.

From the confluence of the Liba to that of the Cuando, the Zambesi only receives upon its right bank two affluents, the Lungo-é-ungo and the Nhengo.

Whoever travels from the western coast will discover at once that between the Nhengo and the Cuando no river could possibly exist, and as a natural consequence the rivers Longo, Banienko, &c. are tracings springing from erroneous data.

In the course of the Zambesi at the 15th parallel, I likewise discovered a great difference to the westward, it being noted that such difference involved a manifest error, because I observed the reappearances of the first satellite of Jupiter; and if there had been an error on my part, such error would have been prejudicial to myself, inasmuch as it involved an approximation to the conclusions of Livingstone.

Each quarter-second later that the reappearance was visible to me, represented an extra mile in his favour.

The only thing which could in any way drive me from the position determined, would be my seeing the satellite before the reappearance, which was materially impossible.

The course of the upper Zambesi in the part I visited, that is to say, from the 15th parallel to the Cataract of Mozi-oa-Tunia, is divided into four perfectly distinct sections. From parallel 15 (and even much more to the north) until near the 17th parallel, the river is quite navigable at all seasons of the year.

There begins to reappear the volcanic earth, and with it the basalt. It is in the first region of the rapids and cataracts that a serious obstacle to navigation is to be met with in the great Cataract of Gonha; the rest may be made easily navigable by cutting a canal by the side of one of its banks. Even at Gonha itself, it would require no extraordinary labour to deepen a channel, which exists on the left bank of the stream near the track which I followed on foot and that is marked upon the map, into which the waters empty themselves in the periods of the overflow.

From the last cataract, Catima Moriro, to the confluence of the Cuando, the river becomes easy of navigation.

Thence downwards, fresh rapids terminate in the enormous cataract of Mozi-oa-Tunia, and that region can never be made use of as an important water-way, inasmuch as a series of chasms effectually bars its future prospects.

In the Valley of the upper Zambesi, there are lands both productive and fertile. Vast pasture-grounds supply food to thousands of heads of cattle, both above and below the region of the cataracts. In the

mountainous districts the tsee-tsee fly is abundant, and it would be therefore difficult to convey cattle from Lialui to the Quisseque.

This fly would appear to be concentrated in the region of the cataracts, and not to exist east of the Barôze, as the Chuculumbe people are great breeders of cattle.

The valley of the upper Zambesi, full as it is of beauty, fertility and natural wealth, exhales from its bosom, amid the aroma of its delicious flowers, a pestilentious miasma. The Macololos were decimated by fevers, and ere the assegais of King Chipopa freed the country from its last conquerors, the climate had already done half the work of destruction.

The Bihenos, who resist the fevers of almost all the African countries they visit, are powerless before the miasma of the Zambesi.

In the country between the Bihé and the Zambesi, where the caravans linger long in bartering for wax, it is very rare indeed to find any cases of fever among the Biheno natives; but beyond the great Nhengo plain their graves are strewn abundantly.

Verissimo, a native born, with an organisation apparently impervious to miasma—Verissimo, who had never been ill in his life before—could not resist the climate of the Barôze, and we have seen him in the preceding chapter prostrate by fever; and I myself, who am pretty well proof against African fevers generally, seemed to be courting destruction in every breath I inhaled in the country.

Had this truth been appreciated some time ago, it would have saved the lives of the Elmores, who succumbed through a mere approach to the country; as the climate in the region of the Quisseque, and from the confluence of the Cuando to the Linianti, is no better in the way of salubrity than that of the Barôze.

I consider I am performing a duty, in thus openly speaking the truth in respect of a country that is exciting the attention of Europe.

There it is, and by uttering it I relieve myself of my responsibility, as a conscientious reporter, for any misfortunes which this pestilential region may occasion to those who shut their ears to the evidence of facts.

Is it then to be inferred that the Lui is a country which should be shunned, and to which no traveller should turn his steps? By no means; and I will endeavour, on the contrary, to demonstrate that it is deserving of serious attention, not merely from Europe generally, but more especially from Portugal.

Southern Africa between the 12th and 18th parallels has a mean width of 1875 miles, and the partition of the waters towards the two coasts is effected at about one-fifth of that extent from the western coast, inasmuch as it begins near the 18th meridian E. of Greenwich, that is to say, some 375 miles from the west coast.

From that point start two rivers, whose waters debouch into the Zambesi,—the Lungo-é-ungo and the Cuando.

Before discussing the importance of those two water-ways, let us for a short space consider the giant river itself, the river into which drain the waters of all the African table-land south of the parallel 12 as far as parallel 20, and to the east of the 18th meridian.

The Zambesi is, by nature, divided into three great sections that are

perfectly distinct from each other. There is an upper course, a middle course, and a lower course.

The upper Zambesi comprises the river from its sources, as yet unknown, to its great cataract of Mozi-oa-Tunia.

The middle course extends from Mozi-oa-Tunia to the rapids of Cabra or Kebrabassa, and the lower Zambesi from that point to the Indian Ocean.

Let us see what are the conditions, as regards navigability, of each of these sections of the river, that is, the relative importance of each and of the tributaries which feed it.

I have already, in this same chapter, explained the peculiarities of the upper Zambesi and I will therefore begin by treating of its middle section.

From Mozi-oa-Tunia to Cabra-bassa it measures about 530 English miles, and is divided into two perfectly distinct regions, the upper and lower, each of which has an extent of 265 miles.

The upper region which begins at the great cataract, and terminates at the Cariba gorge, is of no importance as a navigable water-way, either of itself or by its affluents, which are all small, and unprofitable for navigation.

Some portions of it, it is true, are navigable, but to a limited extent, and interrupted constantly by rapids. The lower part of the Middle course, from Cariba to Cabra-bassa, is under very different conditions, inasmuch as not only is it easily navigable itself, but has important navigable affluents flowing from the north. Of one of these affluents I shall have a little more to say presently.

The lower Zambesi, from Cabra-bassa to the sea, measures a length of 380 miles, of which a few miles only are taken up by the Cabra-bassa falls, the rest of the course being navigable, although in unfavourable conditions, owing to the want of water in the summer season.

This section of the river, notwithstanding the adverse conditions in which it is placed, from the confluence of the Shire to Tete, is still a great water-way, by which all the trade of the interior is carried on with Quilimane. It receives an important affluent, the Shire, a magnificent river, which from its mouth up to Chibisa has not a single cataract, and is perfectly navigable. The Shire, which flows from the north, has a mean course to the S.E. running almost parallel with the Zambesi, and therefore Chibisa and Tete are separated from each other by barely 75 English miles. The land is tolerably level and even now, without roads, it may be traversed easily on foot in five days.

This circumstance is well worthy of attention because, though the river Zambesi is poor in depth from the mouth of the Shire to Tete, it is not so from Mazaro to the sea; so that by expending five days from Tete to Chibisa and descending the Shire to the Zambesi, the journey may be performed with all the rapidity which those noble streams can offer. But the 75 miles which separate Chibisa from Tete might be performed in one day by the creation of a simple carriage-road, and in three hours by means of a railway.

The Cabra-bassa rapids are little if at all known, and I can therefore form no idea whether, and how far, they are likely to constitute a serious

obstacle to navigation, or whether by a slight or great amount of labour, such obstacle may be removed.

I do, however, know that the extent they cover is not large, which is, so far, a favourable circumstance.

Let us now return to the middle course of the Zambesi.

It receives from the north two important rivers, the Loangwa and the Cafucue.

The former, at the mouth of which was established, years ago, the important commercial town of Zumbo, whose ruins attest into what remote regions of Africa Portuguese intrepidity carried its wares, and introduced trade and civilisation, is a river with a fine volume of water, but which, according to the Portuguese traders, is much cut up by cataracts.

A survey of its course would doubtless be of great importance, but less so in my eyes than that of the other river, the Cafucue, of which I am now about to say a few words.

The Biheno pombeiros are accustomed to pass to the north of the Lui, cross the country of the Machachas, and at length come upon an enormous river, which they call the Loengue. That river they use in their trade journeys, and know it well from its very source. They go down it in their canoes to its mouth, where it assumes the name of Cafucue.

Several of the men who travelled with me had frequently performed the journey, and it is rare to find a Biheno who travels at all, who has not been at Caiuco.

Miguel, my elephant-hunter, of whom I have spoken more than once in the course of this narrative, passed a couple of years in the country hunting elephants, and had many times descended the river from Caiuco to Semalembue, a distance which I roughly calculate at 250 English miles.

From Lialui to Caiuco the distance should be about 138 miles, inasmuch as it is easily traversed by the Luinas in ten days, and we have instances of its having been got over in eight and even seven. By keeping these data in view, and recalling what has been already mentioned concerning the Zambesi, we shall find, that to cover an extent of 1042½ English miles, journeying by the Zambesi, Shire, Chibisa, Tete, Cafucue, or Loengue, to Caiuco and Lialui, we shall require no more than eighteen days land travelling, viz. five from Chibisa to Tete, three from Tete to Cabra-bassa, and ten from Caiuco to Lialui, representing an extent of 250 miles, the remaining 792½ miles being performed by perfectly navigable water-ways.

Let us now turn to the upper Zambesi and examine its capabilities with respect to its affluents. We have already seen that one of them is navigable—the Cuando; but we also know that it disembogues between two regions of cataracts, which isolate it from the most important parts of the course of the Zambesi.

But, as I previously stated, I see no impossibility of the region lying between its mouth and the Lui being easily converted into a profitable water-way; and should this prove to be the case we might, and indeed may at the present time, descend from the Lui and remount by the Cuando to nearly the 18th meridian.

There is, however, another river, which would be capable of supplying

us with the means of attaining that point still more directly and easily, if it were navigable.

I refer to the Lungo-é-ungo.

This river is the great water-way of the Bihenos to the upper Zambesi, and is consequently well known to them. They have assured me that it contains no cataracts, and in fact it would have none, running, as it does, through a territory of a similar character to that between the Cuando and the Ninda.

Its difference of level is 1312 feet in 327 miles of course.

The Bihenos informed me, and the natives confirmed the assertion whenever I approached the river, that not only has it no cataracts—as I before mentioned—but that at times its current is very violent, so that the canoes have to be warped. If this be true, as I have no reason to doubt, we should be able to pass from the Indian Ocean almost to the West Coast of Africa, with scarcely more than eighteen days' travel on foot! In other words, we could traverse an extent of upwards of 1250 miles, whereof only 250 would have to be performed by land.

The exploration of the river Loengue, or Cafucue, and of the Lungo-é-ungo is therefore, at the present day, one of the most important tasks to be performed in South Central Africa, and one which is relatively easy, and entailing but comparatively trifling cost.

I deem it a duty to call attention to this matter, which would solve the problem of a ready communication between the two coasts.

But I must not allow these digressions to carry me too far, in a chapter wherein I wished merely to lay before the reader my geographical and meteorological labours.

In the following pages, such portions of those studies will be found recorded as I considered would be held of greatest interest.

Following on the initial observations of astronomy, which furnished me with the determination of the various points of my journey, will be found the hypsometrical observations which allowed me to ascertain the relief of the continent; and after them come the meteorological notes—subject, of course to those inevitable interruptions attendant on their being made by a single individual.

They will be found recorded in two tables, which register the observations made at 0h. 43m. of Greenwich, and at six o'clock in the morning of the place where I happened to be, the hour at which I wound up my chronometers.

An investigation of these tables will show the great uniformity of the barometrical oscillations, and the enormous inequalities of temperature and humidity of the air in the countries to which they refer.

They will likewise show that the prevalent winds were from the east throughout the entire journey from the Bihé to the Zambesi.

As I have already had occasion to observe, and as the reader will thoroughly understand who reads my narrative, I was unable to make any natural history collections; with the extremely small quantity of paper at my disposal, all I could do, was to convey from the sources of the river Ninda a few plants which have been entrusted to the care of Count de Ficalho, for the purpose of examination, and who has already discovered among them a few new species.

It is the opinion of the Count, that the cereal which is so much cultivated among the Quimbandes and Luchazes, and which I call *Massango* (erroneously styled in the first instance *Alpiste*, or canary-seed), is a species of *Penicillaria*, formerly designated by botanists *Penicetum typhoideum*.

The other, to which I give the name of *Massambala*, is no other than the *Sorghum*.

TABLE OF THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE BY MAJOR SERPA PINTO BETWEEN THE RIVERS CUANZA AND ZAMBESI.

Year 1879.	Where Observations were made.	Time by Chronometers.	Diff. for Greenwich time.	Nature of Observation.	Dupl. height of star.	Latitude South.	Longitude in time.	Error of instrument.	No. of Obs.	Results.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.		° ′ ″	° ′	H. M.	′ ″		° ′ ″
June 17	Mavanda	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	107 32 20	..	1 9	−0 40	1	Latitude . . 12 35 S.
,, ,,	,,	9 12 39	+3 47 18	Chron. ☉	83 45 10	12 35	..	−0 35	3	Longitude . . 17 26 E.
,, ,,	,,	5 53 44	+3 47 4	,, ☽	70 33 10	12 35	..	,,	1	Diff. of Chron. . 4h. 57m. 6s.
,, ,,	,,	5 37 55	..	Eclipse of 1st sat. of Jup.	..	..	..	..	..	Long. . . . 17°30′ E.
,, 22	,,	9 25 38	+3 47 48	Chron. ☉	79 30 16	12 35	..	−0 50	3	,, . . . 17 30 E.
,, 24	River Onda	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	107 24 10	..	1 10	−0 30	1	Lat. . . . 12 37 S.
,, ,,	,,	8 57 0	+3 47 54	Chron. ☉	88 24 20	12 37	..	−0 25	1	Long. . . . 17 45 E.
,, 25	,,	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	107 25 30	..	1 10	−0 30	1	Lat. . . . 12 38 S.
,, 26	,,	9 42 58	+3 48 10	Chron. ☉	73 18 40	12 37	..	−0 40	1	Long. . . . 17 46 E.
,, 30	1·5 mile to W. of River Cuito	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	107 31 20	..	1 12	,,	1	Lat. . . . 12 48 S.
,, ,,	,,	9 3 51	+3 48 46	Chron. ☉	86 4 24	12 48	..	,,	5	Long. . . . 18 7 E.
July 2	Beyond the Cuito	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	107 35 50	..	1 12	,,	1	Lat. . . . 12 54 S.
,, 3	,,	0 29 32	+3 49 7	Chron. ☽	83 23 30	12 57	..	−0 40	3	Diff. for place . 5h. 2m. 45s.
,, ,,	,,	3 53 7	..	Eclipse of 1st sat. of Jup.	..	..	..	..	..	Long. . . . 18°23′ E.
,, 4	Cambimbia	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	107 50 0	..	1 13	−0 40	1	Lat. . . . 12 56 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 56 46	+3 49 15	Chron. ☉	86 38 40	12 56	..	,,	3	Long. . . . 19 41 E.
,, ,,	,,	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	107 50 20	..	1 14	,,	1	Lat. . . . 12 56 S.
,, ,,	,,	8 55 26	+3 49 15	Chron. ☉	87 3 47	12 56	..	,,	4	Long. . . . 19 41 E.
,, 6	Cambuta	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	108 9 0	..	1 15	,,	1	Lat. . . . 12 58 S.
,, ,,	,,	9 0 2	+3 49 31	Chron. ☉	87 3 50	12 58	..	,,	3	Long. . . . 18 43 E.
,, 7	,,	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	108 22 0	..	1 15	,,	1	Lat. . . . 12 58 S.
,, ,,	,,	9 10 14	+3 49 39	Chron. ☉	83 57 36	12 58	..	,,	3	Long. . . . 18 45 E.
,, 10	Source of the Cuando	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	109 2 0	..	1 16	,,	1	Lat. . . . 12 59 S.
,, 11	,,	8 53 28	+3 50 24	Chron. ☉	89 36 30	12 58	..	,,	3	Long. . . . 18 57 E.
,, ,,	,,	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	109 16 50	..	1 16	,,	1	Lat. . . . 12 59 S.
,, 14	Source of the Cubangui	..	..	,,	109 43 40	..	1 18	,,	1	,, . . . 13 12 S.
,, ,,	,,	9 11 11	+3 50 54	Chron. ☉	83 33 16	13 12	..	,,	3	Long. . . . 19 27 E.
,, 17	Cangamba	9 2 40	+3 51 24	,,	86 1 40	13 38	..	−0 50	3	,, . . . 19 41 E.
,, 18	,,	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	110 9 20	..	1 19	,,	1	Lat. . . . 13 38 S.
,, 19	,,	..	..	,,	110 30 50	..	,,	,,	1	,, . . . 13 38 S.

CONTINUATION OF TABLE OF THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE BY MAJOR SERPA PINTO BETWEEN THE RIVERS CUANZA AND ZAMBESI.

Year 1879.	Where Observations were made.	Time by Chronometers.	Diff. for Greenwich time.	Nature of Observation.	Dupl. height of star.	Latitude South.	Longitude in time.	Error of instrument.	No. of Obs.	Results.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.		° ′ ″	° ′	H. M.	′ ″		° ′
July 19	Cangamba	9 5 8	+3 51 44	Chron. ⊙	85 41 33	13 38	..	−1 50	3	Long. 19 41 E.
,, 21	,,	9 9 29	+3 51 56	Azimuth 26° 15′	84 42 30	,,	..	−0 20	1	Variation 18 22 O.
,, 23	Right bank of the Cubangui	4 49 47	+3 52 5	Chron. ⊙	87 48 50	13 48	..	−0 35	3	Long. 19 42 E.
,, ,,	,,	4 52 5	+3 52 5	,,	88 37 27	,,	..	,,	3	,, 19 44 E.
,, ,,	,,	..	..	Alt. Mer. ⊙	111 42 40	..	1 19	,,	1	Lat. 13 48 S.
,, 29	Caú-eu-hue	..	..	,,	112 58 40	..	,,	−1 0	1	,, 14 30 S.
,, ,,	,,	8 55 42	+3 52 48	Chron. ⊙	89 23 10	14 30	..	,,	1	Long. 20 19 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 58 22	+3 53 1	,,	88 28 40	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 17 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 59 5	+3 53 1	,,	88 15 0	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 16 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 59 42	+3 53 1	,,	88 2 20	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 16 E.
,, 31	,,	8 45 30	+3 53 19	,,	93 16 50	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 17 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 46 28	+3 53 19	,,	92 59 10	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 16 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 47 27	+3 53 19	,,	92 39 40	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 17 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 48 58	+3 53 19	,,	92 11 0	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 15 E.
,, ,,	,,	8 50 40	+3 53 19	,,	91 36 30	,,	..	,,	1	,, 20 17 E.
August 3	,,	9 9 11	+3 53 49	,,	86 5 50	,,	..	−0 55	2	,, 20 15 E.
,, 4	Left bank of the Cuchibi	3 15 7	+3 53 51	,,	76 56 50	14 34	..	,,	2	Diff. for place . $5^h.14^m.56^s$.
,, ,,	,,	2 40 47	..	Eclipse of 1st sat. of Jup.	..	..	..	..	..	Long. 20 23 E.
,, 5	Point where I left the River	..	..	Alt. Mer. ⊙	116 8 10	..	1 21	−0 55	1	Lat. 14 42 S.
,, ,,	,,	8 53 7	+3 54 0	Chron. ⊙	91 47 53	14 42	..	,,	3	Long. 20 25 E.
,, 7	River Chicului	..	..	Alt. Mer. ⊙	117 21 40	..	1 21	,,	1	Lat. 14 39 S.
,, ,,	,,	9 0 6	+3 54 16	Chron. ⊙	89 44 50	14 42	..	,,	3	Long. 20 38 E.
,, 10	Source of the river Ninda	6 57 20	+3 54 41	Alt. prox. of the Mer. ⊙	118 37 50	..	..	,,	1	Lat. 14 46 S.
,, ,,	,,	6 58 20	+3 54 41	,,	118 35 10	..	..	,,	1	,, 14 46 S.
,, ,,	,,	3 3 52	−2 7 56	Chron. ⊙	89 35 15	14 46	..	,,	3	Long. 20 55 E.
,, 11	,,	..	..	Alt. Mer. ⊙	119 26 20	..	1 23	−0 50	1	Lat. 14 46 S.
,, ,,	,,	3 3 9	−2 7 53	Chron. ⊙	90 8 46	14 46	..	,,	3	Long. 20 56 E.
,, 13	Bank of the Ninda	..	..	Alt. Mer. ⊙	120 33 30	..	1 25	−0 55	1	Lat. 14 48 S.
,, ,,	,,	6 33 5	3 55 7	Equal alt. ⊙	120 17 10	..	..	,,	2	Long. 21 16 E.
,, 16	,,	6 55 53								

CONTINUATION OF TABLE OF THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE BY MAJOR SERPA PINTO BETWEEN THE RIVERS CUANZA AND ZAMBESI.

Year 1879.	Where Observations were made.	Time by Chronometers.	Diff. for Greenwich time.	Nature of Observation.	Dupl. height of star.	Latitude South.	Longitude in time.	Error of instrument.	No. of Obs.	Results.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.		° ′ ″	° ′	H. M.	′ ″		° ′
August 16	Village of Calomba . .	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	122 12 0	..	1 25	−0 50	1	Lat. . . . 14 54 S.
,, ,,	,, . .	6 29 36	+3 55 33	Equal alt. ☉	121 52 10	..	..	,,	2	Long. . . . 21 41 E.
,, ,,	,, . .	6 54 8								
,, ,,	,, . .	6 31 48	+3 55 33	,, . . .	121 58 50	..	..	,,	2	,, . . . 21 41 E.
,, ,,	,, . .	6 51 46								
,, 18	Villages of the Nhengo .	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	123 15 50	..	1 28	,,	1	Lat. . . . 15 1 S.
,, ,,	,, .	8 58 21	+3 55 42	Chron. ☉	90 53 53	15 1	..	−0 55	3	Long. . . . 22 2 E.
,, 21	Canhete	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	124 53 40	..	1 30	,,	1	Lat. . . . 15 11 S.
,, 25	Lialui	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	127 34 40	..	1 30	−0 55	1	Lat. . . . 15 13 S.
,, 29	,, ...	..	..	,, ...	130 22 20	..	,,	,,	1	,, . . . 15 13 S.
September 10	Catongo	..	..	,, ...	139 8 0	..	1 31	−3 30	1	,, . . . 15 17 S.
,, 12	,, ...	3 46 19	+3 57 35	Chron. ☽	71 42 50	15 17	..	−0 20	3	Diff. for place . $5^h.30^m.53^s$.
,, ,,	,, ...	1 9 50	..	Reappearance of the 1° sat. of Jup.	..	..	..	..	..	Long. . . . 23° 19′ E.
,, 19	,, ...	9 6 53	+3 58 42	Chron. ☉	91 35 43	15 17	..	−0 55	3	Diff. for place . $5^h.31^m.36^s$.
,, ,,	,, ...	3 4 9	..	Reappearance of the 1° sat. of Jup.	..	..	..	..	1	Long. . . . 23 15 E.
,, 20	,, ...	0 20 0	+3 58 0	Amplitude mag. 19° 40′ .	..	15 17	..	..	1	Variation . . 18 38 O.
,, 21	,, ...	6 2 0	−1 33 0	,, 17° 20′ .	..	,,	..	..	1	,, . . 18 11 O.
,, ,,	,, ...	6 0 0	−1 33 0	,, 19° 10′ .	..	,,	..	..	1	,, . . 18 33 O.
,, 22	,, ...	5 38 0	−1 33 0	,, 18° 20′ .	..	,,	..	..	1	,, . . 18 44 O.
October 1	Sinanga	..	..	Alt. Mer. ✲ Dubuhe (ϕ of Swan)	58 5 0	..	..	−1 0	1	Lat. . . . 16 8 S.
,, 4	Sioma	..	..	,, ,,	57 5 0	..	..	,,	1	,, . . . 16 37 S.
,, ,,	,, ...	10 10 1	+4 0 40	Chron. ☽	86 3 30	16 37	..	−1 5	1	Long. . . . 23 45 E.
,, 9	Confluence of the Jôco .	9 8 9	+4 1 30	,, ☉	89 19 3	17 7	..	−0 50	3	,, . . . 24 15 E.
,, ,,	,, . .	10 42 0	−1 36 0	Alt. Mer. ☽	138 30 0	..	..	−1 0	1	Lat. . . . 17 7 S.
,, 11	Cataract of Nambué . .	12 3 0	−1 37 0	,, ...	115 55 0	..	..	,,	1	,, . . . 17 18 S.
,, ,,	,, . .	3 48 34	+4 1 50	Chron. ☽	81 46 0	17 18	..	,,	1	Long. . . . 24 22 E.

TABLE OF THE HYPSOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE FROM CACONDA TO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER CUANDO IN THE ZAMBESI, IN ORDER TO DETERMINE THE "RELIEF" OF THE CONTINENT.

Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	Names of Places.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Temperature at the Sea Level.	Hypsometer.	Altitude in metres.
February	9	Quipembe	636·0	19·6	23	95·09	1,550
„	10	Pessenge (at the level of the river Cuando). .	638·5	16·0	„	95·20	1,506
„	11	Quingolo	632·5	21·2	„	94·94	1,604
„	13	Palanca	635·0	20·3	„	95·05	1,566
„	14	Capôco	631·3	25·2	„	94·91	1,627
„	22	Quimbungo	632·0	20·9	„	94·92	1,609
„	24	Cunene (at level of river)	636·5	19·7	„	95·12	1,538
„	25	Dumbo (Land of the Sambo)	625·0	20·2	„	94·61	1,707
„	26	Burundoa	629·0	18·1	„	94·78	1,646
„	27	Gongo	631·0	18·0	„	94·88	1,613
„	„	At level of river Cubango	635·0	25·0	„	95·05	1,579
„	28	Chindonga	633·0	18·5	„	94·96	1,589
March .	1	Cataract of the river Cutato dos Ganguelas .	636·0	26·5	„	95·09	1,570
„	2	Lamupas	633·0	18·1	„	94·96	1,580
„	4	Capitão do Quingue . .	631·0	20·0	„	94·88	1,620
„	6	River Cuchi (at water lev.)	638·0	21·0	„	95·18	1,526
„	8	Bilanga (Vicente) (Bihé)	631·0	18·2	„	94·88	1,623
„	9	Candimba (Bihé) . .	630·0	17·8	„	94·83	1,629
„	20	Belmonte (Bihé) . .	627·6	22·6	„	94·72	1,681
June .	3	Commandante (Bihé) .	647·9	20·0	„	95·60	1,379
„	12	Liúica (at level of Cuanza)	654·9	25·9	„	95·89	1,304
„	24	River Onda	650·9	22·0	„	95·72	1,347
„	30	Riv. Cuito (20 met. above the level of the river).	647·9	24·0	„	95·60	1,389
July .	2	Licócótoa	644·9	20·0	„	95·47	1,421
„	4	Cambimbia	645·9	20·0	„	95·51	1,408
„	5	Serra Cassara Cahiéra .	635·9	20·0	„	95·09	1,542
„	7	Cambuta	647·9	21·0	„	95·60	1,381
„	9	Cutangjo	650·6	21·0	„	95·51	1,348
„	11	Source of river Cuando .	650·3	24·9	„	95·70	1,362
„	14	Source of river Cubangui	652·6	20·0	„	95·79	1,345
„	17	Cangamba	661·0	24·0	„	96·14	1,228
„	23	Point where I left the Cubangui	664·0	23·0	„	96·27	1,193
„	30	Cahu-eu-hue (Cuchibi) .	666·0	27·7	„	96·35	1,154
August .	5	Point where I left the river Cuchibi . . .	669·0	25·0	„	96·47	1,133
„	7	River Chicului . . .	669·0	24·9	„	96·47	1,133
„	11	Source of the river Ninda	667·0	28·3	„	96·40	1,143
„	18	Plain of the Nhengo. .	677·3	28·1	„	96 81	1,042
„	25	Lialui	676·5	27·0	„	96·78	1,018
September	15	Catongo	677·4	32·6	„	96·81	1,027
October .	5	Sioma	..	20·0	„	96·80	999
„	9	Mouth of the river Jôco	679·0	20·0	„	96·88	974
„	16	Quisseque	..	22·0	„	96·96	952
„	18	Confluence of the Cuando	..	37·5	„	97·08	940
„	21	Village of Embarira .	681·0	37·4	„	96·96	979
November	21	Mozi-oa-Tunia . . .	694·0	27 0	„	97·48	795

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE MADE AT $0^h. 43^m.$ OF GREENWICH.

Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer centigrade.		Approx. minimum.	Direction of wind.	State of the atmosphere.
			Dry.	Wet.			
May	1	629·8	21·5	18·4	..	E. weak .	Fleecy clouds.
"	2	630·0	22·7	19·8	..	E. strong .	Cloudy.
"	3	630·0	22·1	19·1	..	E. weak .	Clear.
"	4	629·9	22·5	19·4	..	"	"
"	5	630·0	22·3	19·1	..	"	"
"	6	630·0	22·0	19·3	..	"	"
"	7	629·7	22·4	19·3	..	W.S.W. weak	"
"	8	630·0	22·5	19·8	..	Calm . .	"
"	9	629·2	20·5	16·6	..	"	"
"	10	629·8	20·2	16·4	..	N.E. weak .	A few clouds.
"	11	630·0	20·8	16·9	..	E.N.E. . .	"
"	12	630·5	21·0	17·5	..	E.N.E. strong	Cloudy.
"	13	630·2	20·6	16·4	..	"	Clear.
"	14	630·5	20·5	16·7	..	E. very strong	"
"	15	630·5	20·3	16·8	..	"	"
"	16	630·2	21·5	17·7	..	Calm . .	"
"	17	630·6	22·0	18·9	..	E. moderate	Fleecy clouds.
"	19	630·5	21·9	18·7	..	"	Clear.
"	20	630·6	21·8	18·9	..	"	"
"	21	630·7	20·9	17·6	..	E. strong .	"
"	22	630·2	20·8	17·9	..	Calm . .	"
"	28	645·1	22·5	17·4	..	"	"
"	29	644·9	23·1	18·1	..	E. weak .	"
"	30	642·7	23·2	18·1	+ 5·3	E.S.E. . .	"
"	31	642·1	23·9	18·0	+ 7·0	"	"
June	1	642·1	23·4	19·0	+ 6·0	Calm . .	"
"	2	642·8	23·0	18·8	+ 5·0	"	"
"	3	643·0	22·9	18·1	+ 2·8	E.S.E. . .	"
"	4	643·1	23·7	19·2	+ 5·0	E. strong .	"
"	5	643·0	23·3	19·0	+ 7·0	Calm . .	"
"	6	643·2	25·2	19·9	+ 4·0	E. weak .	"
"	7	645·1	24·1	19·7	+ 6·0	E.S.E. . .	"
"	8	650·0	22·4	18·3	+ 0·2	S. weak .	"
"	9	648·4	24·5	21·8	+ 0·7	Calm . .	"
"	10	650·6	24·7	21·7	+ 3·0	"	"
"	11	650·5	24·9	21·5	+ 6·0	"	"
"	12	650·6	24·5	21·2	+ 5·0	E.S.E. . .	"
"	13	650·1	24·9	21·9	+ 4·0	"	"
"	14	643·1	25·1	18·7	+ 7·0	Calm . .	"
"	15	643·1	24·9	19·0	+10·0	"	"
"	16	642·8	25·0	19·1	+ 7·0	E.S.E. . .	"
"	17	642·8	24·8	19·7	+ 8·0	S. weak .	"
"	18	642·6	24·8	19·5	+ 9·0	"	"
"	19	642·4	25·1	19·4	+ 5·0	Calm . .	"
"	20	641·6	24·9	19·8	+ 4·0	"	"
"	21	641·2	25·2	18·2	+ 7·0	"	"
"	22	641·0	24·8	17·6	+ 6·0	"	Clear sky.
"	23	646·2	23·9	16·1	+ 5·0	E. strong .	"
"	24	646·0	25·4	15·2	+ 3·0	"	"

CONTINUATION OF METEOROLOGICAL TABLE MADE AT 0^h. 43^m. OF GREENWICH.

Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer centigrade.		Approx. minimum.	Direction of wind.	State of the atmosphere.
			Dry.	Wet.			
June	25	645·8	25·7	15·6	+2·0	E. strong .	Clear sky.
„	26	645·0	25·3	15·0	−0·7	„	„
„	27	644·9	24·5	15·2	−1·3	„	„
„	28	643·7	26·1	18·7	+1·1	Calm . .	„
„	29	642·8	26·7	18·6	+3·7	„	„
„	30	640·3	27·2	18·0	+1·8	E. weak .	„
July	1	641·5	27·1	18·7	+2·6	„	„
„	2	639·1	26·7	18·9	+0·7	E. strong .	„
„	3	640·1	24·1	16·9	+1·0	„	„
„	4	639·5	23·8	12·3	+2·5	„	„
„	5	642·0	23·6	15·6	..	E. weak .	„
„	6	643·0	23·0	16·5	+0·7	E. strong .	„
„	7	644·0	24·0	17·9	−0·1	E. weak .	„
„	8	642·9	23·7	17·2	+2·5	„	„
„	9	644·8	24·5	17·1	..	E. strong .	„
„	10	645·0	24·9	17·8	..	E.S.E. . . .	„
„	11	644·0	25·7	18·4	..	„	„
„	12	650·0	24·3	17·1	−0·1	E. weak .	„
„	13	651·0	26·2	18·5	+0·1	Calm . .	„
„	14	646·8	23·1	16·9	+2·1	E. weak .	„
„	15	651·9	22·7	16·5	+2·7	Calm . .	Clouds (fleece).
„	16	652·0	23·1	16·9	+3·1	„	„
„	17	651·7	27·4	21·9	..	„	Sky overcast.
„	18	651·8	27·6	22·4	+7·6	„	„
„	19	652·0	28·4	19·9	+9·0	„	A few clouds (fleece).
„	20	651·4	29·5	18·0	+5·0	„	Cloud and fleece.
„	21	652·2	28·2	17·5	+2·0	E. strong .	Clear sky.
„	23	655·9	26·8	15·4	..	E. weak .	„
„	24	655·1	27·5	15·9	..	E. strong .	„
„	26	657·0	28·1	16·1	−1·5	S.E. strong	„
„	27	658·0	30·1	17·6	+1·8	„	„
„	28	658·3	30·6	18·1	+3·2	„	„
„	29	657·7	31·4	16·2	+4·0	N.N.E. . .	„
„	30	657·5	30·7	16·8	+3·7	Calm . .	„
„	31	657·4	29·2	18·9	+8·7	S.E. weak .	„
August	1	658·0	29·0	18·1	+5·1	Calm . .	„
„	2	657·8	30·3	18·1	+1·2	S.E. weak .	„
„	3	658·6	31·5	17·9	+3·4	„	„
„	4	660·0	30·2	18·4	+4·1	E. strong .	„
„	5	659·5	30·8	17·7	+3·0	E.S.E. strong	A few clouds (fleece).
„	6	660·1	30·7	17·1	+1·9	„	Clear.
„	7	660·2	31·0	16·8	+2·1	„	„
„	8	661·6	31·1	17·0	+1·5	E. strong .	„
„	9	658·5	30·4	17·3	+2·0	„	Clear sky.
„	10	657·0	31·2	14·5	+1·0	„	„
„	11	655·2	28·8	13·6	+2·9	„	„
„	12	660·0	28·2	14·3	+2·3	„	„
„	13	662·6	28·5	14·1	+2·3	„	„

CONTINUATION OF METEOROLOGICAL TABLE MADE AT 0h. 43m. OF GREENWICH.
Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer centigrade.		Approx. minimum.	Direction of wind.	State of the atmosphere.
			Dry.	Wet.			
August	14	664·1	28·1	14·2	+ 3·0	E. strong .	Clear sky.
,,	16	667·5	28·7	14·4	+ 2·7	,,	,,
,,	17	668·3	28·4	14·5	+ 3·7	,,	,,
,,	18	668·5	28·3	14·9	+ 3·1	Calm . .	,,
,,	19	667·8	30·0	15·1	+ 4·4	E.N.E. . .	,,
,,	20	663·5	33·2	16·8	+ 3·9	N.N.E. . .	,,
,,	21	668·2	27·4	14·8	+ 9·6	E.N.E. . .	,,
,,	22	667·9	29·3	14·5	..	E. strong .	,,
,,	23	668·5	30·5	19·2	+14·0	,,	,,
,,	29	668·7	34·9	15·7	..	E.N.E.strong	,,
,,	30	668·2	35·2	15·6	..	,,	,,
,,	31	668·9	35·1	16·4	..	,,	,,
September	1	668·1	30·7	15·9	..	,,	,,
,,	2	668·5	29·1	15·7	..	,,	,,
,,	3	668·0	34·8	17·9	+ 7·0	,,	,,
,,	4	667·0	34·8	19·2	+ 6·0	,,	,,
,,	5	667·9	32·1	17·6	+ 5·8	,,	,,
,,	6	668·0	32·7	16·4	+ 9·0	,,	,,
,,	7	668·1	33·0	17·5	..	,,	,,
,,	8	668·0	33·5	19·3	+ 7·0	,,	,,
,,	10	668·5	32·3	20·8	+14·0	,,	,,
,,	11	668·3	33·2	19·7	..	,,	,,
,,	12	668·1	33·8	20·4	..	,,	,,
,,	13	667·7	34·2	18·8	..	,,	,,
,,	14	667·4	35·4	18·1	..	,,	,,
,,	15	667·3	35·9	17·4	..	,,	,,
,,	17	667·8	35·3	16·8	..	E. strong .	,,
,,	18	666·5	36·4	18·7	..	,,	,, Great night dew.
,,	19	668·2	34·5	16·8	..	,,	,, ,,
,,	20	668·0	32·8	21·4	..	,,	Few fleecy clouds, much dew.
,,	21	668·5	32·3	23·7	..	E. weak .	Cloudy, cumulus.
,,	22	669·0	33·0	19·7	..	E. strong .	,, ,,
,,	25	666·8	36·2	22·1	..	E.S.E. . .	Cumulus, much dew.
,,	26	667·0	35·4	20·1	..	,,	,, ,,
,,	29	666·0	34·7	21·8	..	,,	,, ,,
,,	30	665·0	30·8	23·0	..	,,	,, ,,
October	1	668·2	34·2	22·1	..	E. strong .	Clear, much dew.
,,	2	668·2	34·2	23·3	..	,,	,, ,,
,,	3	667·8	31·9	23·4	..	,,	,, ,,
,,	4	667·6	34·0	24·5	..	,,	Cloudy.
,,	5	667·9	33·5	24·6	..	,,	,,
,,	6	668·8	34·1	23·4	..	E.S.E. . .	,,
,,	7	670·0	35·9	28·7	..	,,	,, Great thunderstorm.
,,	8	670·0	34·8	26·5	..	E. weak .	Cloudy.
,,	9	670·8	37·1	23·3	..	,,	,,

STUDY OF THE DIURNAL OBSERVATIONS OF THE BAROMETER, MADE EVERY 3 HOURS. CATONGO (UPPER ZAMBESI). ALTITUDE 3,369 FEET.

Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	6 o'clock.		9 o'clock.		Noon.		3 o'clock.		6 o'clock.	
		Barometer.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Barometer.	Thermometer.
September	17	670·6	19·2	671·3	30·2	669·3	35·1	667·5	34·4	668·3	27·3
„	18	670·0	19·7	670·6	31·9	668·8	35·7	660·0	36·0	667·3	30·4
„	19	670·7	21·1	671·5	28·0	669·5	34·6	667·5	33·7	668·4	27·8
„	20	670·6	18·0	671·4	26·5	669·0	31·5	667·5	32·7	668·4	29·1
„	21	670·0	19·8	671·3	27·2	669·5	33·8	668·0	33·0	668·5	29·0
„	22	671·5	21·5	672·0	28·5	670·3	32·8	668·5	32·9	669·0	31·2

STUDY OF THE HYGROMETRICAL STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE, MADE EVERY 3 HOURS. CATONGO (UPPER ZAMBESI).

Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	6 o'clock.		9 o'clock.		Noon.		3 o'clock.		6 o'clock.	
		Thermometer centigrade.		Thermometer centigrade.		Thermometer centigrade.		Thermometer centigrade.		Thermometer centigrade.	
		Dry.	Wet.	Dry.	Wet.	Dry.	Wet.	Dry.	Wet.	Dry.	Wet.
September	18	19·7	15·0	31·9	16·6	35·7	18·1	36·0	15·9	30·4	14·2
„	19	21·1	10·5	28·0	13·4	34·6	15·0	33·7	19·2	27·8	15·0
„	20	18·0	13·9	26·5	18·3	31·5	20·5	32·7	22·3	29·1	18·5

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE MADE AT 6 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING (MEAN HOUR OF THE PLACE).

Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer.
February	9	626·0	19·6	June	23	641·0	7·9
„	10	628·5	16·0	„	24	646·9	4·6
„	11	622·5	21·2	„	25	646·1	3·6
„	12	623·0	20·4	„	26	645·2	1·8
„	13	625·0	20·3	„	27	645·0	1·9
„	14	622·0	15·8	„	28	644·0	2·1
„	15	621·0	16·0	„	29	644·0	3·6
„	16	622·3	16·5	„	30	643·0	4·1
„	17	622·5	18·8	July	1	643·0	4·1
„	18	622·5	20·0	„	2	642·5	5·8
„	19	620·0	19·5	„	3	640·1	1·8
„	20	622·0	20·0	„	4	641·1	3·1
„	21	622·5	17·2	„	5	641·0	3·4
„	22	622·0	20·9	„	6	643·8	1·4
„	23	621·5	21·2	„	7	643·2	0·7
„	24	618·5	17·3	„	8	644·0	1·4
„	25	615·0	20·2	„	9	643·5	2·5
„	26	619·0	18·1	„	10	645·2	2·3
„	27	621·0	18·0	„	11	645·2	2·2
„	28	623·0	19·5	„	12	645·0	2·3
March	1	623·0	18·2	„	13	650·0	1·5
„	2	623·0	18·1	„	14	651·8	1·8
„	3	617·0	16·6	„	15	647·3	3·7
„	4	620·0	18·5	„	16	652·3	5·0
„	5	621·5	20·0	„	17	652·6	7·1
„	6	621·5	18·2	„	18	654·0	11·2
„	7	619·0	17·7	„	19	653·4	13·7
„	8	621·0	18·2	„	20	653·3	9·3
„	9	620·0	17·8	„	21	654·9	6·1
May	28	645·0	12·6	„	22	655·2	5·1
„	29	644·8	14·2	„	23	657·8	5·0
„	30	642·3	9·4	„	24	657·0	5·9
„	31	642·0	10·0	„	25	656·0	6·0
June	1	641·9	12·2	„	26	658·0	5·4
„	2	643·0	9·9	„	27	658·9	1·7
„	3	643·2	8·6	„	28	659·5	4·6
„	4	643·0	10·0	„	29	660·3	4·6
„	7	645·0	11·4	„	30	660·0	7·2
„	8	649·8	5·8	„	31	659·3	14·9
„	9	648·5	5·1	August	1	661·0	8·8
„	10	651·0	6·5	„	2	660·7	4·8
„	11	650·8	9·1	„	3	661·5	5·7
„	13	650·0	7·1	„	4	662·3	8·8
„	14	650·0	8·0	„	5	661·7	8·7
„	15	643·0	11·2	„	6	662·0	5·6
„	16	642·9	9·2	„	7	662·1	4·9
„	17	643·0	11·5	„	8	663·4	2·6
„	18	642·9	11·9	„	9	663·6	3·5
„	19	642·6	7·4	„	10	660·5	3·8
„	20	641·2	6·8	„	11	658·0	6·4
„	21	641·5	9·1	„	12	657·2	4·9
„	22	641·5	9·7	„	13	662·0	4·5

CONTINUATION OF THE METEOROLOGICAL TABLE MADE AT 6 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Year 1878.

Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer.
August	14	664·8	5·8	September	16	672·0	18·6
"	15	666·5	5·9	"	17	670·6	19·2
"	16	669·2	6·5	"	18	670·0	19·7
"	17	670·0	6·9	"	19	670·7	21·1
"	18	670·2	9·3	"	20	670·6	18·0
"	19	670·0	8·5	"	21	670·0	19·8
"	20	667·0	10·2	"	22	671·0	21·5
"	21	666·0	12·2	"	23	671·0	22·2
"	22	669·4	18·8	"	24	670·0	21·7
"	23	669·0	20·0	"	25	669·0	15·4
"	24	670·0	16·0	"	26	668·8	15·7
"	25	670·0	14·5	"	27	668·8	12·6
"	26	671·0	13·7	"	28	669·0	18·0
"	27	671·2	15·0	"	29	668·6	21·0
"	28	672·3	14·0	"	30	669·9	19·2
"	29	671·0	15·0	October	1	668·5	17·1
"	30	671·0	14·8	"	2	670·0	18·8
"	31	670·6	12·1	"	3	670·6	16·1
September	1	670·0	16·1	"	4	671·0	12·5
"	2	670·0	13·7	"	5	671·5	15·7
"	3	670·0	11·3	"	6	670·0	16·2
"	4	670·0	10·0	"	7	672·0	21·8
"	5	670·5	13·2	"	8	673·5	23·1
"	6	670·0	16·2	"	9	673·0	15·3
"	7	669·6	13·6	"	10	673·0	19·6
"	8	670·0	12·3	"	12	672·0	20·7
"	9	671·3	4·1	"	13	674·0	22·7
"	10	670·0	19·4	"	14	676·0	21·8
"	11	669·0	20·3	"	15	675·0	19·1
"	12	678·1	19·8	"	16	674·3	21·7
"	13	669·0	20·5	"	17	673·0	21·2
"	14	670·2	14·7	"	18	676·0	21·2
"	15	671·0	19·2				

SECOND PART.

THE COILLARD FAMILY.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA.

SECOND PART.—THE COILLARD FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

IN LUCHUMA.

A prisoner in Embarira—Doctor Benjamin Frederick Bradshaw—The Doctor's camp — Bread — Serious questions — The chronometers recovered — François Coillard—Luchuma—The Coillard family—Serious illness — Apprehensions and irresolution—Arrival of the missionary—I come to a decision—Departure from Luchuma.

THE night that I passed at Embarira was a frightful one. Assailed by thousands of bugs and clouds of mosquitoes I had to quit the house offered me by the chief, and seek in the open air a refuge from such cruel persecution. To the utter discomfort produced by the attack of the insects was superadded no little anxiety at the idea of seeking next day a European, a man totally unknown to me, but from whom I trusted to obtain means to get out of the embarrassing position in which I was placed. The 19th day of October dawned upon me at last, after a long and sleepless night.

The first intelligence I was able to procure was that the missionary was some 12 or 14 miles distance, but that on the other side of the Cuando an Englishman had taken up his quarters.

To request the chief to furnish me with a canoe to

cross the river was my first impulse, but I only obtained a formal refusal, on the plea that he had no canoe.

After considerable wrangling, he flatly told me that he should not allow me to quit his village till I had paid the boatmen a certain portion of goods.

I called Jasse, the hunter, and pointed out to him the impossibility of complying with his request until I had communicated with the Englishman and procured from him the goods wherewith to settle with the men, as I had none of my own.

Jasse summoned the boatmen and the chief, and explained what I had told him, but without avail; the refusal to allow me to go over to the other side of the Cuando was formally repeated.

Seeing that nothing could be done on that tack, I requested that a message might be sent to the Englishman, and I wrote a few lines on a visiting-card, which Verissimo took over. The wretched night of watching I had passed and the never-failing fever quite prostrated me. I lay down again in the open air to wait for a reply to my communication.

An hour or so elapsed, when a white man appeared before me. The feeling I experienced at sight of him was indescribable.

The man on whom I gazed might have been from 28 to 30 years of age, and looked an Englishman in every feature. He had a small and very fair beard, blue eyes, well-opened and bright, with hair closely-cropped and fair as his beard.

He wore a shirt of coarse linen, the unbuttoned collar of which displayed a strong and massive throat, whilst the turned-up sleeves exposed to view muscular arms, burnt brown by the African sun.

His trousers of ordinary material were secured by a strong leathern belt, whence hung an American bowie-knife.

His feet were protected by stout shoes which, from the stitching being all on the outside, betrayed the work of his own hand, and above them appeared blue socks of coarse cotton.

I explained to him who I was; briefly narrated my position, and begged him to supply me with goods in barter for ivory which I had in my possession. I pointed out to him the necessity of such an arrangement to get rid of my importunate creditors and continue my journey to the Missionary's Station.

To this he made answer that he had no goods, that he was himself without resources, and that they could only be obtained by sending to Luchuma.

The style of his discourse and his well-chosen phrases convinced me at once that my visitor was no common man. He repaired to the chief and persuaded him to let me accompany him across the river, on condition that I should return that night to Embarira.

We started, and after crossing the broad stream, that very Cuando whose sources I had discovered and determined months before, we arrived at a small camp, where we were met by another white.

This was a man of lofty stature, with a long beard and white hair, who was certainly not old, for his activity of body and expression of face forbade that idea, but who appeared prematurely aged by long suffering and labour.

His dress was almost a counterpart of the other's, but he seemed very much better shod.

We conversed about my position, but came to the conclusion that in their present state of impecuniosity they could do nothing for me.

That word *nothing*, however, had to be taken with a certain reserve, for if they had nought else to give they were able to offer me a tolerable dinner, and I had a famous appetite to expend upon it.

After thoroughly satisfying my craving, I arranged with them to write to the missionary and beg him to let me have some goods to pay my boatmen.

I despatched a carrier to Luchuma, and myself returned to Embarira, where I lay down again in the open, having a keen remembrance of the terrors of the night before.

I had a sound and unbroken sleep, and was awakened at daylight of the 20th by the arrival of the goods from Luchuma in order to pay the crews. I settled with them all, and obtained from the chief, carriers sufficient to convey my belongings and the ivory to Luchuma. I saw them safely off, and sent a letter to the missionary with a request that he would grant me hospitality and pay the carriers on their arrival.

At mid-day a light canoe, impelled by a couple of negroes, started from Embarira to cross the waters of the Cuando, having three white men as passengers.

The old and wretched skiff leaked badly, so that the passenger in front took off his shoes, which he carried in his hand; the one behind imitated his example, and set to work to bale out the water, which threatened to swamp them ere the voyage was half over; whilst he who stood in the middle, being provided with splendid water-proof boots, contemplated in a dreamy sort of way the flounderings of the enormous crocodiles which were swept by at the mercy of the current, quite indifferent to the inch or so of water in the canoe.

Those three men, thus thrown together in the centre of Africa by the chances of exploration, were myself, Dr. Benjamin Frederick Bradshaw, a zoological explorer, and Alexander Walsh, likewise a zoologist, a preparer of specimens and the Doctor's companion.

On our arrival at the right bank, one of the three huts they possessed was immediately placed at my disposal.

Fig. 115 A.—THREE EUROPEANS CROSSED THE RIVER.

Dr. Bradshaw, as excellent a cook as he was an able physician, a distinguished *savant* and famous hunter, at once set to work to prepare breakfast, composed mainly of partridges he had shot that morning. The Doctor's professional cook, an active Macalaca, seeing his master thus take the work out of his hands, quietly looked on and watched the proceedings.

My appetite, which had had nothing to feed upon since the evening before, made my nostrils widen with satisfaction to take in the delicious smell which arose

Fig. 116.—Dr. Bradshaw's Camp.

in condensed steam from Dr. Bradshaw's stewpans, and the condiments of which I had been for so many months deprived exhaled a delicious aroma to my olfactories.

The meat was ready and we seated ourselves at table, where were placed before us a large bowl of maize, cooked whole, and a noble dish of stewed partridges. We had not eaten the first mouthful when a negro came into the hut carrying something wrapped in a white linen cloth.

He had just arrived from the French missionary, and put his parcel into my hands. It contained something heavy, and on my unfastening the cloth, my surprise was great at perceiving an enormous loaf of wheaten bread!

Bread! which I had not seen for upwards of a year; bread, which was always my favourite food, the want of which was so severe a deprivation; about which I constantly dreamed during the weary nights of fasting and hunger, for which I at times felt an immoderate desire, and thought I could understand how men, for a lengthened period deprived of it, could commit a crime for its possession!

I found my eyes grow misty with tears as I gazed upon the loaf, and believe that I was more touched at the sight of that old familiar friend than I had hitherto been during my journey.

I even for the time abandoned my share of the partridges to attack with voracity the unaccustomed aliment, whose flavour appeared to me more delicious than any triumph of gastronomic art.

It was Dr. Bradshaw who restrained my voracity, that might have proved fatal, and made me take a capital cup of cocoa; shortly after which I fell into a deep sleep, the more refreshing and invigorating as it was under the shelter of a roof and free from the visitation of vermin.

All my people and baggage had gone to Luchuma, and only Augusto and Catraio were left with the trunk containing the instruments.

I woke next morning with a light heart and in high spirits, happy to begin a day which was to turn out one of the most trying and anxious of my life.

We had had an excellent breakfast of partridges and chocolate and were chatting pleasantly over some most aromatic Chuculumbe tobacco, when suddenly appeared

the carriers who had started the previous day for Luchuma, making a great outcry and declaring that they had not been paid there.

This assertion quite took me aback, the more especially as Verissimo had not written a line upon the subject, and he had himself accompanied the party and carried with him the ivory which was to cover any outlay made at the place of destination.

We ourselves had nothing, and in fact we did not exactly know what to do to pacify these savages, who seemed to be under the conviction that they had been swindled, having carried the goods from Embarira, and received no payment for doing so. Shortly after came upon the scene Mocumba, the chief of Embarira, and Jasse, who soon got into high words with me and with the Englishman, going so far as to threaten us, and use the most insulting language.

I was ashamed and annoyed beyond measure to see these Englishmen, who had treated me with such extreme kindness, mixed up in a matter that was entirely my own, and insulted on my account, but I could not, of course, foresee the event that was now occurring.

After a score of demands, not one of which it was possible to satisfy, the carriers, with Jasse at their head, declared that they would start off for Luchuma and get the baggage and ivory back, which they would keep until they were fully paid; they then went away, leaving the chief Mucumba with a troop of natives to keep watch over us.

Upon the advice of Dr. Bradshaw we retired into one of the huts and got our weapons ready for a stout defence, in case of a very probable attack.

At nightfall Mucumba began to make a great uproar, and calling his men about him made a raid upon the other two huts, from which they took my

trunk of instruments, and conveyed it in the boat to the other side of the river.

They then surrounded the third hut, in which we had taken shelter, insisting that I should return with them to Embarira. Apprehensive that my hosts would be exposed on my account to imminent peril, I wanted to give myself up to the natives and thus put an end to what threatened to be an inevitable conflict, but Dr. Bradshaw would not hear of anything of the kind, and declared that we ought to resist the fellows to the utmost.

We were four men in that hut, three whites and Augusto—all disposed to sell our lives dearly—and our attitude was such that the savages hesitated at the idea of an attack which must be fatal to many among them. After a prolonged council among the ring-leaders of the party, they resolved to abandon the field, and at once retired to the other bank of the stream.

I had been very anxious at not having seen anything of my young nigger Catraio during this uproar, and feared he had been made prisoner, but when all was quiet he popped his head into the hut, with that knowing grin upon his features which was natural to him, and then coming forward, put into my hands my chronometers which he had gone across the river to fetch out of my trunk while the Macalacas were surrounding us and otherwise engaged. So that Catraio for a second time prevented the chronometers stopping for want of being wound up.

We were now alone, but not a little anxious, for the Doctor, who knew the natives of those parts well, said that they would not fail to return shortly to the charge.

At 9 o'clock at night the French missionary François Coillard arrived at the camp, and on hearing what had occurred assured me that the carriers had been paid,

Fig. 116 A.—MR. AND MRS. COILLARD.

and liberally too, at Luchuma, and that he would lose no time in making the chief Mucumba listen to reason.

Next morning, at daybreak, the chief himself, with Jasse and a numerous following, crossed the river and came over to the camp.

Mr. Coillard, who speaks the language of the country as fluently as he speaks French or English, made the chief of Embarira a long speech, wherein he pointed out the shameless dishonesty of the carriers in averring that they had received no reward for their labour, that they had in fact been swindled, while they had all the time been generously dealt with at Luchuma.

Mucumba on hearing this at once gave orders to restore all my property that had been taken away the night before, and apologised for his conduct on the plea that the men had thoroughly deceived him. This was very satisfactory, but when I thought all further controversy was at an end, the hunter Jasse brought forward a new claim.

He demanded that I should pay his own immediate attendants—young niggers he had brought over with him—and with whom I had had nothing whatsoever to do.

I answered that his request was about as reasonable as would have been that of the men of the little canoe which my late boatmen had pressed into their service at Chicheque, if they had come upon me for payment, but which they never thought of doing. After a short discussion, in which I was ably supported by Mr. Coillard, two yards of stuff were allotted to each of the blacks, and the matter was thus amicably settled.

We then sat down to breakfast with a feeling of immense relief that our troubles were over for that day, but it was not so written in the book of fate.

The fellow Jasse once more appeared; this time making a claim on his own account and that of the

chief Mutiquetera, although I had paid them both very handsomely.

A fresh dispute arose, in which Mr. Coillard's assistance was again invaluable, and it was not terminated until a promise of a rug had been made to each of them.

Mr. Coillard at once sent off to Luchuma to procure the required articles and the goods wherewith to pay Jasse's people.

This terminated the series of annoyances to which during the last few hours myself and my kind entertainers had been subjected, and undoubtedly the merit of their peaceable settlement was due in great part to the powerful intervention of Mr. Coillard.

That gentleman informed me that he was on his way to Chicheque to receive the reply of King Lobossi to his application, but that in the course of ten or twelve days he would be back. He therefore begged me to await his return at Luchuma, where his wife Madame Christine Coillard expected me, and that we would then have a long talk together and agree about our future plans.

I made up my mind to start for Luchuma next day, as I wanted to determine the position of that place and make a certain number of observations. During the night, however, I had a violent attack of fever and felt exceedingly ill in the morning.

Dr. Bradshaw would not allow me to leave without taking food, so that it was not till 10 o'clock that I could quit the banks of the Cuando. The Doctor and his companion made up their minds to leave at the same time and proceed to Luchuma, as the events of the previous days warned them of the danger of trusting to the treacherous natives.

I started with the thermometer at 40° Centigrade, along a sandy tract in which walking was a difficult

Fig. 116 B.—ENCAMPMENT OF THE COILLARD FAMILY IN LUCHUMA.

operation. The fever had taken all the strength out of me, and I rested quite as long a time as I was upon my legs. The ground was thickly covered with trees, and began to rise directly I left the river. After five hours' slow and painful marching I came upon a little spring at which I was enabled to slake my burning thirst, and two hours later I reached Luchuma. It was then 6 o'clock in the evening.

In a narrow valley, not more than 260 feet in width, shut in by mountains of no great elevation and gently sloped, grows a coarse and weedy grass. The mountains that enclose the little valley, which lies due N. and S., are richly wooded. On the E. side a collection of huts forms the establishment of an English trader, Mr. Phillips.

Opposite, on the western side, two abandoned hamlets constitute the factory of Mr. George Westbeech.

North of Mr. Westbeech's hamlets a strong stockade surrounded a circular space of 100 feet diameter, wherein stood a thatched cottage, two travelling waggons and a country hut. This was the encampment of the Coillard family, and in fact was Luchuma.

I entered the space thus enclosed by the high wooden stockade, my body bent with fatigue and my mind unsettled by the violent emotion I experienced.

Before me, at the door of the cottage were seated two ladies, embroidering in colours some coarse linen material.

On seeing those ladies seated there, in the centre of Africa, my sensations were bewildering.

The reception given me by Madame Coillard was that which might have been accorded to her own son. With consummate tact she at once put me at my ease. She said they had not yet dined, as they were waiting my arrival to sit down to table. She then begged me

to come into the hut, where a table covered with a fine white cloth displayed a simple service containing a nourishing dinner. Opposite me sat Madame Coillard; beside me was Miss Elise Coillard, her niece, with downcast eyes and face suffused with a modest blush at seeing a total stranger thus dropped into their inner and retired life.

Madame Coillard's kindness and attention were extreme, and long ere the meal was over the strangest feelings took possession of me. The company of those ladies, the dinner, the service, and such simple things as tea, sugar and bread, of which I had been so long deprived, produced a perfect bewilderment of brain. I was at last unable to form a single definite idea, and the impressions of that moment were almost more than I could bear.

I know not how I got through the remainder of the meal, but I dimly remember that I found myself alone in the hut. Then, an attack like an ague-fit shook my whole body; I gasped for breath, and then at last hot tears burst from my eyes and wetted my cheeks that were parched and cracking with fever. I wept long and unrestrainedly, and I do not attempt to hide the fact; and I believe that the shedding of those tears saved me. If I had attempted to restrain them and succeeded, I should probably have gone off my head altogether.

Let those who may feel inclined to ridicule the condition of a man who thus gives way to such an act of weakness do so to their heart's content; to me it is matter of little moment. But I in turn will pity those whose eyes will yield no tears, whose tongue will not refuse its office, when an overwhelming sense of gratitude bursts from the heart, and displays itself by these mute tokens more powerfully than the most eloquent phrases could have accomplished.

Fig. 116 c.—INTERIOR OF MR. COILLARD'S CAMP IN LUCHUMA.

How long I remained in that state of excitement I cannot say, but it must have been a long time afterwards that I was aroused by the entrance of the ladies into the hut, who came to prepare my bed for the night.

The reappearance of my kind hostesses aroused fresh emotions in my disordered mind. I knew not what to say to them, and I fear what I did say had but little sense in it.

The condition to which I was reduced may be judged from the fact that I found myself telling them, *them* of all people, of a rumour I had heard that morning in Embarira of a great fire having broken out at Chicheque in the houses of the chief Carimuque, and that the whole of the baggage of the French missionary had been consumed in the flames!

It was high time that I went to bed—and I did so, and slept.

When I awoke at daybreak the scenes of the preceding day, one by one, came confusedly back to my memory, and as they did so the impressions were like those of a dream.

I rose to find they were only too real, and again the perturbation of mind from which I had only partially recovered, returned.

Mechanically, without the slighest consciousness of my acts, and from the mere force of habit, I wound up and compared the chronometers, made the meteorological observations and entered the results in my diary.

Shortly afterwards Miss Elise in snowy cap and apron came smiling into the hut and was soon busy in preparing breakfast. Madame Coillard followed shortly after, and was sedulous in her efforts to secure me every possible comfort.

I cannot even now explain how it was that these

two ladies should produce upon the mind of a man like myself, who had seen and undergone so much, the singular impression which they did, but the fact remains undoubted.

It may have been the weakness caused by the approach of fever which, after a couple more days passed I know not how, completely knocked me down, and proved of such excessive violence that delirium shortly supervened. My state was a very serious one, but, more fortunate than on previous occasions, I had two guardian angels who watched by my bedside.

On the 30th of October the delirium left me; but with returning consciousness I felt that my life was held by a mere thread to a body worn out with fatigue and long privations, and I thought I should never stand upon my feet again.

On that day I entrusted my papers to Madame Coillard, and begged her to have them safely conveyed to the Portuguese authorities.

Dr. Bradshaw had paid me repeated visits, and used every effort of his skill to save my life.

The fever, however, would not give way, and my stomach refused everything in the shape of medicine. I then decided upon making a last effort myself, and tried repeated hypodermic injections of strong doses of quinine.

On the 31st, to my own astonishment, I was still alive, and increased the dose of quinine by hypodermic absorption. Dr. Bradshaw advised and caused me to take a strong dose of laudanum, and next day, the 1st of November, symptoms of improvement began to appear. Meanwhile, if good nursing could avail, I ought to have speedily recovered, for never had I met with more tender care.

On the following day I made rapid progress and was able to sit up a little. This gave me an opportunity

of observing that provisions were falling short, and thinking about this made me lie awake part of the night.

On the following morning at daybreak, when all were still wrapped in sleep, I got up noiselessly and aroused my men. Though still tottering on my legs, I started off with them for the forest, and was pleased that we were able to do so unobserved. It was evening ere we returned, my men bending under the weight of the game I had succeeded in shooting. I found Madame Coillard in great distress, thinking I had abandoned the camp for good and all, and I was received with maternal solicitude and was rated soundly for my imprudence.

The same thing occurred on this as on all former occasions of my violent attacks of fever. I had, so to speak, no period of convalescence, but, thanks to a robust constitution, passed from the condition of a patient to that of a man in sound health.

With returning strength of body came a corresponding ease of mind, which enabled me to reflect seriously upon the position in which fate had cast me.

From repeated conversations with Madame Coillard I learned that her husband's resources were not very abundant. My ivory had been exchanged for goods, to which the agents of the firm of Westbeech and Phillips attached a high not to say an exaggerated value, so that it produced but little. Madame Coillard saw but one way of getting out of the difficulty in which we were placed, and that was not to part company, as it would have been impossible for them to divide with me the little means her husband had at his disposal.

Any way it was determined to wait for the return of the missionary from Chicheque ere coming to a definite resolve.

And so matters continued for some days longer, when bad news arrived from Mr. Coillard who, in a long letter to his wife, confirmed the news of the fire to which I referred some pages back. Everything he possessed that was in the keeping of the chief Carimuque had fallen a prey to the flames, a circumstance which greatly complicated the position, as it diminished his available means.

In addition there was another piece of intelligence, which more seriously troubled the good lady's mind. This was that Eliazar, the man whom it may be remembered I met at Chicheque, had been attacked by a bad fever and was in considerable danger.

Madame Coillard was much attached to him, he having been formerly in her service, and she anxiously waited for further news.

Two days after this, being the 6th of November, another letter was received from the missionary, which increased the trouble already reigning in the encampment at Luchuma. Eliazar was worse, and but little hope was entertained of his recovery.

On the 7th I had been sitting up rather later than usual to make my astronomical observations, the two ladies keeping me company, and talking about the absentee and poor Eliazar's illness.

Madame Coillard told me she had a strong presentiment that her husband would arrive that night. I proposed at once that we should go out to meet him, and the suggestion being eagerly adopted by the courageous women, we set off at once on the road to Embarira.

We had scarcely gone a mile from the encampment when I, who was walking a little ahead, announced that I heard the tread of people in the forest; they thought, however, that I was mistaken, as we met no one after another twenty minutes' march. I knew,

however, that I made no mistake, for more than once a sound, but ill-defined, and intelligible only to the practised ear of a woodsman, reached me as I proceeded. Had it not been so I would scarcely have induced those two ladies to approach a forest, peopled by wild beasts, with which I felt but little inclination just then to do battle.

At about half-past eleven the noise which I had heard became more distinct, and I had no hesitation in telling my companions that people, shod like ourselves, were coming along the track we were pursuing. Shortly afterwards, figures appeared emerging from the darkness, and the missionary, accompanied by two or three negroes, stood before us.

Madame Coillard looked in vain for another form beside her husband. But that form was missing. Another grave had been dug in the Upper Zambesi; another lesson had been taught to those imprudent enough to risk a sojourn in that country of death.

We returned in sadness and silence to the camp at Luchuma.

On the following day I had a long talk with Mr. Coillard. What I apprehended was only too true. His resources were insufficient to supply me with the means to proceed to Zumbo.

We discussed most fully every phase of the question, and the sole possibility which presented itself of aiding one another was not to separate, but go on together to Bamanguato, where I should be able to procure means to go forward. He himself was anxious to leave, for besides that his resources would not allow him to tarry longer, Luchuma was a fatal spot, where two of his most faithful servants were already mouldering in their graves.

I could not, however, quit the country without visiting the great cataract of the Zambesi, so that it was

resolved he should wait for my return, a delay of some twelve or fifteen days.

It was intended that I should start on the 11th, and Madame Coillard, with maternal solicitude, began to make preparations for my contemplated journey.

On the 10th, however, a great storm broke over us, which brought on another attack of fever. Verissimo too was suffering from the same cause; so that as neither the weather nor our health had improved by the 11th, I could not set out for the falls that day.

On the 12th I myself was somewhat better, but Verissimo was worse, which forced me again to postpone my departure.

Mr. Coillard then proposed that we should all leave on the 13th for Guejuma's Kraal, and that I should thence start upon my expedition.

This resolved, at twenty minutes past ten, on the night of the 13th, we broke up the camp of Luchuma. It was difficult travelling with heavy waggons through the forest. At frequent intervals the trunk of a tree or a fragment of rock would stand in the way, and it was necessary to cut away the wood or remove the stone. Augusto, who put out his herculean strength, performed prodigies of labour.

It was not until 6 o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th that we reached Guejuma's Kraal, having travelled night and day, with such short intervals of rest as the oxen and ourselves absolutely needed. There is no water between the two places, and though we had a scanty provision for ourselves, the poor cattle had to pass three days without drinking at all. When therefore we reached Guejuma they made extraordinary efforts to free themselves from the yoke, which done, they started off for the pools of wretched water which supply the kraal; the latter having been established by the English traders as a place of rest and depository

for their herds, which they cannot keep in Luchuma owing to the presence there of the terrible tsee-tsee fly.

Our road lay along a sandy and humid plain, in which the waggons sunk, causing the cattle enormous trouble and labour.

In spite of the wretched state of my health I determined to leave next day for the falls, and Madame Coillard gave herself no little pains to supply me with provisions for the journey.

I could not possibly find a guide, but I did not allow the want of one to stand in the way of my departure.

CHAPTER II.

MOZI-OA-TUNIA.

Journey to the Cataracts—Storms—The great Cataract of the Zambesi—Abuses of the Macalacas—Return—Patamatenga—Mr. Gabriel Mayer—Graves of Europeans—Arrival at Daca—The Coillard Family.

EARLY in the morning of the 16th of November I made my preparations for departure, which cost me indeed no great labour, as Madame Coillard had already got ready the most important part, namely the commissariat. So great was her kindness, that I had much ado to persuade her of the impossibility of carrying with me everything she desired, as my only porters were my two henchmen, Augusto and Camutombo.

I took, however, the whole of my followers, as I was afraid of leaving them behind me at Guejuma, lest they should behave improperly during my absence. The only things I did not bring away were my baggage, my pet-goat Córa, and Culungo the parrot.

In Africa the old Portuguese saying, "Any one with a tongue in his head can get to Rome," will not well apply; but the traveller may safely substitute it for another, which is, "Any one with a compass can get to any point he chooses."

Mr. and Madame Coillard saw me depart with the utmost concern, unaccompanied by a guide and on foot. But they were consoled with the thought that I was no stranger to African forests, and could scarcely fail to arrive at my destination.

There was another and more powerful motive for anxiety on their part, namely the probable want of

water on the road, as I had no means of carrying any with me, and the country was suffering from drought. I tried to make light of their fears, and assured them I had no intention of dying of thirst.

As my excursion would occupy some twelve to fifteen days, it was arranged that they should leave their present quarters and proceed to Daca, where I was to join them.

Finally, everything being ready, I started at 10 o'clock, being accompanied for a mile along the road by my kind host and hostess, who then, after an affectionate leave-taking, returned to the kraal.

I travelled along the plain in a northerly direction, and an hour later came upon a dense forest, into which, however, I penetrated, in order not to alter my course. After some forty minutes' battle with the jungle, I reached a small lake of crystalline water, and made a halt there, to rest during the heat of the day. I could hear that a storm was raging ahead of us, and that the thunder-claps followed quickly upon each other.

I took a fresh departure at 2, at which hour the sky had become very threatening, and heavy thunder-clouds were gathering in every direction. About 4 o'clock I fell upon recent traces of game, which I followed till I reached the open, when I found myself by the side of a muddy pool, evidently a common watering-place of the denizens of the forest. There we camped, and set about forming as strong a shelter as possible against the rain, which threatened to be abundant.

The pedometers indicated a march of nine geographic miles.

We started again the next morning at 6, and kept up our tramp for four good hours, having made only one short halt at half-past 7, to shelter ourselves from a heavy shower. We stopped again to eat some

dinner near another lake, which was the source of a rivulet that ran off to E.S.E.

At noon the march was resumed in a N.N.E. direction, but I was forced to call a halt at 3, the men suffering from cut feet, owing to the loose, broken stone which we met with soon after 1, and the ground being besides very hilly and uneven.

I required also rest myself, for I found that I had not yet regained my strength, and could not bear a long march as I used to do.

During the latter part of the journey we crossed three small rivulets, all running to the S.E. over basaltic beds.

The hills of rock and stone, but covered with trees, lay in the same S.E. direction; none of them were very lofty, the highest attaining an elevation of no more than 160 feet.

We camped by the side of a natural reservoir of rain-water.

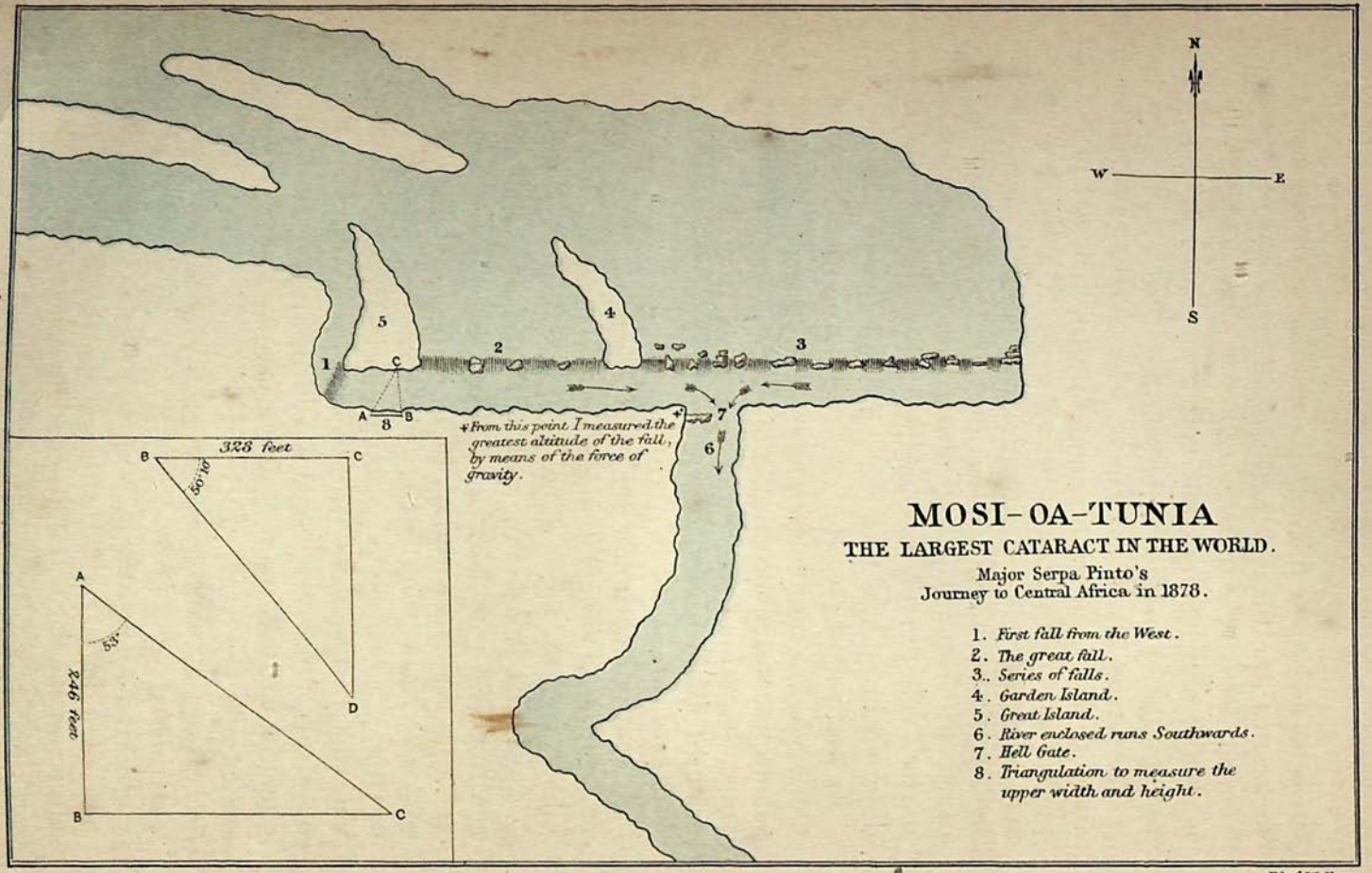
Our journey was resumed next morning, the ground being still stony and broken. We crossed belts of densely wooded ground, but with none of those giant trees which are peculiar to the intertropical flora.

Again in the course of that morning we passed two little streams running to the S.E.

The whole of the ground we had been recently traversing was of volcanic formation. Some enormous convulsion of nature had evidently taken place in this region, leaving behind it striking evidence of its passage and indelible traces of its power in gigantic works of basalt.

The sun, as he darted his rays upon the ruddy stone which formed the beds of the rivulets and the scarps of the mountains, proclaimed that waves of lava had at one time been seething there.

Personally I got on very well and comfortably, but



MOSI-OA-'TUNIA

THE LARGEST CATARACT IN THE WORLD.

Major Serpa Pinto's
Journey to Central Africa in 1878.

1. *First fall from the West.*
2. *The great fall.*
3. *Series of falls.*
4. *Garden Island.*
5. *Great Island.*
6. *River enclosed runs Southwards.*
7. *Hell Gate.*
8. *Triangulation to measure the upper width and height.*

London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

Edwd. Weller.

the men had great difficulty in making their way barefoot over the sharp-pointed rock. Our journey was kept up for nearly four hours, and we then camped by a rivulet and hastily constructed our huts, to be prepared against another threatening storm.

The site of the encampment was lovely. The little stream which ran purling northwards, and was of the purest crystal water, lay on my west. On the eastern side a rising ground covered with dense foliage embellished the landscape in that direction. And my camp, which consisted of four small huts, stood in a narrow valley, and was shaded by enormous trees as different in bulk as they were in kind and foliage.

It was a most peaceful scene, its repose not disturbed but made the more complete by a distant booming sound, like the reverberation of thunder, from the mountain sides, which the wind, as it blew from the north, brought distinctly to the ear. It was the voice of Mozi-oa-tunia in its eternal roar.

I went out with my gun, and started a profusion of partridges, of which I made a good store. I likewise killed a hare, very different in colour to those of Europe, and smaller in size, but otherwise similar in shape. The peculiarities of this animal were a back and ears that were almost black, with belly and head of dark yellow ochre, with black spots.

On my return to the camp I observed, as something singular, thousands of white ants busy at work in the open air, and travelling up and down the trees and over the ground, without any attempt to conceal their operations.

I passed an excellent night, after a good feed off roast partridges.

Shortly after starting the following morning I crossed a little rivulet running to the N.W., which, after uniting with the stream, on whose banks I had

recently encamped, continues its course to the northwards. We followed in the same direction, keeping close to the waterside, through a deep and arid valley, and after three hours' march, made a halt for rest, and consumed the remainder of the partridges. We were off again at noon, but an hour afterwards came to a dead stop.

Thunder-clouds had been gathering since the morning, and the horizon all round had been alive with lightning, but at the hour just mentioned the clouds had gathered above our heads and the storm burst upon us with all its fury. A torrential rain came down in sheets, driven by a brisk wind from N.N.E. The thick black masses of vapour swooped on to the ground and belched forth fire and water in equal abundance.

As I previously mentioned, the track we were following was a deep valley, destitute of trees. Huge fragments of rocks terminating in pinnacles attracted the lightning, which darted upon them and dashed down their sides. One, at no great distance from me, was struck by the electric fluid and split from top to bottom!

It was an awful and sublime spectacle. For the first time, also, I there beheld the lightning divide itself. What appeared a ball of fire separated, when near the ground, into five, which darted almost horizontally from their centre and struck five different points; others again I saw separate into four, into two, and many of them into three.

Zigzag forks of fire played about the atmosphere in every direction, until the upper air appeared to be ablaze. No description can do justice to the spectacle, nor can any but those who have been eye-witnesses to these storms in Central Africa form any conception of their grandeur or intensity.

My people, prostrate on the ground and too alarmed

to seek shelter from the water which was running over them in torrents, were shivering with cold and fright. I had enough to do to arouse and calm them, putting on for the effort an appearance of ease which I was far from feeling.

An hour later the tempest, as if fatigued with its own violence, began to diminish in intensity, and was sufficiently calmed down by half-past 2 to enable us to continue our journey. At 3, however, we were forced to stop again to allow another storm of rain to pass over. At length, about 5 o'clock, we reached the vicinity of the great cataract, and finding some deserted huts just above it, we put them into habitable condition and encamped for the night.

And what a cruel night it was! During the dark hours a fresh storm broke over us in fury, many of the trees in the neighbourhood being struck by the lightning. The rain inundated our huts, extinguished our fires, and wetted us and our belongings through and through. To the reverberations of the thunder-claps was added the ceaseless roar of the cataract, till the brain grew bewildered with the scene. The tempest lasted till 4 in the morning, when it ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun.

The day broke with fresh rain, so that until 9 o'clock it was impossible to quit our huts.

About that time the clouds began to break, and the sun at length burst upon the glorious landscape. Locomotion, however, had been made a difficult operation, owing to the soaked and pappy condition of the ground.

Some alarm now took possession of my mind from another source. The drenching rain had utterly spoiled the bread and other provisions supplied me by Madame Coillard. There might be perhaps enough food left for a couple of days, but certainly for no longer. But

two doubtful resources were left us; the chance of obtaining game, and the possibility of purchasing *massango* from the Macalacas on the other bank.

No game was, however, procurable in such weather; and the Macalacas who crossed the river demanded such exorbitant prices for tiny dishes of massango that it was quite out of my power to purchase them.

At noon I reached the western extremity of the great cataract. The Zambesi two miles above the falls runs E.N.E. and then takes a curve to the eastward, the direction in which it is rushing when it meets the chasm into which it leaps.

Mozi-oa-tunia or *Mezi-oa-tuna?* which is it? I know not, and none could inform me. The natives on the spot call it indifferently by both names.

Before the Macololos invaded the country to the north of the Zambesi, the Macalacas distinguished the great cataract by the designation of *Chongue*.

Then came the Macololos and bestowed upon it a title taken from the Sesuto tongue, which was the language they spoke.

The Macololos departed in turn, but the name they gave to the huge falls remained, just as the language of invaders has often been left as a heritage to a conquered country. The Sesuto idiom, though somewhat corrupted, still survives, and is now the official tongue of the Upper Zambesi.

Mezi-oa-tuna signifies in Sesuto "the great water," and although the phrase would appear somewhat bald, it is quite in harmony with the genius of the barbarous dialects of Central Africa, expressing, as it does, an idea which the poverty of the idiom could only otherwise describe by a long and cumbersome phrase. It is therefore not at all unlikely that *Mezi-oa-tuna* was the name assigned by the Macololos to the vast cataract.

Nevertheless I rather incline to the opinion of

Fig. 116 D.—MOZI-OA-TUNIA. THE WEST FALLS.

Madame Coillard (who knows the Sesuto language thoroughly), that the name bestowed upon this marvel of the Zambesi by Chebitano's warriors was *Mozi-oa-tunia*.

In point of fact *Mezi-oa-tuna* was a new phrase, a composition of words expressly arranged, whilst *Mozi-oa-tunia* is a common, daily expression in the Basuto tongue. When, for instance, a husband returning from the chase inquires of his wife whether dinner is on the fire, she will answer him "mozi-oa-tunia," "the smoke is rising." So that it is very easy to suppose how a name, common among the natives and apparently so apt and appropriate, came to be given by strangers to the cataract itself.

Mozi-oa-tunia is neither more nor less than a long trough, a gigantic crevasse, the sort of chasm for which was invented the word abyss,—an abyss profound and monstrous into which the Zambesi precipitates itself bodily to an extent of 1978 yards.

The cleft in the basaltic rocks which form the northern wall of the abyss is perfectly traceable, running east and west.

Parallel thereto, another enormous wall of basalt, standing upon the same level, and 110 yards distant from it, forms the opposite side of the crevasse. The feet of these huge moles of black basalt form a channel through which the river rushes after its fall, a channel which is certainly much narrower than the upper aperture, but whose width it is impossible to measure.

In the southern wall, and about three-fifth parts along it, the rock has been riven asunder, and forms another gigantic chasm, perpendicular to the first; which chasm, first taking a westerly curve and subsequently bending southwards and then eastwards, receives the river and conveys it in a capricious zigzag through a perfect maze of rocks.

The great northern wall of the cataract over which the water flows is in places perfectly vertical, with few or none of those breaks or irregularities that one is accustomed to see under such circumstances.

An enormous volcanic convulsion must have rent the rock asunder and produced the huge abyss into which one of the largest rivers in the world precipitates itself. Undoubtedly the powerful wearing of the waters has greatly modified the surface of the rocks, but it is not difficult for an observant eye to discover clearly that those deep scarps, now separated from each other, must at one time have been firmly united.

The Zambesi, encountering upon its way the crevasse to which we have alluded, rushes into it in three grand cataracts, because a couple of islands which occupy two great spaces in the northern wall divide the stream into three separate branches.

The first cataract is formed by a branch which passes to the south of the first island, an island which occupies, in the right angle assumed by the upper part of the cleft, the extreme west.

This branch or arm consequently precipitates itself in the confined space open on the western side of the rectangle. It is 196 feet wide and has a perpendicular fall of 262 feet, tumbling into a basin whence the water overflows to the bottom of the abyss, there to unite itself to the rest in rapids and cascades that are almost invisible, owing to the thick cloud of vapour which envelopes the entire foot of the falls.

The island which separates that branch of the river is covered with the richest vegetation, the leafy shrubs extending to the very edge along which the water rushes, and presenting a most marvellous prospect.

This is the smallest of the falls, but it is the most beautiful, or, more correctly speaking, the only one that is really beautiful, for all else at Mozi-oa-tunia is

sublimely horrible. That enormous gulf, black as is the basalt which forms it, dark and dense as is the cloud which enwraps it, would have been chosen, if known in biblical times, as an image of the infernal regions, a hell of water and darkness, more terrible perhaps than the hell of fire and light.

As if to increase the sensation of horror which is experienced in presence of this prodigy of nature, one must risk one's life in order to survey it. To survey it thoroughly is impossible; Mozi-oa-tunia forbids such an operation.

At times, when peering into the depths, through that eternal mist, one may perceive a mass of confused shapes, like unto vast and frightful ruins. These are peaks of rocks of enormous height, on to which the water dashes and becomes at once converted into a cloud of spray, which rolls and tumbles about the peaks where it was formed, and will continue so to do as long as the water falls and the rocks are there to receive it.

Opposite Garden Island, through the medium of a rainbow, concentric to another and a fainter one, I could perceive from time to time, as the mist slightly shifted, confusedly appear a series of pinnacles, similar to the minarets and spires of some fantastic cathedral, which shot up, as it were, from out the mass of seething waters.

Continuing our examination of the cataract, we find that the beginning of the northern wall, which starts from the western cascade, is occupied to an extent of some 218 yards by the island I have before alluded to, and which confines that branch of the river that constitutes the first fall. It is the only point whence the entire wall is visible, simply because along that space of 218 yards the vapour does not completely conceal the depths.

It was at that point I took my first measurements,

and by means of two triangles I found the upper width of the rift to be 328 feet, and the perpendicular height of the wall 393 feet.

This vertical height is even greater, further to the eastward, because the trough goes on deepening to the channel through which the river escapes to the south. At that point, likewise, I obtained data for measuring the height.

In my first measurements I had as my base the side of 328 feet, found to be the upper width of the rift; but it was necessary to see the foot of the wall, and I had to risk my life to do so.

I made Augusto and Catraio strip off their garments, which I tied together. These were composed of striped cotton-cloth, which had already seen a good deal of service, and did not present all the security one would have desired, but I had no other available. I bound the improvised rope about my body under the armpits, in order to leave my hands free, and taking my sextant, ventured over the precipice. The loose ends were held by Augusto and a Macalaca residing in the neighbourhood of the falls. They trembled with fear at the whole proceeding, and made me tremble in turn, so that it took me a much longer time than usual to measure the angle. When I told them to pull me up, and I found myself once more with the solid rock under my feet, it seemed as if I had just awoke out of a terrible nightmare.

I read in the nonius 50° 10′, and no sooner had I recorded the measurement than I was seized with horror at what I had done. An excess of ill-regulated pride, and the desire to ascertain with the utmost possible exactness the height of the cataract, had induced me to commit the greatest imprudence of which I was guilty throughout my journey.

Taking measurements and triangles in such a locality

Fig. 116 E.—MOZI-OA-TUNIA. UNEASY MODE OF MEASURING ANGLES.

is indeed a difficult task, where one is met at the very outset by the want of ground whereon any reliable base can be marked out. I barely succeeded in measuring 246 feet, and that, by dint of enormous labour.

I can but suppose that the triangles made by Dr. Livingstone from Garden Island were resolved by the angles only, for as to sides, none could possibly be measured from that point. It is to be regretted that he did not leave us the formula. The measuring the height with a line and a few bullets attached to it I find likewise extraordinary, because the projections and irregularities of the rocky face must have interfered with the plummet, and besides this, from Garden Island one can scarcely see into the deep gulf, owing to the thick mist which envelopes everything, and makes it, as I should have thought, impossible to distinguish even such an object as a whole piece of white calico, instead of the foot of cloth which the Doctor asserts he used. However this may be, all I can say is that he was more fortunate or more expert than I, who did so little though I laboured so hard, and had the best instruments at my command.

After the first island, where I made my measurements, comes the chief part of the cataract, being the portion comprised between the above island and Garden Island. In that spot the main body of the water rushes into the abyss in a compact mass, 1312 feet in length, and there, as is natural, we find the greatest depth. Then follows Garden Island, with a frontage of 132 feet to the rift, and afterwards the third fall, composed of dozens of falls which occupy the entire space between Garden Island and the eastern extremity of the wall. This third fall must be the most important in the rainy season, when the masses of rock which at other times divide the stream are concealed, and but one unbroken and enormous cataract meets the eye.

As the water which runs from the two first falls and from part of the third near Garden Island rushes eastward, it meets the remainder of the third fall coursing west, and the result is a frightful seething whirlpool, whence the creamy waters rush, after the mad conflict, into the narrow rocky channel before alluded to and go hissing away through the capricious zigzag chasm.

Fig. 117.—MOZI-OA-TUNIA.

At the point where the waters, united in a single channel, take their way southwards, I was enabled to make an experiment which I shall narrate in a separate chapter, and which permitted me to obtain a very approximate measurement of the greatest depth of the abyss. It was not possible for me to do more, and I even doubt whether more could be done, saving by persons going expressly prepared to study the cataract. Then indeed I believe it may be feasible to invent

means fitted to carry out the required work, which must, however, be undertaken amidst eternal rain and enveloped in a dense vapour, rendering surrounding objects all but undistinguishable.

The islands of the cataract and the rocks which lie about it are all covered with the densest vegetation, but the green is dark, sad-coloured and monotonous, although a clump or two of palms, as they shoot their elegant heads above the thickets of evergreens which surround them, do their best to break the melancholy aspect of the picture.

Never-ending showers of spray descend upon all objects in the proximity of the falls, and a ceaseless thunder growls within the abyss.

Mozi-oa-tunia cannot be properly either depicted or described. The pencil and the pen are alike at fault, and in fact, saving at its western extremity, the whole is enveloped in a cloud of vapour, which, perhaps fortunately, hides half the awfulness of the scene.

It is not possible to survey this wonder of nature without a feeling of terror and of sadness creeping over the mind.

How great the difference between the cataract of Gonha and that of Mozi-oa-tunia!

In Gonha everything is smiling and beautiful, in Mozi-oa-tunia everything is frowning and awful!

Both have their attractions,—both are superbly grand; but Gonha has the attraction of the lovely virgin crowned with the flowers of innocence, toying in a delicious garden, freshened by the perfumed zephyrs of a summer morn: Mozi-oa-Tunia is grand and repellent as the freebooter, burnt by the summer's sun and hardened by the winter's frost, with blunderbuss in hand and crime in thought, roaming amid the mountain fastnesses in a dark and stormy night.

Gonha is beautiful as a balmy morning in spring;

Mozi-oa-Tunia is imposing as a tempestuous night in winter.

Gonha is lovely as the first smile of a babe in its mother's arms; Mozi-oa-tunia is fearful as the last gasp of age in the arms of death. Gonha is beauty in its sublimest and most attractive shape; Mozi-oa-tunia is beauty in its most expressive revelation of grandeur and majesty.

After long contemplation of this most prodigious natural marvel of the African Continent, I returned slowly to my camp, deeply impressed with what I had beheld. The weather had improved, but it still remained lowering. At night I was assailed by a perfect army of mosquitoes, which did not leave me the slightest chance of rest.

At daybreak I again started for the cataract, where I completed the work commenced the evening before, and where I remained the whole of the day. On my getting back to the huts, I found some Macalacas offering massango for sale, but who required no less than four yards of cloth for a dishful not containing more than a pint of grain.*

Although I wanted provisions badly, I did not choose to set an example of submission to such extortion, and I refused to buy.

The Macalaca, with the utmost effrontery, told me that I might keep my cloth—but that I couldn't eat it, and would presently be hungry—when I should be glad to offer him that, and more, for such a dish of food.

My only answer was a kick or two, which caused him to beat a hasty retreat.

The 22nd of November arrived,—the day which I had fixed for my return,—but my position was rather

* Four yards of cloth were worth just 8*s*., as 2*s*. a yard is the common price in those parts.

a critical one. We had barely rations for a couple of days, and we could not hope to reach Daca under six.

It was simply impossible to start without any commissariat arrangements, so, despairing of getting anything out of the Macalacas, I went out on the hunt, in spite of the bad weather.

At a short distance from the camp I was fortunate enough to fall in with and bring down a malanca, and I returned to the huts to give orders to have it brought in and dismembered, when there suddenly appeared upon the scene the chief of the villages at the falls, whom I had not previously set eyes upon, who had come to visit me.

In attendance upon him was a posse of negroes, who helped to bring in the malanca I had shot. So important a mass of flesh made the price of comestibles go down sensibly in the market. The chief went off to his village and brought back with him a quantity of grain and a brace of fowls, which he offered to barter for the antelope's skin and my rug. Pressed as I was for time, I accepted the arrangement, at which the old fellow was delighted.

And thus did my rug and I,—that rug which had shielded me during so many sleepless nights passed in the African wilds,—part company!

I was at length prepared to quit Mozi-oa-tunia, and turned in for the night into the same huts which I had made habitable in the afternoon of the 18th.

On the following morning I set out, retracing my steps to the place where I had diverged to the cataract, and then proceeding southwards.

It had not been difficult for me to find the huge falls of the Zambesi, for their voice announced their presence from afar; but the making for a spot which had no existence on the map, and whose position I had

calculated from the vaguest information, was not so easy a task.

In a country like this, unpeopled and in its primitive condition, I might well pass within a stone's throw of Patamatenga Kraal without even seeing it, or suspecting its existence. Still, according to my calculations, Patamatenga lay due south of me, and I therefore so steered my course, determined not to deviate from it on any account whatsoever.

After four hours' march, I came to a halt by the side of a brook, in a most unpromising position. Not a tree, not even a shrub! The soil produced nothing but black stones, and the landscape was rendered all the more grim and sombre by a sky laden with heavy clouds.

A profound silence reigned over the contracted and dreary valley.

In the course of our march we had sighted more than one lion, which I had carefully avoided.

I take occasion to say a few words here respecting a mania which almost always seizes upon the inexperienced explorer. His ardent desire to encounter danger is such, that he frequently goes out of his way to meet it.

Africa is a country which daily and almost hourly presents a traveller with so many real difficulties to overcome, so many unavoidable perils to pass through, that he need not, in the indulgence of this whim, seek to do more, and thus render abortive expeditions having for their object the unveiling of her secrets.

Prudence should be his guide in every act of the explorer, by which I would not imply that even prudence herself may not, under certain given circumstances, counsel even an act of temerity where such temerity may be needed for the common safety of many.

This mania in Africa to which I have alluded is the hunting of wild beasts. Powder in the interior is like

so much gold, and a shot fired at a wild beast is a shot thrown away that might perchance be needed to save an entire caravan, which without it might become the prey of chance and be ruined, in order to satisfy the craving of a mere personal vanity.

Throughout my eventful journey, compelled as I often was to hunt for the very means of subsistence, I had on several occasions to meet with wild beasts, which would not have occurred if, having sufficient resources at my disposal, I could have dispensed with the fruits of the chase. An animal killed in self-defence and in an accidental encounter is an obstacle removed; but a lion sought after and killed by a geographical explorer is an obstacle created, is an imprudence committed, and should awaken a feeling of remorse in his destroyer.

I occasionally fell into errors of this kind, but I must say they were always followed by sincere repentance.

If I should ever return to Africa on a journey of exploration, or entrusted with any other important mission, I would make it a point of duty not to jeopardise the main object of my undertaking in order that my self-love might for an evanescent moment be gratified. I revolved in my mind thoughts of this nature as I turned my back upon the cataracts, and avoided the lions, just as they, in turn, gave me and mine a wide berth.

There was no wood near the spot where I determined upon halting, and Augusto had to seek for it at a distance. He at length arrived, laden with huge dry branches, which were found, on being split, to be the abode of enormous scorpions. We had observed several upon our march, and plenty more of these repugnant creatures were found in our immediate neighbourhood.

On that day a violent tempest, which came from S.S.E., passed over us, and for a couple of hours the rain fell abundantly.

The night was no less unpleasant, for a strong S.E. wind was blowing, and having little or no shelter, we were supremely uncomfortable.

On the 24th of November the journey was resumed, our course being southwards over broken and difficult ground.

The mountains ran in a S.E. direction, which compelled us to be always either mounting or descending; and the soil was stony and arid. After five hours of this fatiguing work we came upon a little pool, beside which we pitched our camp.

I mounted a hill at no great distance from our halting-place, and looking southwards beheld an enormous plain, where neither my own eyes nor the aid afforded them by my powerful field-glass could discover a trace of water.

I began greatly to fear that we should suffer badly from the want of it. Fortunately in that part of the country the *Mucuri* abounded, and where that plant exists, the traveller need not die of thirst. The *Mucuri* is indeed a treasure to the wayfarer traversing the arid wilds of South Central Africa. It is a shrub from 2 ft. to 2½ ft. high, which has at the extremity of its radicles certain spongy tubercles, yielding a tasteless liquid which assuages thirst.

It is not however always easy to find the tubercles when you come upon the plant.

They grow at the ends of small radicles which, radiating from the principal roots, spread to a considerable distance from the stem, where they feed and develop these extraordinary excrescences. The best means of finding them is that employed by the African native, and which consists in slowly walking round the plant in wider and wider circles, beating the earth all the time with a stick. Where the soil yields a hollow and muffled sound to the blow, there the

tubercles are pretty surely hidden. They are from 4 to 8 inches in diameter and affect a nearly spherical shape. I collected a good store of them next day before quitting the spot where I passed so miserable a night.

We had a seven hours' tramp next day over a huge plain covered with shrubs and tall grass. Of water there was not a vestige.

We stopped at length, worn-out with fatigue, and I determined upon camping, when, just above my head, from a branch of the tree against which I leaned, I heard the cooing of some African doves.

Water, I knew, could not be far distant, for it was late in the afternoon,—the hour when most creatures drink,—and unless watering-places were near, the doves would not have gathered there. The dove is an index in Africa to the existence of water in the vicinity of the spot where she is found at morning and evening, for that bird invariably drinks twice a-day.

I therefore sent Verissimo and Augusto to explore the neighbourhood, and an hour later the former returned, having discovered a little spring about half a mile or so to the N.W. To this we at once proceeded, and it was quite dark ere we could settle ourselves to rest.

By my calculations we ought to arrive at Patamatenga in the course of the following day, so I was astir in the early morning of the 26th of November and resumed my march.

Almost immediately after quitting the spot where we had camped, we found ourselves in a dense jungle, which cost us twenty minutes to get through. On clearing it, we came upon a rivulet of some volume, brawling over its stony bed, and beside it stood a kraal of admirable construction, above whose strong stockade appeared the gable-roofs of several houses.

It was Patamatenga! close to which I had halted without knowing it, and had spent a miserable night in the open air, when I might have slept comfortably in a bed within the shelter of a well-built house!

An Englishman, whose name I did not even know, came forth to meet me at the river, and conduct me into the kraal, and when there, without more ado, he placed food before me. By 11 o'clock I had been made to devour I do not know how many things, when my host informed me that another dish was being got ready. He had, it appears, a capital European cook with him. He would not hear of my going on to Daca that day, as I must, he said, spend the rest of it with him.

I wrote a note to Mr. Coillard to inform that gentleman of my being in good health, and of my hope of joining him next day.

When my host found I intended to stop, he ordered his best sheep to be killed, and invited me to have a look round his farm. We went, and to my horror I saw him destroy an entire plot sown with potatoes, in order that he might obtain a few for the table. Nor was that all; he plucked all the tomatoes, onions and pimentos that came within his reach!

I essayed in vain to stay his hand. He was determined to supply me with the best he had, and I fear if I had stopped a week with him he would have stripped his grounds to feed me. The farm itself was delightful, and in splendid condition, but it was the season of the year when there was least produce. Still, my hospitable Englishman had managed to secure half-a-dozen potatoes, sixteen tomatoes, a handful of pimentos, and some delicious little onions, which he delivered in triumph to the cook to prepare for dinner. Dinner!! He called it so, but it really would be difficult to know what name should be assigned to the meal! numeri-

cally speaking, we had got far beyond *supper*, and yet by the hour of the day it was nearer to *lunch*.

The repast,— to which I fear I could not do all the justice my host desired—being at an end, I took a stroll with him in the neighbourhood of the kraal.

In the course of our walk we came upon five heaps of stones which mark the graves of five Europeans, who are there taking their last sleep, lying side by side beneath the shadow of some trees, in the same soil which insinuated into their system, through the miasma it exhaled, the poison that was to cut short their existence at so premature an age.

Fig. 118.—The Five Graves.

Alas! how many similar graves, dug in remote corners, exist upon this enormous continent, which give no sign of the secrets they hide so securely! Unconsciously we may stand upon a spot beneath which lie mouldering the remains of brave men who have left in far distant countries affectionate mourners, who have not even the bitter pleasure of dropping a tear upon the soil which imprisons those so tenderly loved in life!

Happier in this respect, the five graves at Patamatenga enclose the bodies of men who are known, and whose names I here record; and if friends are still left to cherish their memory, it will be a sad satisfaction

to them to learn in what corner of the earth they have decent rest.

The first grave bears the name of Jolly, who died in 1875; the second of Frank Cowley; the third of Robert Bairn, who also succumbed in 1875; the fourth of Baldwin, and the fifth of Walter Cary Lowe, who died in 1876. In April 1878 the remains of the Swede, Oswald Bagger, were likewise consigned to the earth, and whose body lies in Luchuma.

After visiting this melancholy little cemetery, improvised amid the African wilds, we returned to the Patamatenga Kraal, where I was compelled to partake of several suppers.

In my conversation with Gabriel Mayer, my lavish host, I was careful to avoid the narration of many an episode of my eventful journey wherein the want of food played so important a part, from my apprehension of his making it an excuse for sitting down once more to table, an apprehension that was at length as great as the fear of hunger had formerly been.

Next day, having already been compelled to devour two meals, I once more resumed my march at 7 o'clock, well supplied with provisions for the road, as Gabriel Mayer would not allow me to take leave of him until he saw that my wallets were well filled.

Five hours' march to the eastward brought me in safety to Daca, where the Coillard family were eagerly awaiting me, and where I was received with the utmost demonstration of sympathy and friendship.

Unlike the weather I had experienced at Mozi-oa-tunia, no rain had fallen in those parts, and we hesitated about our departure, for the desert was dried up and bare, and it would have been highly hazardous if not impossible to cross it before sufficient rain had fallen to fill the pools at which water could be obtained for the cattle.

On the 28th and 29th of November, however, we heard the growling of thunder, though at a considerable distance towards the S. and S.S.E., which put us into somewhat better spirits, as we hoped that rain had fallen in the desert.

On the former of those days, having nothing better to do, I prepared some fishing-tackle with some hooks and lines I had by me, and induced the ladies to accompany me to a lake situated at a couple of hundred yards or so to the west of the encampment. There we managed to catch a quantity of small fish, and I was delighted at seeing the excitement of my fair companions when a rather larger prey than usual got hooked, and their light canes bent beneath the weight and struggles of the fish.

We determined on the 30th that we would not defer our journey longer than the 2nd of December, although we might run some risk of not finding water during the early days of our march. We numbered fifteen persons, all told, and our stock of provisions was anything but large. From the time of setting out until we reached Bamanguato we should not be able to procure food, and at Daca itself we could obtain no more.

We had therefore to make for Shoshong with the utmost possible despatch, and were bound to reach the city of King Khama ere our stores were exhausted.

Rain fell on the 30th of November and again the next morning, the 1st of December, which strengthened us in our resolve to break up our camp and set out the following day.

Before entering upon my narration of this adventurous journey across the desert, I deem it proper to say a few words respecting my travelling companions.

May they pardon what I write concerning them, if their modesty should feel wounded by my remarks, but it is right that the outer world should know the name

and the acts of some of these obscure African labourers, who quit Europe and all the delights of civilized life to wander into inhospitable climes, bent only on the great work of civilising the Dark Continent.

In Basuto Land, whose southern and eastern limits touch the confines of the colonies of the Cape and Natal, while its northern and western boundaries meet those of the Orange Free State, some fifty years since a few French Protestant missionaries took up their abode. Those men, whose numbers increased from year to year, managed to tame, so to speak, this barbarous people, these hordes of cannibals, and raise them to a state of civilisation and knowledge hitherto unattained by any tribes of South Africa.

At the present day the Christian schools of Basuto count their pupils by thousands, and a great part of the population, being Christian, have abandoned polygamy and the barbarous customs of their forefathers.

The missionaries, after a time, finding the field too small for their numbers, felt the necessity of expansion, and proceeded to establish their missions to the north of the Transvaal near the Limpopo.

They even desired to go further, and an expedition for that purpose was duly organised, with a young missionary at its head. This expedition, which was bound for the country of the Banyais or Mashonas, situated between the Matebeli and the Natuas Lands, was not, however, fortunate. On entering the Transvaal, it met with such opposition from the Boers as to be unable to go forwards, so that, after suffering the grossest insults and even imprisonment at their hands, the missionary and his followers at length arrived at Pretoria.

It was then that Mr. François Coillard, Director of

the Leribé mission, was instructed to take the place of the expedition that had failed. He at once started from Leribé, a station situated near the river Caledon, an affluent of the Orange, and to the west of Mont-aux-sources, and with his wife and niece and his followers travelled northwards, and after meeting with numerous difficulties, which only the most tenacious will could have overcome, succeeded in reaching the country for which he was bound.

Being well received by the Mashonas, he lost no time in commencing his labours, when he was attacked by a band of Matebelis, who made him prisoner, and dragged him with all his people before their chief, Lo-Bengula.

What the missionary and those poor ladies suffered during the time they remained in the power of the terrible chief of the Matebelis is a sad and painful story.

The chief, who claimed sovereign rights over the country of the Mashonas, had taken umbrage at the strangers having proceeded thither without first obtaining his royal licence, and strictly forbade his return to that territory.

On escaping from the clutches of the inhospitable chief, he made his way back to Shoshong, the capital of Bamanguato, when, anxious not to allow so costly and fatiguing a journey to turn out fruitless, he determined to make an attempt to penetrate into the Barôze. He had the advantage of speaking the idiom of the country, as had also his followers, for, Basutos by birth, they could work easily in a country where their own language was current.

We have seen that his endeavours to get into the Barôze were abortive, and that although his application was received in a friendly spirit and he obtained numerous promises from the astute Gambella, he was not himself allowed to proceed further than Chicheque.

These were the motives, traced above with a rapid hand, which brought the Coillard family into the Upper Zambesi, and led to our meeting in those remote districts.

Mr. Coillard and his wife, at the period of our falling in with each other, had been residing in Africa for twenty years!

Mr. Coillard was a man scarcely past forty; his wife, as may be said of all ladies who are married and who have exceeded their twenty-fifth year, was of no age at all.

The missionary was warmly attached to the aborigines, to whose civilisation he had devoted his life. Ever calm in gesture and in speech, he never to my knowledge lost his temper, and never did I hear issue from his mouth other words than those of pardon for the faults he saw committed around him.

François Coillard was and is the best, the kindest man I ever came across. To a superior intelligence he unites an indomitable will and the necessary firmness to carry out any enterprise, however difficult.

Possessed of great learning, the French missionary has a soul moulded to take in the sublimest sentiments, and if ever there existed a true poet, he lives in François Coillard.

Seeking and charmed to find the many good qualities inherent in the African natives, he does not see or does not care to see the bad ones. This is his great defect, but ample excuse may be found for it in the sublimity of the sentiments which give it birth.

Madame Coillard, like her husband, is overflowing with human kindness. The needy never sought her and went empty away, nor did the sorrow-laden without being consoled.

In their eyes all men are indeed brethren; their hand is open to the native as to the European, to the poor as

to the rich, when the native, the European, the poor or the rich want their aid.

As regards myself, I can never sufficiently thank them for the services they rendered me, services which made me more their debtor on account of the delicacy with which they were bestowed.

The future course of this narrative will better develop the character of the beings of whom I here speak so laconically, for they were to be my companions on the long journey we were about to undertake across an unknown desert; where abandoning the caravan road, we proposed to trace out a new one for ourselves.

CHAPTER III.

THIRTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.

The Desert—Forests—Plains—The Macaricaris—The Massaruas—The Great Macaricari—The Rivers of the Desert—Death of Córa—Want of water—Madame Coillard's last cup of tea—Shoshong.

On December the 2nd we commenced at early morning our preparations for departure.

A travelling waggon in South Africa is a lumbering conveyance constructed of timber and iron, from 19 to 22 feet long by 3 feet 4 inches to 6 feet wide, planted upon four strong timber wheels and drawn by twenty-four to thirty oxen, fastened to strong yokes, harnessed to a long and heavy rope fixed to the pole of the vehicle.

This sort of house upon wheels is laden with the baggage and goods of the traveller, and so arranged as to insure him every possible comfort.

Mr. Coillard's waggon was a perfect marvel of its kind.

Built expressly for that journey, under his own eyes and by the light of his experience as an old traveller, it boasted conveniences that I had never before seen equalled.

My own baggage was packed with that of the Coillard family at the bottom of the waggon, there being left ready to hand only such things as I deemed absolute necessaries.

They did wonders in order to stow away safely all my voluminous traps, just as during the journey they did all they could to make room for myself.

A start after a fortnight's repose is always a lengthy affair.

There are so many things to arrange, and at the last moment it is always discovered that a yoke is broken, that the whips are without thongs, that the naves of the wheels require changing, or a score of trifles, in fact, which are sure to retard by some hours the moment fixed for departure.

All precautions, however, having been taken, dictated by Mr. Coillard's long experience in journeys of this nature, we managed to leave Daca by 2 o'clock in the afternoon and directed our course southwards.

Our caravan was composed of four waggons, whereof two belonged to Mr. Coillard and two others to Mr. Frederick Phillips, of whom I shall have to say something later on.

After a march of three hours and a half we fell in with water, in a small lake, recently filled by the rain of the previous days, and took up our quarters for the night in its vicinity.

Next day we travelled S.S.E., and having tramped for a couple of hours, we halted for nearly the same time to rest the oxen.

The second part of the day's journey occupied three hours; and we made a third spurt from 7 to 9 at night.

On exploring the neighbourhood of the site of our encampment we found water at three-quarters of a mile distance in an E.N.E. direction.

On the 4th we were not able to set out before 4.30 in the afternoon, being desirous of letting the cattle take their fill of drink during the early day; and our journey had not extended beyond two hours and a half when we came to a lake of excellent water, which induced us to pitch our camp there, in spite of Mr. Phillip's negroes asserting that the place was infested

with the dreaded tsee-tsee fly, an assertion which seemed to me to want confirmation.

Nevertheless, to be upon the prudent side, we started next day with the early morning and travelled on for seven hours and a half in three marches, the last of which terminated at 9 at night. There was no appearance of water where we halted. The journey of that day had been an arduous one through a tangled forest, where the waggons ran great risk of parting company with their wheels, owing to their coming into collision with the trunks of colossal trees.

At 6 next morning we started again, marching two hours to the S.E., at the end of which time we came across a lake of permanent water, the only permanent water indeed which in the dry season is to be found between that spot and Daca. It bears the name of Tamazetze.

We rested for seven hours, and were off once more at 3 in the afternoon, camping for the night in the vicinity of another beautiful lake of permanent water, which the Massaruas call Tamafupa.

Our journey of that day had been through most beautiful forests, abounding in the white thorn. The soil was covered with a thick layer of sand. A beautiful carpet of soft grass covered the ground about the lake, and looked all the more charming from being broken into little mounds and dells.

But amid that delicious grass is found an herbaceous plant of which the oxen are immoderately fond, and from which, nevertheless, they must be kept with the utmost care, as it is a deadly poison to them.

I sat up late that night to make some astronomical observations, and perhaps I owed to my doing so a violent attack of fever which completely knocked me over next day.

For some hours I lost consciousness, and delirium

supervened, and it was only on recovering my reason that I knew of the tender nursing I had had at the hands of my excellent friends.

The next day also was one of acute suffering, and it was not until the third that our journey could be resumed, I being still in a most deplorable state. A bed was improvised for me in Mr. Coillard's waggon, and surrounded by the family, who were indefatigable in their care and watchfulness and in their efforts to procure me every possible comfort, I spent a day of which but scanty memory is left me. I recovered sufficient consciousness to know that on the 10th of December we were encamped in a place which some called Muacha and others Uguja.

At this point, where branches off the track followed by the English traders, we were to take our leave of one of them, who, as I mentioned above, had been our travelling companion from Daca.

Mr. Frederick Phillips, the gentleman in question, was a thorough Englishman. A man of good education, he affected a coarseness, not to say a semi-savagery of manner, which strangely contrasted with his evidently gentle breeding. This was one of his weaknesses.

Another may be best defined in his own words, uttered in my presence:—"If I had my wish," he said, "everything that grows, and everything that covers the earth, should be ivory, and I the owner of it all."

If I had not been sure that Mr. Phillips was an Englishman, I should have thought from the peculiar form of his wish that he had been born at Tarbes.

Mr. Phillips, tall of stature and robust in proportion, had an energetic and sympathetic face which, if report said true, had made a profound impression upon the sister of the terrible Lo Bengula, the King of the Matabeli, who had used every effort to induce him to

take her to wife. It was in the Matabeli that he had his chief African residence, and if I met him in the Zambesi it was due to the absence from his post of his partner Mr. Westbeech, which compelled him to take the journey to look after the trading interests of the firm.

Mr. Phillips, whom I first met at Luchuma, showed me much attention, and even placed at my disposal one of his waggons to enable me to continue my journey southwards, and though I did not accept his offer, I none the less feel gratefully towards him.

After taking leave of Mr. Phillips in Uguja, we started southwards and journeyed for three hours and a half, camping at 7.30 at a spot where there was no water.

Next day, having travelled for nearly three hours, we halted at a place called in the Massarua dialect Moltamagjanhane, a word meaning "many things succeeding each other," and which took its origin from a series of little lakes, that we unfortunately found dry.

The forest in that spot assumed a different aspect, and the trees, previously of a moderate size, were succeeded by true giants, shading with their lofty tops a dense forest of tangled underwood and shrubs, making transport a matter of excessive difficulty.

We started off again at 4, and two hours later crossed one of the most superb and lovely primitive forests I had yet beheld upon the continent.

At nightfall we were compelled to halt, as it was simply impossible to continue through the jungle without running the utmost risk of coming to grief with the waggons.

I began by that time to feel all right again, the fever having yielded to daily doses of four grammes of quinine.

We had not travelled next day for more than half an hour than we reached the edge of the forest, and came upon a little muddy pool of water. Before us stretched the bare, arid, and cheerless plain—that plain which was crossed for the first time, but two degrees more to the west of my track, by Livingstone, one degree more to the west by Baines, and a degree more to the east by Baldwin, Chapman, Ed. Mohr, and others;—that sandy and inhospitable plain, the Sahara of the south, in a word, the terrible Kalahari.

We journeyed along it for the space of a couple of hours, and halted to rest the oxen at 11.30, near some miserable, stunted thorn-trees, which, with their parched leafage, only made the bareness of the desert more perceptible.

Some thunder-clouds gathered in the north, and by 2 o'clock caught up to us, letting fall from their black rolling masses a few drops of tepid rain.

From the Zambesi to that point the ground was sandy, the subsoil being formed by a stratum of singularly plastic clay of a dark-chestnut colour. The thickness of the layer of fine white sand which formed the surface varied from 4 to 20 inches.

Of water there was scarce a trace, and even in the rainy season but little accumulates in the depressions of the ground. At times, as had occurred that day on leaving the forest, a thick and fetid muddy mass is the only substitute for the longed-for spring. The whole of the country up to the point where we had quitted it in the morning was covered with forest, which went on increasing in density and in luxuriance of vegetation in proportion as it drew away from the north.

The vegetation itself was for the most part leguminous, with an immense variety of the acacia in between. Flowers of the most varied and brilliant hues, of the most charming and delicate forms, entranced

at once the sight, and filled the air with their delicious perfumes. The prospect was enchanting, but travelling through it was a most arduous task.

A road had at times to be cut through the tangled mass with the hatchet, foot by foot; at other times, say for ten miles or so together, the soil was 20 inches deep in sand, in which the wheels of the waggons literally buried themselves, so that one might deem oneself fortunate if, after the greatest exertions, a mile had been got over in forty minutes of time.

Upon this vast tract, comprised between the Zambesi and the Kalahari, I have bestowed in my maps the name of Baines Desert.

It was a homage paid to an indefatigable traveller, the first who made public those inhospitable regions, and whose life was as denuded of joys and fame as that country is denuded of inhabitants.

From the spot where we halted in the morning we resumed our march at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, by which time the threatened storm had rolled away, and continued on till 8 at night, when we stopped at a thicket of stunted thorns, camping with considerable discomfort amid the prickly and sharp-pointed briars.

During the night jackalls and hyænas kept up an infernal concert all round us, and at times the contour of their forms would be visible, as the light from the camp-fires overcame the darkness.

Rain was falling as we started at half-past 5 next morning; and on quitting our thorny nest we found that we might have done considerably better in the way of halting-place, if we had only had more daylight to make a choice.

We trudged on for five hours, with only one short rest, meeting by the way several pools of water produced by the rain in the morning. Unluckily they were of no use to us, as the water was quite brackish.

The thirsty oxen, however, were not so particular, and they very soon sucked them all dry.

Water, however, fit for our own use we wanted badly, so on we went for four more hours, and were obliged to halt at last, without finding what we sought. I was enabled that night to make a successful observation of the reappearance of the first satellite of Jupiter.

At daybreak we started and took our way for an hour and a half through the arid and sandy desert, where the waggon-wheels got deeply buried.

At the lapse of that time we fell in with the dry bed of a river, along whose right bank we trudged for a good hour, crossing it at a spot where it bore off to the S.W., and therefore diverged from the course we were pursuing. The scarps of the sandy banks were nearly 10 feet in depth, and sloped rapidly. It was simply frightful, after the waggons had plunged down on one side and threatened to come to pieces, to see how the poor oxen laboured and strained to pull the huge vehicles up on to the other bank. When they had succeeded in doing so, we pitched our camp forthwith.

In the sandy bed of the river many deep pools were left containing a limpid crystalline water which delighted the eyes that had become weary with the aridity and sameness of the desert. We hastened towards them, eager to secure a hearty draught, but at the first drops which touched the lips our joy was turned to sorrow and dismay. The sparkling liquid was more than brackish,—it was salt as the waters of the sea!

Happily, we succeeded in finding at a distance from these deceptive pools several wells of considerable depth which yielded a tolerably drinkable water. We had to draw it out by bucketsful for the use of the cattle, which were suffering from want of it. The river, or rather the dry bed just alluded to, was the

Nata, which at the lower part of its course bears the name of Chua.

It was resolved to make a halt there for forty-eight hours, as the day immediately following that of our arrival was a Sunday, a day on which the Coillards did not care to travel. A better encampment was prepared in consequence, for which we were enabled to procure boughs of trees from the banks of the river, where the vegetation,—absent further north,—began once more to show itself.

By midday a kiosque or wigwam was run up and the camp was ready.

The two ladies set heartily to work. They made some bread and prepared such other dishes for the Sunday festival as the scanty means at their command enabled them to do.

Since my last attack of fever, and the infinite care and kindness that had been bestowed upon me, close contact with those ladies, to whom illness had rendered me so deeply indebted, had sunk deeply into my mind, and produced there a singular revulsion of feeling.

Until the moment I fell in with them I had forgotten, amid the savages with whom I was compelled to live, all the amenities and softness of civilized life.

Their society brought back to my memory the fact that there were angels upon earth, beings which, like roses, sweeten the thorny paths of life, or like fresh oases, afford the weary traveller rest and refreshment upon the thorny desert of his mundane journey.

The remembrance of a beloved wife and daughter became thus ever-present to my thought, kept alive by the constant sight of those two ladies, who thus became the innocent and unconscious instruments of moral torture.

How often, when wearied out and ill, did I not sit beside them, and for the time feel a tranquil happiness

steal over me, unwitting that they were to me but strangers, cast upon my path by the strangest of strange accidents!

And how often in the midst of these quiet moments of enjoyment was not my head suddenly bent down to receive the caresses of a devoted wife—far, far away—and the thought of whom thus conjured up made me rise and flee the society of those dear friends, who had then become so hateful to me!

This constant suffering, ever fed by the sight of my fair companions, and irritated by their every act of kindness, became converted into an atrociously bad humour, which threatened to become permanent.

During those outbursts of ill-temper I lost all the social forms of conventional good-breeding, and became transformed into an ill-mannered boor.

My ill-temper was directed more particularly against Madame Coillard, and it was only necessary for her to say a word, to insure a flat contradiction from myself. One day, more especially, I remember when I was guilty both of ingratitude and unmannerliness. Being very tired, I had climbed into the waggon, which the ladies perceiving, they deprived themselves of their cushions and pillows to make me comfortable, and deaden the violent jerks of a springless vehicle over the most uneven of ground. I was so comfortable, indeed, that I fell fast asleep, my good friends watching over me the while to take measures, by the replacing of the disordered cushions, to prolong my slumbers.

Madame Coillard was delighted at the result, although she herself must have been put to considerable inconvenience in order to secure my repose—and she could not refrain from asking me whether I had not had a nice rest, certain beforehand that my reply would be an acknowledgment of her watchful kindness. But the evil spirit within me decided otherwise.

"How could I rest," I answered, "in that infernal waggon, where everything seemed to be expressly arranged to drive away sleep and comfort?"

A moment after, when I looked at her, I saw her eyes were full of tears. This sight recalled to me the brutality of which I had been guilty, and in a rage with myself and every one about me, I started off on a long ramble to restore the tone of my mind.

Unfortunately, this was not a solitary instance of splenetic humour, as the course of my narrative will too plainly show.

I am at a loss now to understand how so great a revolution could have been wrought in my mind or how I could possibly have been guilty of such barbarity.

The two days spent on the banks of the Nata had more pleasant memories than those I have above alluded to.

I had observations to make, arrears of work to bring up, and a curious country to study, all of which were agreeable diversions to the monotonous life of the desert; and as a natural consequence I was, I think, somewhat less bearish in demeanour.

The Desert of Kalahari, in the parts where it possesses water, is frequented by a nomade population. These are the Massaruas, on whom the English have bestowed the generic name of Bushmen. The Massaruas are savages, but in a far less degree than the Mucassequeres whom I met near the confluents of the Cuando in 15° lat. S. and 19° long. E. of Greenwich. The Massaruas are densely black, have their molar teeth very projecting; have small bright eyes and but little hair.

Some of them ventured about us, and I gave them a little tobacco and powder, at which they were delighted. In the afternoon they returned, bringing a

basket of fresh fish, which they had gone to the lakes to catch expressly for me.

On the following day, in an excursion which I made, I visited their camp.

I observed that they had pipkins in which to cook their food, and a few other trifling indications of rudimentary civilization.

I was struck by the large store that they possessed of land-tortoises, a food, it seems, of which they are very fond. The women clothe themselves in scanty skins, and adorn themselves and their children with beads.

Their arms consist of assegais and small oval shields. A perfect heap of amulets appears about their breasts, and leather bangles are worn upon their wrists and ankles.

They shave the hair away from their ears, leaving a circle on their heads like a skull-cap. They talk a barbarous dialect, which is most remarkable for the mode in which it strikes upon the ear, dividing their words with a clack produced by the tongue, and which they call *cliques*.

We started on the 16th of December, travelling on the left bank of the river, and halted quite close to it, after five hours' march.

The Massaruas, who bestow upon the river the name of Nata at the point where we spent the Sunday, distinguish it by that of Chua at the place where we pitched our camp.

As I mentioned, we followed its direction, which ran S.W., S.E., S.S.E, and S., making its mean course a southerly one, so that no doubt was left in my mind as to the Nata and Chua being one and the same river, which, like almost all the African streams, bears different names at different parts of its course.

This part of the desert was covered with a short and

wiry grass, and it was only on rare occasions that we observed a solitary tree.

Nevertheless, the river-sides were not wanting in vegetation, so that from time to time pretty bits of landscape met the eye.

I have spoken of certain wells dug in the bed of the river which yielded water fit for drinking purposes; but this was not always the case, and the water of the open pools was completely saturated with salt.

We frequently came across small bare patches of ground whereon nothing whatsoever grew, and which we found to be covered with a thick layer of salt, deposited by evaporated water.

The information supplied by the Massaruas respecting the want of water was alarming, and we determined to go no further that day, so as to avail ourselves as long as possible of some really good and fresh, discovered in very deep wells.

I noticed that from the time of our entering upon that tract of the Kalahari a very brisk wind blew from the east during the early hours of the morning, and that from midday till evening a soft breeze set in from the west.

I attributed this constantly recurring phenomenon to the influence over the atmosphere of the vast sandy desert lying to the west of us.

It was natural to suppose that so immense an area reflecting the solar heat should produce an atmospheric expansion, causing during the afternoon the gentle breeze towards the east above alluded to; and that the air, slowly expanded during the sunny hours, should be rapidly contracted by the intense cold of night, and produce—in the effort to restore the equilibrium—the strong current observable in the early hours of the day.

Mr. Coillard deemed it prudent not to set out until

the afternoon of the following day, so that the oxen might be thoroughly satisfied before going further in the hope of discovering other problematical watering-places; but I decided upon pushing forward ahead, accompanied only by young Pepeca, so that we arranged to meet on the banks of the Simoane.

My main object was to visit the lakes on which the Massaruas bestow the name of *Macaricaris*, or salt-pans.

After traversing seven miles of them, I plunged into a forest, through which I pursued my way for some three miles more, until I came upon the bed of a river, in which there was some stagnant water, and which I conjectured to be the Simoane.

I descended by its bed till I arrived at the Grand Macaricari or Great Salt Pan. After tramping till I was tired about the neighbourhood, I sought for a place which, by my reckoning, the caravan would have to pass, and there lay myself down to wait.

It was not till 9 at night, and a pitch-dark night too, that my well-tutored ear caught at a distance the sound of the rattling waggons, when, getting up, I walked in that direction to meet them. Madame Coillard had become very anxious at my absence for the entire day with only a lad for company, and the first thing she did when the caravan halted was to make me some tea, a beverage of which she knew me to be inordinately fond, and I find it recorded in my diary that I gulped down six large cupsful of the refreshing liquid.

Truly, the havoc that I made in Madame Coillard's stock of tea was something enormous!

The Simoane, which appeared little more than a series of small pools, three yards or so in width, runs westward in the rainy season, and debouches directly into the great Macaricari.

The whole of that district, and more especially the

forest through which the Simoane runs, gave indications of recent heavy rains, which accounted for the numerous pools of tolerable water that we found in the river-bed.

In the dry season they also dry up, saving a few deeper holes; but the water retained in these becomes so saturated with salt that it is utterly useless to man and beast.

From the moment of our arriving on the banks of the Nata, and invariably when we came to a halt, we were pestered with Massaruas, who flocked about us, begging. Their importunities, however, ceased if we got angry with them, when they would at once take to their heels.

These Massaruas, who are certainly not wanting in courage, as they successfully hunt both the elephant and the lion, are yet timid in the face of man, and more especially of the European.

It was not until 4 o'clock that we reached a place where the cattle found pleasant pasture and abundant water; we pushed on, however, again, after a short halt, and camped at 8.30 in an arid spot.

On the 19th, having travelled for some four hours in a S.S.E. direction, keeping at the foot of a slope that bore eastwards, we arrived at the dry bed of a river whose banks produced a luxuriant vegetation. The Massaruas who, as usual, were soon round us, called it the Lilutela, and said it was the same that others designated Chuani, that is to say, the *little Chua*. This name of Chuani must have been given to the river by natives from the south, who spoke the Sesuto idiom or one of its dialects, because in that tongue nouns form their diminutives by the termination *ani*.

The Lilutela, the name which I have retained as being that used by the nomade tribes of the desert, has dug for itself a bed through a forest formed of

gigantic trees but bare of shrubs. This forest, which we fell in with some nine miles to the N. of the Simoane, appeared to be the edge or border of one of great density that clothed some high ground running north and south at a few miles to the east of the track we were pursuing.

It was observed that the ground on quitting the banks of the river Nata was much more consistent, and that, for the time being, we had left the sand behind us. The soil was formed of a thick layer of very plastic clay, and during the constant rains it must be an almost impassable bog.

One of the Massaruas who paid us a visit guided us to a pool, about three-quarters of a mile to the westward, where the oxen were enabled to slake their thirst and we to lay in a good stock of water.

The banks of the Lilutela were covered with a thick stratum of guano, and during the season, when the little river bears water, they must be frequented by millions of birds.

We moved on again the same day at 5 in the afternoon, under the disagreeable impression that we should not find any watering-place during the whole of the following day, a fear that was confirmed by the Massaruas. We trudged on till half-past 11 at night, constantly through the splendid forest glades.

We took a fresh departure on the 20th at 8 in the morning, and half an hour later fell in with the dry bed of the river Cualiba, which runs—when it runs at all—due west, into the Great Macaricari.

The forest in that place was found to be full of deep flinty holes, formed by the action of the water, which were inhabited by great quantities of huge snails of various kinds.

We camped on the opposite bank of the Cualiba, in order to seek for water.

The Massaruas, who came about us, did not choose to reveal where any was to be found, their not unusual mode of treating strangers, but after hunting about for ourselves and making many trials in the bed of the river, we managed to procure some from a well, which we dug at somewhat less than a mile below our camp.

At 4.25 P.M. we were again upon the march, and halted at 5.10 to water the cattle at a pond which we discovered to have been filled by a recent torrential rain.

Our journey for the day was not yet completed, as we pushed on for two hours longer, and camped at length, at 8 o'clock, having crossed on our way a portion of the Great Macaricari.

The Great Macaricari.

In the vast and remarkable desert of the Kalahari, where Nature seems to have been pleased to bring into juxtaposition the most discordant elements; where the luxuriant forest borders the dry and sterile plain; where the loose and shifting sand is a continuation of the stiff clay, upon the same level; where drought is frequently the next-door neighbour to water;—in that desert, which at one time assumes the appearance of the Sahara, at another the American Pampas, and at another again the steppes of Russia;—in that desert raised three thousand feet above the sea-level, one of the most remarkable phenomena is the Grand Macaricari, or Great Salt Pan.

It is an enormous basin, a basin where the ground has sunk from 9 to 16 feet, and which at its longer axis must be from 120 to 150 miles, and at the shorter from 80 to 100 in extent.

Similar to all Macaricaris, it affects a nearly elliptical shape, and, like the others, has its greater axis due east and west.

In the Massarua language, macaricaris signify basins covered with salts, or salt-pans, where the rain-water is held for a certain time, disappearing in the summer season through evaporation, and once again leaving behind it the salts which it had dissolved. These macaricaris are most abundant in that part of the desert, and I visited a good many whose greater axis, always lying east and west, were three miles and upwards in length.

The linings of these pans are of coarse sand covered with a crystalline layer of salt, which attains to a thickness varying from half an inch to an inch.

I believe that the layer of salt is not composed exclusively of chloride of sodium, although that is the predominant substance. The calcareous deposits, which the waters leave through evaporation, give evidence that salts of lime must likewise be reckoned as assisting to form the crystalline stratum therein dissolved, and that in no inconsiderable proportion.

I made a collection of a good many pieces of the internal lining of the Macaricari basins, but unfortunately the case containing them, as well as other precious specimens I was conveying to Europe, fell into the sea when I was embarking on board the "Danubio" at Durban, and was lost.

The great lake receives during the rainy season an immense volume of water through its tributaries the Nata, Simoane, Cualiba and others; in fact, the whole of the rains which fall in those latitudes between the lake and the frontier of the Matebeli country drain into it, because the land gradually rises to the eastwards, up to the meridian 28° or 28°·30′ of Greenwich.

These waters, which form enormous torrents, must fill the Great Macaricari very speedily.

This vast basin communicates with Lake Ngami, by the Botletle or Zonga, and its level is the same as that

of the latter lake, a circumstance which gives rise to a very remarkable phenomenon. As the two lakes are some degrees distant from each other, the great rains will frequently fall in the east and cause the Macaricari to overflow, whilst the springs which feed the Ngami have not increased in volume. The Botletle then runs westward from the Macaricari to the Ngami. At other times, the reverse of this takes place, and the Ngami uses the same conduit to drain its surplus waters into the Macaricari. This is its natural course, as the Ngami is supplied by a permanent and voluminous river.

But the question arises, what becomes of all this water which drains from every side into the stupendous pool? Does it disappear through evaporation only?

Must there not be likewise a vast infiltration which, through mysterious and subterranean passages, gives birth to those innumerable rivulets that, on the lower plain, run towards the sea in opposite directions?

What becomes of the waters of the Cubango, a large and permanent river, which are swallowed up in that unsoundable desert?

I am of opinion that those same waters actually reach the Great Macaricari and there disappear.

The Botletle is nothing more than the Cubango, widening out upon its course in the shape of the lake known as Ngami.

But for the Great Macaricari the parts of South Africa comprised between the 18th parallel and the Orange river would be a most fertile country, and considering the climatological and meteorological conditions which favour it, it would be a country with a great future before it.

The Cubango alone would have sufficed to fertilize it. But the Cubango, like all the rivers which flow towards

the Kalahari, has met upon its way a sandy and perfectly horizontal plain which has dispersed its waters, as though it said, "Here they find no thoroughfare," and the scanty quantity which managed to break through has been caught up and greedily swallowed by the great Macaricari, without its huge thirst being any way satiated by the operation.

The rivers which take their rise to the south of the 18th parallel and west of meridian 27, north of the Orange and west of the Limpopo, are not permanent streams: formidable torrents in the rainy season, they are mere dry sandy trenches in the summer.

The waters of almost all of them extend to the line which unites the Ngami to the Great Macaricari, where they lose themselves, occasionally, to spring again to life with a new rainy season.

There are times, as was the case in that very year, when even the Botletle displayed to the dwellers by its banks, its white and sandy bed.

This part of Africa is well worthy of study, wrapped, as it is, in a dark mysterious veil; but it is so inhospitable, that it will for a long time succeed in hiding its secrets from the prying eyes of scientific investigators.

On the 21st of December we continued our way southwards, leaving the Great Macaricari at 5 o'clock in the morning, and came to a halt, four hours afterwards, near a small lake of good water furnished by the rain, which fell abundantly the evening before.

The country we traversed was covered with trees, the undergrowth being composed of thorns, which greatly impeded our way.

We started again at midday, and about 2 P.M. reached the Tapane rivulet, which terribly disappointed our expectations by not yielding us a drop of potable water, so that we were forced to push on again until 9 at night, when we fell in with a small lake of perma-

nent water, called by the Massaruas, Linocanim (*little brook*), owing to the lake giving rise to a brook which runs eastwards, probably into the river Tati.

Between 6 and 8 o'clock that same evening a terrific tempest swept down upon us, accompanied by abundant rain, which converted the ground into a marsh, and made it difficult to move the waggons.

Some of Mr. Coillard's goats, and my Cora among them, in their desire to take refuge from the storm, crept under the moving waggons, and one was almost immediately crushed beneath the wheels.

Poor Cora was the second victim. A wheel passed over her haunches, and although I managed to convey her alive to Linocanim, I saw at once that her fate was hopeless.

During the night a most venomous cobra was killed in the camp.

From the time of our leaving the river Nata I saw more of these terrible creatures than I had noticed the whole journey through. In the evening an enormous and most loathsome toad crept into the skins which composed my bed, and on waking I found myself face to face with this little desirable companion. Scorpions, centipedes, and the most repulsive insects, were my bedfellows, which drew close to my body to seek the heat which is so dear to cold-blooded animals.

One must get tolerably used to the desert ere being able to sleep upon skins, laid upon the hard ground, with venomous insects and reptiles for company.

From what I have previously hinted as to the state of my mind, it will be readily comprehended that these annoyances, petty as some of them were, joined to more serious matters, were not of a nature to diminish my spleen. The rainy weather too, which continued persistently, and the gloomy sky that prevented me

making any astronomical observations, sensibly contributed to upset my equanimity.

On the day in question my whole time and all my thoughts were taken up with attending to Cora, who died in the evening.

Poor dear beast! I lost in thee the only truly loved object I met with on African soil, before I came to know the European family who admitted me into their inner circle. With thee disappeared the constant companion of my days of sadness, the valued friend of my brief periods of joy.

Poor Cora! The grave I dug for thee on the banks of the Linocanim will ever remain a sad spot in my memory, and the few lines I dedicate to thee here, dictated by the sorrow thy untimely death occasioned me, are the sincere expression of my gratitude towards thee for the love and devotion thou bestowedst upon me!

Now let every cynical reader and severe critic sneer at my frivolity in writing the above lines upon what they may consider so paltry a subject, for by doing so, they will give me the right to compassionate them. There are trifles in life which become actual events to the man of feeling, though they may be the merest puerilities to him whose heart has become hardened. If, reader, you are in the latter case, laugh your fill at me, and I will pity you in return. I do not deny the vast superiority you have over me in such a matter, but I am as Heaven made me, and I am well content.

The memory of Cora yet lives, for in dying she left behind her a little one, on which Mr. Coillard's Basutos bestowed the name of Coranhano.

The afternoon of the 22nd was stormy, and from 3 till 6.30 P.M. the rain which fell was torrential.

We left at 6 next morning, and halted at 9, at a spot where the Massaruas had dug a deep well; this

place they called Tlalamabelli (*Mabelli hunger*).* We were disappointed, however, at finding no water in it, as there was nothing but a fetid mud at the bottom.

We toiled on for five and a half more hours that day, the rain pouring down upon us the whole time.

On the 24th we continued our journey, and after keeping it up for four hours and a half, we came to a station of the Massaruas, subject to King Khama of the Manguato. The little hamlet is called Morralana, from the name of a tree which grows there abundantly.

The Massaruas informed us that we might proceed in a straight line, as the quantity of rain which had fallen during the previous days would enable us to find water on the road without our having to diverge too much to the eastward in search of it.

At 11 o'clock a heavy rain began once more to fall, and it did not hold up till 2: we then started afresh, but halted at 4, having met with a lake full of delicious water. As we learned from the Massaruas that we were not likely to meet with any other fit to drink after leaving that spot for three whole days, we determined to camp there.

It was Christmas Eve! A miserable Christmas Eve indeed, in which my ill-humour, that had been pent up all day, wanted only the slightest provocation to break out. As the rain was still pelting down, we had all of us, Mr. Coillard, the ladies and myself, taken shelter in one of the waggons.

My friends were conversing; I was huddled up, morosely silent and nursing my spleen. I do not know how it happened, but Madame Coillard began to talk in praise of George Eliot.

The utterance of that name, again I know not why, was like a spark falling upon gunpowder.

Turning to Madame Coillard, I told her that George

* Mabelli, or massambala, or *sorghum*.

Eliot wrote nothing but nonsense, for her George Eliot was only a woman, and women, when they took up a pen, only could write nonsense.

Madame Coillard, hurt at my remark, and perhaps still more by the aggressive tone in which it was uttered, tried to argue the point, but my only reply was that women were not born to be writers, that when they attempted it the result was but foolishness, and that their vocation was to attend to their households and not to write books.

Our discussion got warm; but it ended when I saw upon her usually placid features an expression of pain and vexation, which caused me to get up and rush out for a solitary ramble.

Directly I was alone, I wondered at myself, and tried long and uselessly to explain the reason of this spirit of contradiction which had of late sprung up within me, belying my best feelings and running counter to my cool judgment.

For I hasten to say that I am an immense admirer of George Eliot, and have read and re-read 'Romola' and 'Adam Bede,' which I rank amongst the noblest productions of one of the finest of English romance-writers: that I am ready also to give a hearty tribute of admiration to the genius of a Staël and a Georges Sand; that no one more willingly than myself bows the head to that charming writer of my own country, Maria Amalia Vaz de Carvalho, a woman who has written one of the best books that has been produced there in modern times. In what I said I therefore did violence to what I thought and what I felt, for the insane pleasure of saying ill-natured things, and for no other earthly reason than to annoy a lady who had made me her eternal debtor, and who only repaid my brutal remarks with more tender care and more earnest solicitude.

The 25th of December, Christmas Day, broke upon us, and as being the day of all others set apart throughout the Christian world for festivity and rest, was destined to be to us one of rude labour, in which we had to travel for thirteen hours, in three long spells, and only procure rest at an hour after midnight.

It was the old story, the want of water, which compelled us to make such fatiguing journeys, and as it was, we got none really fit to drink till three days later! We should not probably have been able to do so much but for the assistance we procured upon the road. Shortly after starting we were met by a gang of Bamanguatos whom King Khama had sent to Mr. Coillard with fresh oxen for his waggons. We learned from these men the news of the deaths of Captain Paterson, Mr. Sargeant and Mr. Thomas, with a few attendants, who having proceeded to the Matebeli in the service of the English Government had been, as it was reported, assassinated by Lo Bengula.

The rain had ceased, but the sky remained still completely covered with a thick veil. I had an attack of fever which, though not a bad one, took my strength out of me. Just a year had passed since I was at Quillengues, and was struggling with death on that same day. Capello and Ivens were then my companions.

How much I thought of them that day! Where were they then? What had been their fate in those inhospitable climes? On that same Christmas Day, how vividly did not the images of my own dear ones rise up before my mind! Prominently among them the figure of my daughter, whose anniversary it was; and for whom doubtless a little festival was made,—from which I alone was absent!

How many families there must have been in the world, seated on that day at tables laden with good cheer, selecting their wines and setting water aside as

needless, who never dreamed that in the far away and arid desert four Europeans, fagged out with journeying, would have been made for the time quite happy by the possession of that water which was treated as of so little worth!

But for the beings who were so bound to us by the ties of kindred and affection, who else was likely to think of the wanderers on that day?

These are some of the saddest moments among the many trying ones in the life of an explorer!

On the 26th, at daybreak, we made our first march of four hours' duration, travelling over a plain, which had a slight rise towards the south, covered with grass and presenting here and there small patches of wood. The soil of reddish-yellow sand was so yielding that the wheels sunk into it almost to the axles, so that our progress was slow and difficult.

We made two journeys on that day, one of five, the other of four hours, without coming upon the slightest indication of water. We camped at half-past 11 at night at the entrance to a valley where the ground appeared too difficult and hazardous to venture in the darkness.

On awaking, a lovely landscape, lovely at least to eyes fatigued with the monotony and sterility of the desert, was spread out before us.

The valley or rather dell, for it was very small, before whose entrance we had drawn up the night before, was formed by hills, of no greater elevation than 60 or 70 feet, but rugged and picturesque.

To about half their height they displayed an agglomeration of basaltic stone, worn into deep holes and furrows, which indicated the persistent labour of water.

Notwithstanding the green grass that covered the bottom of the valley, we found no water, although,

during the periods of the great rains, it must flow there abundantly.

The Bamanguatos told us that this charming site was called Setlequan.

The oxen broke away and fled during the night, doubtless in search of water, which they could not find, and they were brought back to camp by the natives we despatched in search of them, but not till 11 o'clock.

We started directly they were put to, and 3 hours later we arrived at the partially dry bed of the river Luale. This river, like almost all of them in that part of the country, has only water running in it during the rainy season, but a few deep holes are to be found at all times containing stagnant water. It may be said therefore to contain permanent water, though in small quantity ; and, as being the first met with after leaving Linocanim, a distance of 80 miles, it may well be imagined that the journey between the two would be impossible in the height of summer.

Both man and beast having slaked their thirst, we decided upon pushing forward.

When on the point of starting we discovered that five of Mr. Coillard's goats were missing.

We let the waggons with the ladies go on ahead, whilst Mr. Coillard and myself with a few of the natives searched about for the missing animals.

We were enabled for a long time to follow their track but lost it at last, so that at 6.30 P.M. with the shades of evening already upon us, we set out in pursuit of the waggons, leaving some of the negroes behind to continue the search next day. We picked our road with what care we could, it being now quite dark. Mr. Coillard with his firm belief in the protection of God, was completely unarmed, merely carrying in his hand a slight switch. My belief was great

as his, but I believed also in wild beasts on the African continent, and therefore was armed with my trusty rifle.

An hour after leaving the Luale, we heard, quite close to us, upon our left, a most unholy chorus of hyenas and jackals, but could see nothing.

My companion at times produced on me the strangest effect. There was something about him altogether beyond my comprehension. One day, I remember, he was relating to me, with all the warmth of description which his poetical spirit supplied him, one of the most thrilling episodes of his journey, which he concluded with, "We were all but lost!" "But," I answered, "you had arms, and ten armed and devoted followers to back you, so that under the circumstances you have described there was an easy way out of the difficulty."

He shook his head and replied, "It could not have been done without shedding blood, and I could not kill a man to save either my own life or the lives of my people."

I was astonished as I listened, for this was a type of manhood perfectly new to me. I could not understand how in that southern and ardent organisation could exist an icy courage, a courage that I tried to grasp in vain.

It was in fact a courage springing from those *flôres d'alma* which one of our best Portuguese poets succeeded in defining by that beautiful and expressive phrase. It was the courage of the early martyrs, which it is given to few to fathom and experience. As for myself, I declare that I do not fathom it, although it none the less excites my admiration.

There were times when, during my travels, I found myself in the midst of a forest, unarmed, or more correctly speaking, without a rifle, for some weapon I always had with me, and whenever this occurred, a

vague uneasiness, and indefinable perturbation, disturbed my mind.

I could not, therefore, understand the man who traversed the African wilds with a switch in his hand, that was scarce strong enough to cut down the blades of grass he met upon his path. It must be a sublime kind of courage which I grieve not to call my own.

The track that Mr. Coillard and myself were pursuing was frequented by wild beasts, and yet the valorous Frenchman, unarmed as I have described him, was quite ready to traverse it, if I had no objection to bear him company.

Madame Coillard, uneasy at our absence, had, however, caused the waggons to halt, so that we came up with them after three hours' walking.

We then all went on together, and camped at 1 A.M. beside the Cane rivulet.

At daybreak Augusto made his appearance with the missing goats which he had found during the night. At 7 we were again astir, crossing a mountainous country clothed in luxuriant vegetation that presented at every turn some beautiful panorama.

The mountains ran to the S.W., and all the waters, if there are any, must run eastward.

After two long marches we camped by the dry bed of a rivulet called Letlotze, where we fortunately found water in a small pool. It was resolved to stop there the whole of the next day, for being Sunday, my friends preferred not to travel.

We were aroused early next morning with the alarming news that the cattle had made their way to the pool discovered over night and drunk up every drop of its contents.

A search for another supply was therefore at once set on foot, and it was Catraio who, after long and

careful hunting, found out a fresh store, but at a considerable distance from the encampment.

The spot where we were camped was a most lovely one, and we spent altogether a delightful day.

On the 30th of December we were off again with the dawn.

I woke up in one of my bad fits of spleen when I seemed to hate everybody and every thing; the ladies, the missionary, myself and all about me being equally objects of my detestation.

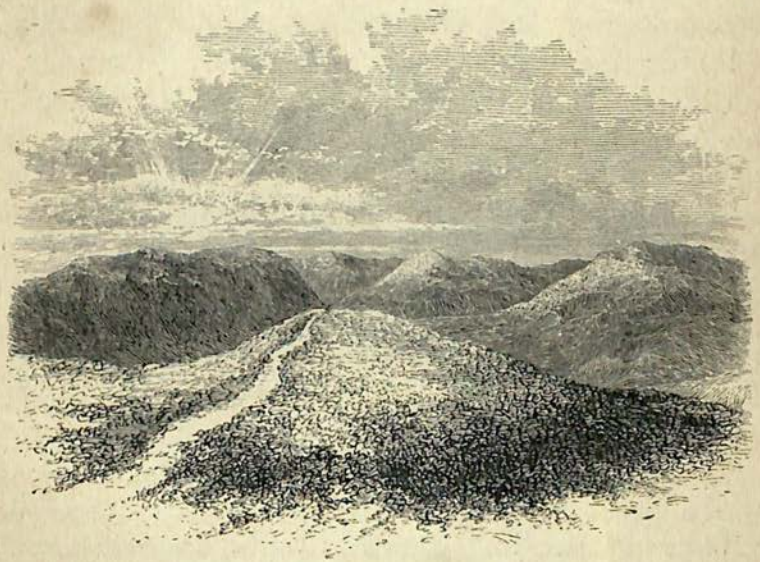


Fig. 119.—The Defiles of Letlotze.

This wretched state of mind was not improved on learning that Mr. Coillard intended making a long journey that day.

In fact there was no help for it as we plunged into the defiles of the Letlotze, and had to cover nearly 16 miles without halting.

We stopped at length, and I seized the opportunity to get away from the encampment ere I committed

myself by some ill-advised and ill-tempered speech. I returned after a tramp about the neighbourhood and, as I drew near the temporary habitations, I perceived, through the trees, Madame Coillard talking with her niece in a way which indicated some trouble or anxiety.

I could not hear what was said, but what I saw gave me a clue to the story.

Miss Elise held in her hand the tea canister, Madame Coillard a cup. Into this cup were poured the entire contents of the canister, which, being divided into two, were, as regards half of them, returned to the latter.

It was the last of Madame Coillard's tea! I was so struck and touched at the expression on the face of this good Scotch lady as she surveyed the few remaining leaves, that my ill-humour fled, as if by magic, and, strange to relate, it seemed like some foul spirit to be exorcised for good and all.

We travelled three more hours on that same day and finally camped at 7.30 in a dry spot.

Our course still lay through the defiles of Letlotze, a deep furrow, as it were, which wound its serpentine course beside and above the dry bed of the river of the same name. Seven times did we cross that stony bed to the great risk of the waggons which alternately thundered down and then had to be dragged up the steep and shelving banks.

The mountains which enclose and crown the defile are fine, and present a serried range of curious aspect.

On the 31st of December, after a two hours' march, we made our entry into Shoshong, the great capital of the Manguato.

By 8 o'clock that morning I had purchased a sack of potatoes and another of onions; I had fallen in with a Mr. Stanley (not the renowned H.M.), of whom I shall have more to say later on, and by 11 A.M., having

shaken hands with King Khama, the most notable native of South Africa, I was seated at breakfast with a fine dish of potatoes and ham and a magnificent beef-steak steaming on the board.

Madame Coillard too had laid in a fresh stock of tea.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE MANGUATO.

Severe illness—A Stanley, but not *the* Stanley—King Khama—The English in Africa—The pound sterling—Mr. Taylor—The Bamanguatos on horseback—Horses and riders—Farewells—I start for Pretoria—Nocturnal adventures—Return to Shoshong—Will the chronometers run down?

WITH daybreak of the 1st of January, 1879, I saw a new year open in Africa.

Twelve months had elapsed since the day I left Quillengues and made a long march into the interior, just recovered from my first serious illness in Africa. At Shoshong, one year afterwards, New Year's Day was to be for me a day of rest, and the eve also of the last dangerous attack which threatened my life on that long and fatiguing journey.

I passed the festival with the Coillard family, in the half-ruined house belonging to the missionary Mr. Mackenzie, which had been assigned us for our residence.

On the 2nd I repaired to the city, to the English quarter, and in one of the houses there I was presented with a magnificent cigar, a pure *Londres*. It seemed an age since I had seen such a thing, and I thought the flavour of that Havana simply delicious!

It was on that day I felt the symptoms of an approaching fever of a serious kind.

It rapidly assumed an alarming character, and until the 7th I hovered between life and death. The care and kindness bestowed upon me by Madame Coillard

are indescribable, and I certainly own it to her nursing that I did not take my last sleep in those distant regions.

By the 7th I was sufficiently recovered to receive a visit from Stanley. This Stanley was a Transvaal colonist,—an Englishman, but married in Marico to a Boer.

He had come to Shoshong to sell potatoes and onions, and it was of him I bought my two sacks, as alluded to at the end of my last chapter, and hired a waggon to continue my onward journey.

I had a long talk with him, and succeeded in making my contract.

In virtue of the arrangement, the waggon was to be at my service, and himself into the bargain, since he was to be my driver and obey me in every particular.

The fellow imposed another condition, which I accepted, namely, that of calling at his house, to assure his wife that he had not been devoured by the lions.

He told me at once that he would go no further than Pretoria, as he had a little boy from whom he could not part for any length of time. I had therefore in drawing up my contract to take into consideration the paternal feelings of my Transvaal driver.

Stanley was a man of some thirty years of age, tall, with very fair hair and beard, and a common-place physiognomy enough, a style of man in direct contrast to his namesake the great traveller. I had to put a violence upon my own feelings even to call him by his own name.

After a lengthened conference it was decided that he should be ready to start on the 13th, and we parted mutually satisfied with each other.

The Manguato, or country of the Bamanguatos, occupies in South Africa an area that cannot be very clearly defined, so vast is its extent.

To the south of the Zambesi and north of the 24th parallel, Africa is divided from sea to sea into three great superior and distinct races.

To the east are the Vatuas or Landius, whose chief is Muzila. After them come the Matebelis or Zulus; governed by Lo Bengula. To the west are the Bamanguatos with King Khama at their head.

Many groups, both large and small, of inferior races are subject to the above three which are the dominant, as they are incontestably the superior races.

Such are, for instance, among the Matebelis, the Macalacas; and among the Bamanguatos, the Massaruas.

Besides these, other castes form here and there small distinct groups; and the natives of the reedy banks of the Botletle and of the Ngami, subject to King Khama, and the Banials and other tribes to the eastward, subject to Lo Bengula, are of different origin.

These three great potentates are sworn enemies,* and pursue a widely diverse policy.

I shall here say a few words of Khama only, passing over in silence the acts of the other two powerful sovereigns whose countries I did not visit.

The Manguato, a few years since, was governed by an old and barbarous imbecile.

This was Khama's father.

Khama, a Christian convert, educated by the English, a civilised man of lofty intelligence and superior good sense, not unnaturally failed to secure the good graces of his father, and, although the eldest son, and therefore the legal heir to the kingdom, he was persecuted in-

* It would appear, however, that Lo Bengula has recently married a sister of Muzila's, and that an alliance has sprung up between the two. Such an alliance may not impossibly entail grave complications in the future colonial development of South Africa.

cessantly by the old man, whose sole object was to make his second son, Camanhane, his successor.

Khama, in his desire to keep clear of the intrigues which his enemies at Shoshong were constantly planning, very prudently got out of the way, and retired to the Botletle; but on the road all his cattle were dispersed for want of water, and being caught and collected by the Massaruas, were taken back to his father.

These were reclaimed by Khama, but the only answer his messengers obtained was that he must come and seek them at Shoshong, but if he did it would be at the peril of his head.

Khama replied that he would not fail to put in an appearance, and appointed the spring of the following year as the time of his intended visit, when he hoped that they would be prepared to do him justice. He kept his word, and marched into the Manguato at the head of a very respectable force, recruited from the borders of the Botletle and Ngami. Opposition being offered to his advance, he routed the natives in various encounters, and shortly after took possession of Shoshong.

He was proclaimed king, and his father deposed. He delivered up to the old man all his herds and wealth, made a good provision for his brother Camanhane, and, having banished them to the south, on the borders of the Corumane, he quietly settled himself down into his new position.

A twelvemonth having elapsed, Khama recalled his father and brother to the capital, and loaded them with favours.

The act may have been a kind, but it was not a politic one. No sooner did the father and younger son find themselves comfortably settled than they conspired against the generous king, who, disgusted at finding himself thus involved in fresh intrigues, gave

up the reins of power to his father and retired to the north.

But the Bamanguatos, who had estimated the wise government of Khama at its true value, chafed at this arrangement, and very shortly afterwards they rose in mass against the restored king and brought back the eldest son once more to reign over them. The former, exiles for the second time, found their way to the Corumane, and were again the recipients of the king's bounty.

This last episode in the history of the Manguato took place seven years before my arrival in the country, and from that time Khama's power had gone on uninterruptedly to complete consolidation.

In the wars which he carried on with his family and with strangers, Khama acquired the reputation of a great captain.

During the time that I remained in Shoshong, Camanhane was still living there, although he had no part in public affairs. Khama had long since pardoned him, kept him about his person, and endowed him with considerable wealth.

In contrast to all the native governments of Africa, that of Khama was anything but selfish. The king gave his thoughts to his people in preference to himself.

A great portion of the population was Christian, and all clothed themselves in European fashion.

Perhaps there was not a single Bamanguato that did not possess a gun, but, out of the forest districts, one rarely saw an armed man.

Khama himself never carried arms. He was a frequent visitor to the missionary quarter, situated at a mile and a half from the city, and returned thence late at night, alone and unarmed.

What other African chief would do the same?

Khama's age was about forty, although he appeared considerably younger. In person he was tall and robust, but he had one of those faces which it is difficult to read. His manners were "distinguished," and his European costume was simple and in the most exquisite taste. Like all the Bamanguatos, he was a capital horseman, a good marksman, and an eager hunter.

He breakfasted almost daily with the Coillards, and his demeanour at table was that of a refined European gentleman.

His wealth was great, but it was freely spent on behalf of his people.

Some years ago a scourge of pestilence, followed by famine, visited the Bamanguato district; but it was all but unfelt at Shoshong.

The king purchased cereals wherever they were to be obtained. In one week alone he was said to have expended five thousand pounds sterling, but,—his people never wanted food.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the respectful way in which all saluted him as he went by. It was not the homage paid to the sovereign, but rather the affection displayed towards a father.

He visited the houses of the poor as well as of the rich, and encouraged all alike to labour; and the Bamanguatos do labour, heartily.

Women as well as men take part in field-work, and the ploughs imported from England are used in tilling the ground.

Besides being great agriculturists, the Bamanguatos are cattle-graziers, and many of them possess large herds and flocks.

Within doors they employ themselves in dressing skins, and sewing them with the nerves of antelopes; and they turn out most valuable coverlets and other articles for winter use.

During the hunting season they are keen sportsmen, and they hunt both ostriches and elephants.

In all these occupations they are encouraged by their chief, who is ever among them both in their fields and in their habitations.

The people take kindly to the Europeans, and the lives of the latter are as secure in the Manguato as they would be in their own country.

I observed that Khama went about almost always alone, and at most accompanied by a couple of mounted men. He himself was always in the saddle.

How comes it that, in the midst of so many barbarous peoples, there should be one so different to the others?

It is due, I firmly believe, to the English missionaries; and I cannot refrain from mentioning their names; they are those of three men who have more especially brought about this great work.

With the same impartiality that I have hitherto used in speaking about the blacks, I propose now to say something of the whites; and if I do not hesitate to aver that the labours of many missionaries and of many African missions are sterile, or even worse, I am just as ready to admit, from the evidence of my own senses, that others yield favourable, or apparently favourable, results.

Man is but fallible, and it is easy to conceive that, when far removed from the social influences by which he has been surrounded from his infancy, lost, so to speak, amid the ignorant peoples of Africa, and inhabiting an inhospitable clime, his mind should undergo a remarkable change.

This must be the general rule, which has, of course, its exceptions. Those exceptions are to be found in the men who are truly strong, in the men who rest their faith upon those *flôres d'alma*, those "blossoms of

the soul" so admirably described by the great poet of the Beira, those "blossoms" which afford forgetfulness to the love-betrayed, which give comfort to the ship-wrecked mariner when all hope of reaching the shore has abandoned him, which aid the monk to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the barbarians to whom he was bringing the blessings of civilisation.*

* I refer here to a lyric in the Poem of D. Jayme, by Thomaz Ribeiro, entitled "As Flôres d'Alma," and more especially to the three following stanzas:—

"Embora ao êrmo, a divagar sòzinho,
Côrra o mesquinho por amor trahido;
Quando o remorso lhe não turbe a calma,
Nas *flôres d'alma* encontrar olvido.

Naufrago, lasso, a sossobrar nas vagas,
Sem ver as plagas, ônde almeja um pôrto,
Embora o matem cruciantes dôres,
D'*alma nas flôres* achará confôrto.

O pobre monje, que de pé descalço
De um mundo falso os areáes percorre,
Quando lhe entregam do martyrio a palma,
Ás *flôres d'alma* se encomenda e morre."

THE AUTHOR.

Great part of the charm of the above stanzas lies in their wonderfully musical rhythm, which I will not attempt to imitate; but I give below a nearly literal version of the original.

"If to the wilds, to wander there alone,
By love betrayed, the wounded one should go,
He will, if no remorse disturb the charm,
In the *Soul's Blossoms* find release from woe.

The shipwreck'd, tired of fighting with the waves
Where meets his view no shore with friendly mole,
Will, 'mid the agonising pains of death,
Find comfort in the *Blossoms of the Soul.*

When the poor monk, as, with his shoeless feet,
Along the paths of a false world he hies,
Receives at length the crown of Martyrdom,
The *Blossoms of the Soul* he hails,—and dies."

THE TRANSLATOR.

They who possess these inestimable treasures may, if left to themselves, pursue their way and attain to a sublime end, but these men are veritable exceptions. Flesh is weak, but weaker still is the human spirit.

Were it otherwise, we might dispense with laws and governments, and society would be constituted upon different bases.

The *Blossoms of the Soul* would suffice to govern the world.

The passions to which man is subject will often lead the Missionary,—but a man and with all a man's weaknesses,—to pursue a wrong course.

The strife between Catholics and Protestants in the African missions is an example of this,—an incontestable proof that evil passions may instigate the missionary as they do any ordinary mortal.

The Protestant missionaries (of course I mean the bad ones) say to the negro, that "the Catholic missionary is so poor that he cannot even afford to buy a wife!" and thus seek to cast opprobrium upon him, for it is as great a crime to be poor in Africa as it is in Europe.

On the other hand, the Catholics leave no stone unturned to throw discredit upon the Protestants.

From this strife springs revolt which is the cause of the barrenness of many missions where various beliefs are struggling for mastery. I have spoken of this incidentally, in order to show that missionaries have evil passions and err. It is even the general rule in such cases.

To the south of the tropics the country swarms with missionaries, and to the south of the tropics England is engaged in perpetual war with the native populations.

It is because the evil labours of many undo the good labours of some.

Let us, however, put aside the evil ones and speak only of the good.

I said that there were three men who had done more than all others in securing the relative (and to me apparent) civilisation of the Manguato.

I use the word *apparent* advisedly, because I am convinced, as I have elsewhere hinted, that if the monarch who is destined to succeed King Khama should not choose to admit the missionary, he will carry with him the entire population, who will have no hesitation in throwing over the doctrine of Christianity, which they do not thoroughly grasp, and returning to polygamy, which appeals to their sensual appetites, if the change be sanctioned by their King and Father.

But as matters stand, the civilisation of the Manguato is now matter of notoriety, and the first man who laboured to bring it about was the Rev. Mr. Price,—the same, if I mistake not, who was recently charged with the Ujiji mission in the Tanganika, and who was so unfortunate in his first journey. The second was the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, the present Corumane missionary; and the third was he who even now preaches the gospel to the Bamanguatos, the Rev. Mr. Eburn, whom I had not the honour to meet, he being absent on his duties; but whose qualities I was enabled to appreciate by his works which I saw, and by the respect in which he was held by natives and Europeans alike.

It is with the utmost pleasure that I cite those worthy names, and put them forward as noble examples to all workers in the field of African civilisation; and my satisfaction in doing so is all the greater as those distinguished gentlemen are personally unknown to me.

Returning to the physical aspect of the country I would observe that the valley of the Letlotze widens

towards the south, assumes a width of three miles, and continues to be shut in by high mountains. In this valley, leaning, as it were, against the mountains on the north, Shoshong, the chief town of the Bamanguatos, is situated,—a town with a population of 15,000 souls, and which, in the time of Khama's father, contained as many as 30,000.

The mountains separate at that spot to allow the passage of a torrent which springs into life in the rainy season and cuts off one section of the city. It is at the bottom of this narrow neck, formed by lofty mountains of bare, precipitous rock, that the missionaries have established their quarters.

The site could scarcely have been worse chosen, as it is damp and unhealthy.

Not improbably the dearth of water, which is cruelly felt at times at Shoshong, determined such a choice, by inducing the missionaries to draw near the bed of the river, where, in the summer season, a few wells are the only means of supplying water to the dense population of King Khama's chief city.

The houses at Shoshong are built of reeds and covered with thatch, are cylindrical in shape and have conical roofs. They are divided into wards to which access is gained through a labyrinth of narrow and tortuous streets.

In the missionary ward stand the ruins of the Rev. Mr. Price's house, the dwelling of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, the one we inhabited, also in a dilapidated state, and a church, abandoned on account of its being too small to contain the multitude which flocked thither for divine service.

The foregoing are situated to the west, or on the right bank of the river. On the east, that is to say the left bank, a new building has been erected in a far better position than the former one, and is the residence

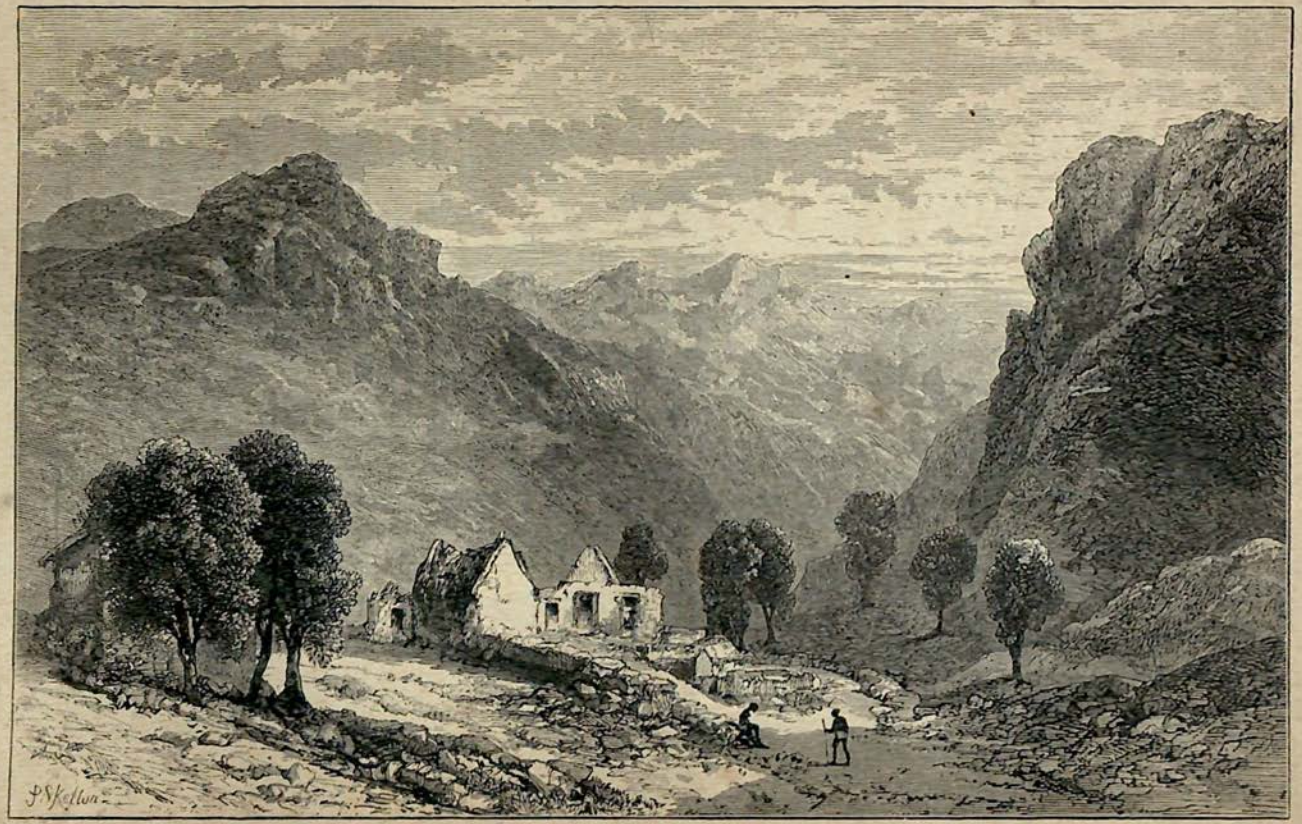


Fig. 120.—RUINS OF THE REV. MR. PRICE'S HOUSE (SHOSHONG).

of the present missionary. The whole of these buildings are constructed of brick, and have galvanised iron roofs.

On the opposite side of the city, in the open plain, stands the European ward, where the brick houses show the dwellings of the English merchants.

Within the precincts of one of them, that of a Mr. Francis, there exists a well, which supplies water to the British colony.

The English in Africa are unlike the inhabitants of other countries, and therefore go much farther afield than the latter, although their temperament and constitution are not so well adapted as those of the Latin race to resist the climate and associate with the natives.

When an Englishman makes up his mind to penetrate into the interior for the purposes of trade, he packs into waggons his family and goods and sets out.

On arrival at the destined spot, he builds his house, surrounds himself with every possible comfort, and says to himself, "I came here to make my fortune, and if it takes a lifetime to do so, I must spend that life here. Let us try therefore to make it as pleasant as we can."

He ceases to think of the old country, passes a sponge over the past, and looks only to the present and the future. Homesickness is not a malady which troubles him.

There are others, and many of a lower class, who do not even care to return to their own country, and who at once take up their residence in this distant land for good and all.

Herein consists their colonising strength.

Another thing which the English have succeeded in doing has been to introduce the *pound sterling* everywhere.

If a native arrives with ivory, skins, feathers, or other articles of trade, and requires powder, fire-arms, &c., in exchange, he will not get them from the Englishman, for the Englishman will not deal with him in the way of barter. He will pay the value in current coin, and perhaps on an opposite counter, will sell the native,—also for coin,—the goods the latter needs.

It was troublesome at first; but the native soon got used to it, and learned to know the value of money; so that now it is difficult to induce him to accept any thing else.

The trader, it may well be believed, sees also his advantage in the arrangement. At Manguato, there resides an English merchant, a Mr. Taylor, of whom I shall have more to say presently, who has even succeeded in introducing paper-values into Shoshong, and bills given by him are readily received by King Khama and by many of the more opulent natives.

After this rapid sketch of Manguato I must return to my own affairs and to my position in Shoshong, which was really a critical one.

I had a long journey before me to reach Pretoria, the nearest point where I could hope to procure means from some European authority. I had to pay debts, already contracted, for the maintenance of my people, and they were still without clothes; my negroes, covered with rags, asked me for some yards of cloth wherewith to make themselves decent, and I had no money whatsoever to give them.

Mr. Coillard offered me his purse, but he needed it too badly himself for me to dare to make inroads on it. I wanted even to settle scores already contracted with himself, as he was on the eve of undertaking another long journey, and I knew that the means at his disposal were of the meagrest.

I was in an unpleasant fix, and did not at all see my way out of it.

Things were in this state when, on the 8th of the month, I went with Madame Coillard to pay a visit to Mr. Taylor.

This gentleman had been a great traveller; had visited the Zambesi, and knew the whole of the Transvaal, Cape Colony and all the countries of South Africa.

Having at length settled in the Manguato, his house became one of the first trading establishments in Shoshong. Its average exports in ivory alone amounted to £30,000 per annum.

Mr. Taylor himself, a man of somewhat grave aspect, had been married for about three years to a young and beautiful English lady with black hair and eyes.

Well-educated and of refined manners, Mrs. Taylor made you feel, when in her presence, the power which belongs to the lady who has moved in good society.

In fact, during the time I passed in her company, I completely forgot that I was in a remote district in the interior of Africa, and was transported to a drawing-room at the West-End of London.

In the course of conversation between the ladies and myself, the subject of my coming journey was not unnaturally alluded to.

It was impossible, they said, to travel in that part of the country without a horse, and Mr. Taylor thereupon invited me to go and see his. After a turn through the stables he pointed out to me a splendid hunter, a light chestnut with black extremities, and observed: "There's the beast to suit you; fit either for the road or the chase."

I perceived at once the great value of the animal, which, from certain small and round scars visible about its hocks, showed me it had had the *horse-sickness*, and

was consequently thoroughly seasoned, or, as they say in those parts, *salé*. Its other qualities were patent in its fine and nervous legs, showing extraordinary muscular development, its long neck with sparse mane, bright and intelligent eyes, compact and elegant head and long flowing tail. I looked with longing eyes on the beautiful creature, and remarked I only wished I had the money to buy him. "Yes," said Mr. Taylor, abstractedly, in answer, "Fly is a valuable horse."

We returned to the house where I spoke in glowing terms of the splendid animal I had just seen, and shortly after we took our leave.

On our way to our temporary home, Madame Coillard expressed her deep regret at the poverty of my means and Mr. Coillard again, in the sincerest way, renewed the offer of his diminished purse.

The nights which we passed in the ramshackle house of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, were simply horrible. The place, having been for a long time unoccupied, was full of the most loathsome insects, which sucked our blood, robbed us of sleep, deformed our features and tried our patience to the very utmost. The mosquitos were in legions, and the bugs in swarms.

Ticks, similar to those in dogs in the south of Europe, brown in colour and flat in shape, but which, after their fill of blood, assumed the form of a round, compact ball, produced terrible inflammation of the parts they attacked. It was a perfect martyrdom, from which there was no escape.

After one of these wretched nights of torture, the very night following upon the visit above recorded, I had just been summoned to breakfast when Mr. Taylor was announced.

He addressed himself to me, and, with that calm and serious manner which belongs to every legitimate Englishman, he said that he had brought me Fly the

chestnut horse I had admired the day before, and a couple of hundred sovereigns,—all the gold he had at that moment in the house,—and furthermore offered me his credit among the merchants both in Manguato and at Pretoria, if I should require to make use of it.

Such a munificent offer, as unexpected as it was unsolicited, quite took my breath away, and left me barely a few words of ordinary thanks, which I blurted out by way of acknowledgment.

Mr. Taylor seemed perfectly satisfied. He stayed breakfast with us, and he and I afterwards repaired to his house together.

When there, I mounted the splendid beast that had just been presented to me, and experienced that sensation of delight which every rider feels on crossing the back of a beautiful horse, more especially when he has been for a long time deprived of such a pleasure.

Mr. Taylor and I talked at considerable length about my affairs. I would not accept the money so generously offered me, but contented myself with the horse, which was indeed a boon; begging him to pay the debts I had already contracted in the shape of travelling expenses, amounting to a hundred and odd pounds, and drawing upon me for the sum at Pretoria, where I reckoned upon obtaining money from the English Government.

Even in complying with my request, Mr. Taylor was determined to be generous, for he would not take my acceptance at a shorter date than two months, payable at Pretoria.

By the 10th of January I had got everything in order and made preparations for my immediate departure.

I cannot here pass over unnoticed the great kindness and assistance I received from Mr. Benniens, Mr. Clark and Mr. Musson, and I am certain if Mr. Taylor had

not so nobly supplied my wants, they would have been provided for by those gentlemen.

Bearing in mind the favours I there received from total strangers, I could not refrain from casting my thoughts back into the past, and recalling what had taken place in Caconda and the Bihé.

The parallel which I drew respecting the support I found in these distant regions, visited alike by Portuguese and English, helped to confirm still more strongly my opinion as to the class of men which find their way from Portugal into the interior of Africa.

I have travelled much and have mixed with many nations, and none have I hitherto found more hospitable or more kindly than the Portuguese.

Many and many a time, during my sporting excursions, have I had occasion to knock at the doors of the hamlets among our mountains, and I have always found them opened wide to admit the stranger to shelter. The poor villager will divide with his visitor his scanty supper, giving to the unbidden guest the better half; and from the ancient family chest he will draw forth his best blanket to cover the bed of one he does not know, but who happens to be poorer than himself.

If on leaving the cabin of the peasant we enter the dwelling of the well-to-do farmer, or the mansion of the gentry, we find proof of Portuguese hospitality by one simple but significant feature. Every one of them possesses a spare room for guests. When a Portuguese builds him a house, his thoughts are never confined to the restricted circle of his own family; he has in view likewise the stranger who may seek lodging within his gates, and provides accordingly. In fact, among the Portuguese the stranger is received into the bosom of the family, whether in the cottage of the poor or the palace of the rich.

This trait in the material life of a people of building with an eye to the possible guest defines the deep-rootedness of its hospitality, and I therefore warmly insist that they were not true Portuguese who treated me so scurvily in Caconda and in the Bihé. On this account I decry most earnestly the system of despatching to the colonies the vilest and most ignoble specimens of the metropolitan scum. To this system must be attributed one of the most potent causes of the backwardness of many of our wealthiest possessions. It is in fact a rock upon which the action of the government is so frequently wrecked.

In Caconda I met with nothing but difficulties and impediments thrown in the way of my journey. In the Bihé those obstacles assumed still greater proportions; nor were they confined to local action only, they accompanied me, as we have seen, as far as the Zambesi. In Manguato, on the other hand, I met with nothing but good-will, and assistance at every turn,—people vieing with each other as to which should do most to serve me.

Such contrasts require no comment.

During my stay in Shoshong, the chief subject of conversation was the death of Captain Paterson and of his companions in the country of the Matebeli.

Different versions were afloat of this calamity, but all concurred in affirming that they were assassinated by the order of Lo Bengula.

Captain Paterson left Pretoria charged with an official mission to various African chiefs, a mission of which I was accidentally apprised by one of the latter, with whom the Captain negotiated, and concerning which I guard the utmost reserve, out of the respect I consider is due to all private missions of governments. He was accompanied by Mr. Sergeant and a few followers, and in the Matebeli he was joined by Mr.

Thomas, a young Englishman, the son of a missionary long resident in the Matebeli, and who was himself born in that country.

After Captain Paterson had done what he had to do with Lo Bengula, he resolved to pay a visit to that wonder of the Zambesi, the cataract of Mozi-oa-Tunia. Young Thomas asked the king's permission to be allowed to accompany the expedition, and his request was granted. But on the eve of the departure, one of the king's favourites came to see the young Englishman, and advised him in his chief's name not to go with Captain Paterson.

Mr. Thomas went to Lo Bengula and inquired why he now withheld the permission previously granted. The answer was that he (Thomas) had been brought up by the Matebelis, and was regarded as a son of the tribe. That he, the king, had a presentiment that some evil would befall the English party, and he therefore counselled him to remain where he was, and let the others go.

The young man said that he had no belief in presentiments, and went. He went, and, like the others, never returned.

What took place? And who knows the true story of the tragedy that was enacted? None but the terrible Lo Bengula.

Some said that the whole party were poisoned, others that they were shot down; but I, who know something of the system by which the great African potentates work, doubt whether any reliable facts will ever come to light, as they are accustomed to destroy the executors of their sinister orders, and bury the secret of their crimes in new graves.

All the reasons that were given to prove this or that opinion were plausible enough perhaps,—and satisfactory to those who were unacquainted with African policy,—but they did not and do not satisfy me.

Among other rumours it was stated, that the Macalacas, who by Lo Bengula's order accompanied the party, were seen afterwards with gold lace and other articles in their possession stolen from the English, which proved that there had been murder and robbery.

But in fact it would prove nothing of the sort; for, if they had died a natural death, their belongings would have been seized upon and divided in just the same way.

By some it was averred that, being in want of water, the chief of the Matebeli caravan went about exploring alone, and on his return, after a lengthened absence, he pointed out a small pool in close vicinity to the encampment, and that no sooner had Captain Paterson drunk of the water than he exclaimed "*I am poisoned!*" Who could have related such a story, if none of that expedition escaped?

News again, from Matebeli sources, was afloat to the effect that the party had drunk of water naturally poisonous and that all had died in consequence.

This is another absurdity. All the water of the African pools is poisonous enough, Heaven knows; but not of that venomous character which kills in a day like arsenic or salts of mercury, or like many vegetable alkaloids. The poison of those waters penetrates into the system,—saps it by slow degrees,—and may even kill in course of time, as it contains organisms fatal to human existence, but it does not destroy life a few hours after its absorption; and, even presuming that it might do so with certain special constitutions, it could not produce such an effect upon so large a party. The version therefore of natural poisoning must be dismissed as being just as untenable as the former.

By many they were deemed to have been traitorously shot; by many others to have been done to death by assegais; but none could say who brought the news.

That a crime was committed seems to be beyond a doubt, because it is not possible for fever to carry off in a day so many people, and among them many who were acclimatised, such as young Thomas and the natives; a crime there was, and the secret of it lies between the Almighty and Lo Bengula.

An old African traveller in whom I repose the utmost faith, no other, indeed, than Mr. François Coillard, who remained in Shoshong a considerable time after I left, assured me at a later period in Europe, that King Khama knew the mystery of the death of those unfortunates, and led me to believe that a horrible crime was perpetrated by order of the malignant Zulu.*

To resume my narrative; on the 11th of January our wretched old house was alive with unwonted labour, Madame Coillard and her niece were here, there, and everywhere, getting ready provisions for my journey. Biscuits were being made and baked with a lavishness that made me quite ashamed of the appetite I was supposed to possess.

How could I ever return the favours that were showered upon me? Presents came pouring in from Mrs. Taylor, among others a large basket of cakes and a lot of eggs, somewhat of a rarity in Shoshong.

I was all ready to start next day, but resolved to leave on the 14th, not choosing to set out on the 13th of the month.

Not that I am myself superstitious upon this point, but it was a capital excuse to remain another day with the excellent family, who had now been so long my companions and to whom I was so deeply indebted.

Before starting I was able to procure one or two of the skin rugs which are made by the Bamanguatos for

* The Matebelis are Zulus.

their own use, and which are stitched together with the nerves of antelopes.

I found by my observations an enormous difference in the position of Shoshong as marked upon one of Marenski's maps in the possession of Mr. Coillard.

On the 13th I took leave of the English merchants with the exception of Mr. Taylor, who had gone to the place where he kept his cattle, some six miles' distance from the town.

Although my road lay southwards, and Mr. Taylor's farm was in the opposite direction, I resolved to ride over on the morning of the 14th and bid farewell to one to whom I felt so deeply indebted.

In pursuance of this determination I started early. Madame Coillard, her niece and a lady of the name of Clark left before me in a carriole drawn by a pair of horses.

I was not alone, for King Khama and Mr. Coillard honoured me with their company.

I had, on that day, to make my first journey towards Pretoria, a distance of some 12 miles, in order to reach a drinking place, so that with the 12 I was now about to perform, I should have to get over 24 miles of ground,—a somewhat stiff march in that climate.

We started with a train of a dozen Bamanguato horsemen, and no sooner were we clear of the streets of the city than King Khama gave spurs to his horse and left us at a hand gallop. Half-an-hour afterwards he rejoined us at the same speed, and I could not forbear asking him the cause of the spurt. He said it was the custom in the Manguato, and that horses that would gallop freely could assume any other pace readily enough. I remarked that that was all very well in theory, but as my horse had to perform a long journey that day, perhaps it would object to such violent

exercise at the outset. I should be very pleased, I added, to fall in with Bamanguato habits, and that if he would lend me one of his horses and send mine back to Shoshong, where I should find him fresh for his journey, I should be happy to keep his Majesty company.

The King immediately agreed, and, causing one of his attendants to dismount and convey Fly back to the city, he offered me the vacated saddle.

I found myself on the back of a splendid mare, and Khama and I had a neck and neck race to Mr. Taylor's station, where we arrived in an incredibly short space of time. A first-rate lunch was put before us, at which Mrs. Taylor presided, and after most cordial leave-takings we took our way back to Shoshong.

The style of our return being the same as that adopted on our way out, we were not long in reaching the city.

The Bamanguatos use no bits to their horses, and the English bridle is of the simplest. They say that bits and curbs are of no use to make horses run but may very possibly retard their pace.

I found my man Stanley ready to start and only awaiting my signal. This was not long withheld; he cracked his huge whip over the heads of the oxen, and the beasts in their slow, deliberate way began to move and draw the heavy waggon after them. My negroes went with it, excepting Augusto and Pepeca, who kept me company. I stopped another hour or two with my good friends, from whom, however, I was at length compelled to separate, and, making tremendous efforts to conceal my emotion, I bade them farewell, mounted my horse and departed.

The sun was already sinking on the horizon when I left Shoshong.

I followed the road that was pointed out to me, and

three hours afterwards I believed I had reached the spot where we were to pass the night, but there were no signs of the waggon. It was now night, and a night, too, of profound darkness.

I called and hallooed, but obtained no response;—at least from my own people,—but I conjured up a couple of aborigines who came to learn the cause of the cries. They were vedettes of King Khama, posted by way of precaution for some miles round the city, to give notice of any possible attack from the Matebelis. These sentinels are so well placed that they would be able to unite and keep an enemy for some time at bay, whilst others on fleet horses are ready to gallop off to the city and give the alarm.

The two who came up to me, and who had been scouring the roads still further to the south, assured me that for several days no waggon had been seen in that direction, and that I must have therefore passed mine on my way thither.

I was too used to forest life to have done that, even in the darkness, without seeing it, and if it had escaped *me*, it could scarcely have hid itself from the lynx-eyes of Pepeca.

The two Bamanguatos offered to accompany me in search of the waggon and we retraced our steps under their guidance.

After exploring a great part of the valley without discovering any vestige of the missing vehicle, we made our way back to Shoshong wondering, annoyed and fagged out with the fatigues of the day.

We had now reached the small hours, so what was to be done? The best course, I thought, was to return to my late quarters and wait till morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Coillard rose at once in obedience to my knock, and whilst I was relating my misadventure to the missionary, his wife was busily engaged

in getting me something to eat and preparing a good bed.

I had been accustomed whilst there to lie upon the floor with my skins under me, notwithstanding Madame Coillard's persuasions to take my rest upon a bed; she now, however, had her revenge, for, all my skins having been carried off in the waggon, I was compelled to take my rest on the European bed she had got ready for me.

Before retiring, we talked over the matter of Stanley's disappearance until we had exhausted every conjecture, but did nothing towards elucidating the mystery. So having looked after my horse's comforts, I bade my friends "good-night" and turned in.

But not to sleep, unfortunately, for my anxiety was so great that I did nothing but toss and turn upon my couch. One of the main causes of my trouble will be better understood by a few words of explanation.

I have already mentioned that I found a great difference in longitude in the position of Shoshong, and all my observations were chronometrical, and referred to the most recent observation I had made of the eclipse of the first satellite of Jupiter. The new position therefore could only be confirmed to my mind by a fresh comparison of the chronometers at a determinate longitude, but how could this be done, when the chronometers were carried off, Heaven knows where, in the mysterious waggon, and which would undoubtedly stop in the course of next day, if I could not get hold of them to wind them up.

It is not to be wondered at, if, with these subjects of worry, I should scarcely close my eyelids.

CHAPTER V.

FROM SHOSHONG TO PRETORIA.

Catraio—The waggon discovered—Parting from Mr. Coillard—Tempests—An upset—A change of labour—Rains—The Limpopo—Fly—Sport—On the Ntuani—A poor specimen of a Stanley—Augusto in a rage—Adicul—Unwelcome visitors—Stanley loses heart—Boers Nomades—A new waggon—Troubles—Serious illness—A troublesome Christopher—Madame Gonin—The last grave—Magalies-Berg—Pretoria.

DAY had scarcely broken when I was astir and dressed.

The chronometers had been in my head all night, and they were the first things in my thought in the morning.

Mr. Coillard participated in my anxiety, and would not allow me to depart alone. He sent to borrow a horse of King Khama, and determined not to leave me till we found the waggon.

There were fresh adieux to be made to the ladies, and a fresh pull at one's heart-strings on turning away.

We were soon clear of the town and riding through the cistus which covered the fields to the south of Shoshong.

We had no difficulty, in the broad daylight, in following the track of the heavy waggon, and, after we had done so for some little time, we observed a negro seated by the road-side ahead of us. As we drew nearer my astonishment was great at recognising my attendant Catraio. He started up at our approach, and came towards us, carrying in his arms a heavy object which he carefully set down before me, and exclaimed: "Here Sinhõ, give me the keys to open the trunk; it's time to wind up the clocks."

My joy was great at seeing the trunk which contained the chronometers, and, without troubling for the time about any inquiries concerning the waggon, I slipped out of the saddle and was soon deeply engaged in making my usual morning observations. It was decreed that during my protracted journey the chronometers should not be allowed to run down! Catraio, whose special duty it was to watch over them, had been, as usual, faithful to his trust.

Mr. Coillard was both surprised and charmed at the thoughtful act of the young negro, who had on this occasion, as at Embarira, and during my frequent attacks of serious illness, prevented the chronometers stopping.

Catraio had been brought up by a Portuguese, who, observing in him when a mere child a proneness to knavery, conceived that the only mode of curing it was by the administration of unlimited stick.

The young nigger by this process lost all sense of shame, if he ever had any, and got so used to the stick that it ceased to have any terrors for him; so that in the end he became both a drunkard and a thief.

His master, whom the lad, then only 12 years of age, had robbed of some valuables, determined to get rid of him altogether, and ordered him to be cast adrift in Novo Redondo.

When at Benguella, I was looking out for a sharp, intelligent young fellow for my own private service, more than one person spoke to me of Catraio, the fame of whose exploits had given him an unenviable notoriety.

I applied to his former master for information, and induced him to have the lad sought for at Novo Redondo. When I saw the bright expressive face of the young negro, I felt satisfied at the step I had

taken. Catraio until that time had been taught his duty by the sole aid of the stick; I determined to see what kind words and treatment would do; and, the better to encourage him, I never let fall a syllable about his past life.

Finding him to be by far the most intelligent of those who were about me, I made him assist me in my scientific labours. Although he could neither read nor write, he very shortly became familiar with my instruments and all my books. When, having separated from my early travelling companions, I found myself alone in Africa, I became alarmed at the thought that during some severe attack of illness my chronometers might stop for want of being wound up. I therefore called Catraio, and in a very serious voice, made him the following edifying speech :

" Bear in mind, that from this time forth you must come to me every day, directly it is light, and bring the chronometers, thermometers, barometer and diary—whether I am well or ill, far off or near—never allowing any circumstances to interfere with your doing so. And remember this : I have never beaten you, and never scolded you, but if the chronometers stop through their not being wound up, I will have you spitted like a partridge and roasted alive before a monstrous fire ! "

Catraio who was ready to believe that a white could be capable of any atrocity, and who stood, I believe, in more fear of my mild treatment than ever he had been of the stick of his former master, trembled as he listened. The spitting and roasting which he perhaps imagined were my mode of punishing offenders, were too much for him.

He never once failed to pay me an early morning visit with the instruments, till the thing grew into a habit. Hence it was that in my worst attacks of fever the chronometers were wound up and compared,

and at Embarira, Caraio at the risk of his life got them out of the hands of the Macalacas. Hence, too, it was that we discovered him that day with his burthen by the roadside; for, not seeing me appear the evening before, he had set out in the middle of the night in the hope of meeting me by the way.

Relieved from the apprehension that had tortured me, I had no sooner done my work than I made inquires about the disappearance of the waggon. I learned that my English driver had mistaken his road and struck into a side track instead of pursuing the proper course, but that he intended at daybreak to repair the error, and would doubtless be found waiting for me at the place originally agreed.

Mr. Coillard and myself, followed by our men, then resumed our way, and about 9 o'clock we came up with the missing waggon.

We at once breakfasted, and at noon I for the second time took leave of the friend to whom I owed so much, more indeed than under any circumstances of life I shall ever be able to repay.

Our little caravan was now again upon the road, and we pursued our route until 4 o'clock, when we camped in a spot where there was no water.

At night, just as I was about to lie down, I heard the sound of horse's hoofs which rapidly drew near to us. Fly neighed loudly, the dogs barked, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the city we had left behind us.

Shortly after, a Bamanguato horseman reached the camp and delivered to me a letter and a parcel.

The letter was from Mr. Coillard, saying that on his return home he had found my Devisme musket which had been forgotten, and that he hastened to send it to me.

I scribbled a few words of thanks in reply; re-

Fig. 121.—IN THE DESERT.

warded the messenger for his trouble and watched him, as, in true Bamanguato style, he set off townwards, at a furious gallop.

The following morning, being the 16th of January, we started an hour after daylight, and after a three hours' march reached a lake, the only permanent water existing between the Limpopo and Shoshong.

We made two journeys that day, one of three and another of four hours, camping at five in the afternoon. From 4 till 10 at night the rain fell in torrents, wetted the waggon through and through, as its wretched old covering afforded no effectual shelter whatsoever, and caused me serious losses, not the least being the whole of the bread and biscuits prepared with such care by Madame Coillard. They were converted into one huge mass of pap and were irretrievably ruined.

In the latter of the two journeys performed that day I was compelled to alter my course, which had been due south, to S.E., in order to avoid the ups and downs and general roughness of the road, which made the passage of the waggon not only excessively difficult but perilous to its own safety, for I fully expected to see it jolted to pieces.

I did not resume my former southerly course until 8 o'clock next morning. The ground was still very unsatisfactory, but there was no help for it.

My apprehensions for the safety of the vehicle were not misplaced. On descending a hill, the wheels on one side got into a deep rut and over went the waggon. Fortunately we were not in the open, and a couple of trees that stood on that side received the ponderous conveyance as it capsized and prevented it going completely over.

I had had grave doubts about the efficiency and resources of my Stanley from the first, but this accident set the question permanently at rest. No sooner

did he behold the waggon in the position I have described than he sat himself down, clutched his head in his hands and looked the picture of despair.

I ordered the men to unyoke the oxen and set about examining the best way of righting the vehicle without doing it permanent damage. I then gave directions to Augusto, Verissimo and Camutombo to cut down three stiff and long poles which I lashed to the vehicle, and by means of ropes fastened to the trees on the other side succeeded in raising it into its natural position,—a yoke of oxen being quite sufficient for that purpose.

This done, I made the fellows fill up the rut with fragments of wood and boughs of trees, so that the wheels might be upon a level with those on the other side. This labour entailed more than four hours of time, and when I had got the waggon into proper order and the oxen put to, the very first pull they gave snapped the rotten traces into three or four pieces.

There was fresh delay and fresh work in strengthening the traces by the addition of ropes of giraffe hide, all of which, too, had to be performed in a storm with drenching rain, whilst that man Stanley looked on in a state of mind bordering upon imbecility.

It was not until half-past 3 that we succeeded in getting again under way, and we had not proceeded far when the tempest so increased in violence that we were compelled to halt, for the clayey soil was rendered so pappy that the wheels sunk deeply into it and stuck there.

The storm was a frightful one, and lasted till 10 at night; and during two hours, at least, the lightning played all round us, striking at intervals the forest trees which fell with a great crash. The ground, which was very broken, and covered with a dense low jungle,

was composed of a most tenacious clay, that made all locomotion painful.

Things were not much better on the 18th when we started at 6 in the morning, for half-an-hour afterwards we reached an open plain, in so boggy a state, that the wheels sunk into it up to the axle-boxes, and we barely made a mile an hour.

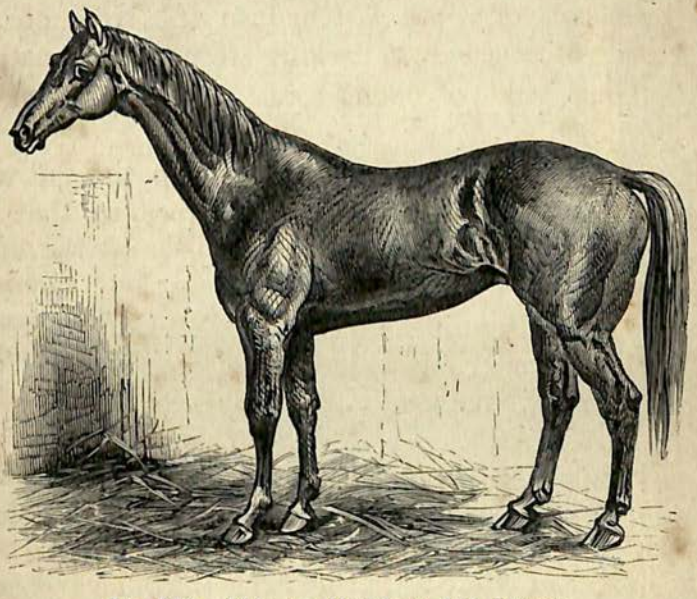


Fig. 122.—Fly, my Horse of the Desert.
(From a Photo. taken at Pretoria.)

By 10 o'clock we succeeded in gaining a slight eminence where the ground was drier, and on reaching the top found ourselves on the left bank of the Limpopo, known in that place under the name of Crocodile River, where I called a halt.

I rode down to the river's edge, the stream being at that spot 54 yards wide, with a current of 33 yards per minute. I had no means just then of ascertaining the depth.

The weather had by that time improved, and I

continued to walk Fly quietly along the river bank, the rein held loosely in my hand.

Suddenly, my horse pricked his ears, neighed, bounded with one leap into the grass, and darted off with the utmost rapidity. Unable to explain the cause, I seated myself firmly in the saddle and tried to rein him in, but without effect.

Uneasy in my mind, and under the impression that the creature was fleeing from some danger of which I was ignorant, I did not well know what to do, when I became aware, ahead of me, of a great commotion in the grass, and saw peeping above it the horns of several *ongiris*.

The mystery was solved; I was not flying away from, but pursuing an object. From that moment I gave the horse the rein and perceived that we were gaining ground upon the light-footed antelopes.

How long the giddy race lasted I could not tell;—I dashed through underwood, leaving bits of my rotten garments behind me, and bits of my flesh too;—I crossed open spaces and tracts of the plain, where antelopes and horse made the mud fly up in showers; still we gained upon the flying beasts, but only by slow degrees, so that some time yet elapsed before I could get a shot. One of them fell, and the others, as if the sound of the rifle lent them wings, bounded off afresh and were lost in the distance.

Fly stopped, of his own accord, beside the stricken beast and went up to and smelt it with the same sense of satisfaction as is experienced by a sporting dog at having run down its prey.

Where was I? In what quarter had I left the waggon? I had not the slightest notion, for I had taken no account of the direction in which we had run.

The thought somewhat disconcerted me, but I judged

that if I worked my way eastward I should come again upon the river.

Another storm of rain swooped down upon me. I would fain have hoisted the antelope on to the back of the horse, but my strength failed me. I then decided upon disembowelling the creature and trying again.

I was slaughterman enough to perform that opera-

Fig. 123.—Fly chasing the Ongiris.

tion within a tolerably brief space of time, and I was rejoiced to find that when done, my powers were sufficient to get the beast over the bow of the saddle, where I lashed it.

I then put my horse's head eastward, but Fly determined to travel north, so failing to persuade him that he was wrong, I let him have his own way. But he was perfectly right. An hour later we sighted the waggon where my people were getting alarmed at my lengthened absence.

Evening had now fallen, and I was worn out with fatigue, so I resolved to camp where we were. Just as night set in, we had a visit from some negroes of the chief Sesheli, who were on their way to Shoshong. I took advantage of the opportunity to write a few lines to Mr. Coillard and advise him not to follow my route, on account of the bad state of the roads.

During that night a fresh storm burst over us, wetting us again to the skin. In spite of it, however, the fatigues of the day brought on sleep, and I slept profoundly; but I soon woke up again with an acute pain in the fleshy part of the right arm. On turning up the sleeve of my shirt I was horrified to see a huge black scorpion in the act of stinging me just over the brachial artery. It was impossible to cauterise the place without injuring the artery, besides that I should have to use the left hand, with which I am by no means expert, so that in the fear of making matters worse I determined to do nothing at all. In a few minutes the swelling was enormous and the pain most violent.

In the utmost desperation, I took three grammes of hydrate of chloral and fell into a lethargy.

It was broad day ere I awoke from the deep sleep, caused by the powerful anæsthetic.

The pains had somewhat subsided, leaving only a local inflammation with a large tumour in the place of the wound, a tumour which remained for months afterwards.

The numbness of the tissues was great and terribly cramped my movements.

Notwithstanding this inconvenience, I went out with my gun, and saw so much game that I determined not to leave that day. I succeeded in killing a couple of leopards.

The night was again tempestuous, and the insects tortured me. We had a visit too, from some lions,

which made the circuit of the camp and kept us in a state of nervousness with their frightful roaring.

On the 20th at 8 in the morning, we broke up our camp and started, but the clayey soil, made soft by the heavy rains, so impeded the wheels of the waggon that we were compelled at every few steps to use the hatchet to cut away the blocks that clogged the passage of the vehicle.

The labour was tremendous, so that at 10 o'clock we were obliged to halt, as the men were fagged out. The rain was then falling heavily, and we could not get on again till 2, stopping again at 4.30 on the brink of the river Ntuani.

A cruel disappointment awaited us on our arrival. The Ntuani, which is ordinarily a mere brook of trifling importance and almost always dry, presented itself in the shape of a torrent 65 yards wide, and yielded, on sounding near the bank, a depth of 22 feet.

There would be no crossing it with a waggon for an indefinite period.

I determined therefore to take up my quarters where I was, and had a good encampment built with huts covered with grass.

For several days past I had been completely wet through, but happily my health did not suffer in consequence.

Our position was a very ticklish one, as we were short of all necessaries; indeed, for the last two days we had been reduced to purely animal food, composed of the flesh of the game I killed.

There was no fear of suffering from hunger in a country so full of game as the one through which we were then passing, but the feeding upon roasted meat alone, without salt or condiment of any kind is trying, and not very wholesome into the bargain.

The weather improved a little, and I was able to

continue my sport. An Englishman at Shoshong had made me a present of a good many cartridges for the Martini-Henry guns, which served perfectly for the King's rifle, and I used them with excellent results.

Meat, therefore, we had in abundance, but I could no longer bear the sight of meat, and yet could get nothing else.

I made a fresh collection of skins, and as the waggon offered every facility for their conveyance, while there was no necessity to part with them in the way of barter, I entertained the hope of conveying them in safety to Europe.*

On the morning of the 21st I observed with satisfaction that the river had gone down 12 inches during the night.

Having breakfasted off the leg of a puti (*Cephalophus mergens*), I mounted Fly and set out in search for game. We had no sooner reached the edge of a wood which lined part of the bank of the Ntuani than my horse started off at a gallop in the same style he did before. I then knew that he had sighted something, but I was quite unaware of what it could be, as I saw nothing at all.

After half an hour's hard run, I could make out just above the tops of the shrubs forming the underwood certain small black spots moving with prodigious rapidity.

The creature I was pursuing was quite new to me, and it was not until we reached the open that I divined the truth. Four ostriches were speeding along like the wind, with Fly upon their track, and though they dodged and availed themselves of every bush and hollow, my trained horse never lost them for a moment.

At length they entered upon the open plain, when a

* Great part of the skins of the animals I shot during this time did, in fact, reach Portugal in safety; a few of them only being lost overboard at Durban.

race ensued which had all the interest of novelty joined to the excitement caused by the tremendous pace at which we were going.

It could not be said that I had much to do with the matter. Fly was perfectly master of the position, and I left him to his own resources, which were certainly of no mean order. The animal, as if grateful for the loosened rein, bounded on with fresh spirit, and I eagerly watched the result.

The Ostrich, although fleeter than the horse for a certain distance, does not possess the same staying power as the latter, so that the longer we ran the nearer we approached the gigantic birds. Their strength was evidently failing them, and though Fly's own pace had diminished, it more than sufficed to bring us every moment nearer. At 60 paces they all but stopped—quite blown—and shortly after I let fly both barrels of the King's rifle with telling effect.

On dismounting at the spot where the two enormous birds were lying, I was at a loss how to act, when, to my agreeable surprise, Augusto, Verissimo and Camutombo, who had been shooting in the neighbourhood, made their appearance, attracted by the report of my gun. Notwithstanding the many miles gone over, we had travelled almost in a circle, for my men informed me we were close to the encampment. I ordered them carefully to pluck the ostriches, and when the labour was finished, we all returned, laden with the spoils to the waggon.*

On arriving there I ascertained that the river had gone down two more feet.

As the day went on the water continued to decrease, so that by nightfall the level had been lowered 4½ feet.

* Several of the feathers were presented by the author to His Majesty the King, Dom Luiz.

I drove in my marks at a spot where the perpendicular scarp allowed me accurately to measure the differences of level. Stanley, however, had a method of his own, which was to drive stakes into a place where the bank gently shelved, the result of which was that he counted yards where I could only reckon inches. Half-a-dozen times in the course of the day he came up rubbing his hands with the remark that the river had gone down so many feet.

The morning of the 23rd broke with a bright blue sky, full of promise, as the level of the water was lower by 5 feet than it was the evening before. I was scarcely astir than I heard a great outcry, and upon inquiring the cause I found that the Englishman's boots had disappeared, and no one knew what had become of them. After exhausting all possible conjectures upon so important a subject, he himself came to the conclusion that they had been stolen and eaten by the jackals! The matter was an enigma to me, but that was how he explained the mystery. Any way, the poor man had to go about barefooted, for I could do nothing to help him. Even if he could have got his enormous feet into my boots, it would have been of no use as I had not a second pair myself.

I spent the day, shooting, and at night was enabled to make some astronomical observations and determine the position of the confluence of the Ntuani with the Limpopo.

The water still further descended, and by evening it was upwards of 5 feet lower, but during the night it was stationary, and as it rained in the early morning of the 24th it began to swell once more. I had frequently heard Mr. Coillard in the course of his narratives speak of cases similar to that in which I was now placed where a waggon would be stopped for weeks at a time beside some miserable brook which the rains had swollen into a dangerous torrent.

The idea of my doing so quite made me shudder, and I resolved to survey the river closely and see whether I could not find a possible passage for the waggon. After a good deal of time I discovered one point where the water was not more than breast-high right across, and I determined to try the passage there.

Stanley, who was now pretty well accustomed to my mode of settling questions, looked on with a kind of vacant curiosity to see what was coming next.

We breakfasted as usual off roast meat, and the meal was just over, when we heard loud cries and uproar from the opposite side of the river and saw several waggons and a couple of white men who had just arrived there.

I watched their proceedings with interest. A negro waded into the river, and waded back again when he found the water was up to his waist. Stakes to mark the level were then driven in, the oxen were unyoked and a camp was set up.

I then examined my own marks, and found them covered with another half inch of water. The Ntuani was swelling again!

I at once gave orders to unload the waggon, and instructed Augusto and Camutombo to carry the goods across upon their heads at the spot which I had discovered to be fordable.

This was done in sight of the two white men and their attendants, who looked on admiringly as my two fellows performed their work, which their great strength and the dexterity they had acquired through the necessity of overcoming difficulties enabled them to do with comparative ease.

In the course of an hour the whole contents of the waggon had been carried to the right bank. I then gave orders to Stanley, who was standing helplessly by, to yoke the oxen and put them to.

When everything was ready, I got Augusto to cross the river and lead the front oxen, which swam over without difficulty, followed by the others, so that there were three yokes on the further bank before the waggon had even entered the water.

This was just what I wanted. I then called out to Augusto and Camutombo to go on. They urged the oxen into motion, and in a moment the huge waggon ran down the shelving bank into the water. Stanley, who seemed at last to take in the object of the manœuvre, roused himself with a will and assisted in the operation.

No sooner did I see the waggon safely on the other side than I plunged in and swam across.

On reaching the opposite bank I told Catraio to give me some dry clothes, which meant the only shirt and stockings I possessed beyond those I had on, and I made the change. The two Europeans, who were coming towards me, stopped when they saw me thus engaged, and waited till I had cleansed my long hair and beard from the muddy water. My toilet being over, they came up and saluted me in English with a hearty "Good morning, Sir."

I answered them in kind, and inquired whence they came. They informed me that they were English traders, a Mr. Watley and a Mr. Davis, on their way to Shoshong from Marico which they had left a month before.

I told them, in return, who I was and whence I hailed from; and, when they learned that I had made my way across the continent from Benguella, they could not restrain their admiration, and told me they were no longer surprised at what they had seen me do that morning.

As these were the first compliments paid me upon my journey, I cannot refrain from recording them here,

on account of the impression they made upon me, not only from the rough, sincere way in which they were uttered, but coming from men who knew something of the difficulties of African travel.

I gave them some of my game, and was made happy in return by a present of biscuits, tea, sugar and salt.

We passed the day together in the most convivial manner, and next morning, the 25th, after intrusting them with a letter to Mr. Coillard, I bade them farewell and resumed my journey.

Fig. 124.—A View on the Upper Limpopo.

It was determined before I left that as the river was increasing in volume, which would compel the caravan to make probably a lengthened stay, Mr. Davis should push on to Shoshong with some of the negroes and leave Mr. Watley in charge of the waggons, so that, as I turned my steps southwards, Mr. Davis followed my example of the day before, and swam across the Ntuani.

I halted at mid-day on the bank of the Limpopo, after a three hours' march.

Very tired, and desirous of putting some of my work in order, I did not move from the camp. Somewhat later I was sitting close to the edge of the water

sketching the landscape, when I heard a shot fired, and a steinbok passing rapidly by me, sprang into the river and began swimming to the opposite bank.

I saw that the creature was badly wounded, for the water all round it was tinged with blood, and it swam with more and more difficulty. Augusto shortly after ran up, and was just in time to see the result of his shot. The antelope had nearly reached the other side, when the water seemed suddenly to swell in great

Fig. 125.—Ant-hills near the Limpopo.

commotion, a greenish-black tail of saw-like appearance emerged from the foaming billows, and steinbok and crocodile disappeared together beneath the surface. It was destined that the tender herbivorous creature should satisfy other appetites than ours.

Augusto, as valiant as he was stupid, was with difficulty restrained from going to kill the crocodile, who had robbed him, he said, of his game.

We started again in the afternoon and kept on for

about an hour, when, finding game most abundant, we determined to stop for the night. I was more anxious after skins, just now, than flesh; in fact we often abandoned the latter as not needing it.

Since Stanley had lost his boots he seldom or ever came out of the waggon, where he passed his time in eating and sleeping.

On the 25th, starting early we had a five hours, march, skirting the left bank of the Limpopo, and had scarcely halted, when Augusto came rushing to tell me that close by there was a monster of a chucurro (rhinoceros) feeding.

Not having unsaddled my horse, I remounted at once, and set off with Augusto in chase.

The enormous pachyderme had caught the sound of the horse's hoofs, and was just moving off when I got sight of him at five hundred paces' distance. Fly followed in his usual plucky way, but I was soon forced to give up the pursuit, as the beast plunged into a thick jungle, where it was simply impossible to follow.

It is noteworthy that in a journey extending from Benguella to that spot, the first rhinoceros I should see was on the margin of the Limpopo, where one would expect to find such animals scarce, on account of the war made upon them by the Boers.

Another creature which abounds in the Kalahari, and herds of which I occasionally saw, but never once succeeded in killing, was the giraffe.

Its pace is so swift, its staying power so great, so keen are its sight and sense of hearing, that it is very difficult to get within range, unless the sportsman has time to stalk the animal at his leisure.

After giving up the pursuit of the rhinoceros, I returned towards the camp, meeting Augusto by the way. He was walking by my side quietly conversing, when

of a sudden I saw him level his gun at some shrubs and fire.

Being so much higher than himself I did not even see what he aimed at, and his only answer to my inquiry was to rush into the jungle, and bring forth a leopard which had been crouching within half-a-dozen paces of us.

I left him busily engaged skinning his prize, and rejoined the waggon.

In the afternoon we pushed on again for three hours over broken ground covered with dense wood.

While crossing an eminence I sighted Zoutpansberg, which I marked to the eastward.

The site where I encamped to pass the night is known to the Boers under the name of Adicul. There was no moon, but the sky was clear, and I took advantage of the opportunity to make some observations in order to determine the position of the place.

My doing so, in all probability, saved us from a serious calamity.

While staying in the Manguato, I obtained a magnesium lamp, which had been left there by Mohr or some other explorer, and was useless to its owner through want of aliment. To me, however, it was most servicable as I had a good store of magnesium wire.

I was using it on that occasion to read the nonius of the instruments.

I had just read in the nonius of my Casella sextant the height of *Canopus* (α of Argus) at the moment of its passing the meridian, and was making horary angles by *Aldebaran* (α of Taurus), when at some ten paces from me I was startled by a frightful roar.

Fly, that was tied to one of the wheels of the waggon, gave such a tremendous tug at his rope that he actually moved the heavy vehicle, and the oxen in a paroxysm

Fig. 126.—MY CATTLE WERE SAFE.

of fear broke into the enclosure where we were sitting.

I put down the sextant and seized my rifle which was always at my side.

Augusto turned the focus of the light in the direction whence the horrid sound had proceeded, and the bright glare flashed full into the faces of two enormous lions.

The beasts, fascinated by the brilliant light, proceeding from the combustion of the magnesium, stood for the instant like statues, and gave me time to take deliberate aim. The two barrels belched forth their contents at an interval of a few seconds and both lions fell mortally wounded.

I turned to the waggon where I heard the most infernal hubbub and found Camutombo using the extremest efforts to secure Fly, who, upon his hind legs, was tugging at his lashings and making frantic efforts to break away; my driver, Stanley, was ensconced at the further end of the waggon, with gun in hand, and screaming at the top of his voice that he would kill all the wild beasts in Africa that dared to touch his oxen.

I had much ado to restore order, meanwhile the negroes busied themselves with stripping the skins from our unexpected visitors.

It was amusing to hear what each had to say of the prowess he had displayed on the occasion. There was not one who had felt the slightest apprehension; oh dear no! and each boasted to his fellow of the hand he had had in stripping the lions of their skins.

In point of fact, I believe there were only two who did not lose their heads, and they were Augusto and Verissimo.

Augusto had kept the light firmly in the position he first turned it, and Verissimo remarked only a minute

or two afterwards: "I did not even attempt to fire for I saw the Senhor was going to do so, and I knew it was all right."

I put down my gun and resumed my sextant, in order to finish my altitudes of *Aldebaran*, which had been so disagreeably interrupted.

I was about to seek rest, but was roused up again by renewed roaring.

As our camp was not thoroughly enclosed I apprehended some disaster, and therefore passed the night with my men watching beside the camp-fires. The roars of the ferocious beasts were heard all the night through, and from the interior of the waggon my driver Stanley kept up a snoring accompaniment,—dreaming probably of that little boy from whom he found it so hard to separate, or of those mysterious boots from which he had undoubtedly separated,—for ever.

We were on the road at 6, and marched constantly beside the river until 9, when we halted.

No sooner had we encamped than every one thought more of sleeping than of eating, and as Stanley was now refreshed, and but little inclined to further slumbers, he kindly offered to keep watch over his oxen.

At 4 in the afternoon, after a good feed of roast meat (meat be it observed, playing the same part in the way of diet as massango had done some months before), we set out again, camping at 8.30. P.M. close to the river Marico.

When I awoke at daybreak of the 28th I found that we had taken up our quarters in a low and marshy spot, with scarce a tree or shrub to relieve the eye.

I had scarce finished my simple toilet when my man Stanley presented himself, and modestly said that his anxiety about that famous little boy and his want of

boots prevented him continuing in my service. That from that point there ran a cross-road which would bring him in eight days to his own house, and that consequently he, his oxen and his waggon would cease to be at my orders from that day.

I quietly informed him that he was labouring under a mistake; that he had made a contract with me, in presence of Mr. Coillard, and that under that contract he was bound to accompany me to Pretoria. Deceived, probably, by the mildness of my tone, he persisted in his expressed determination, and vowed he would go no further.

I then gently insinuated that both right and reason were on my side, and that he had no choice but to yield, more especially as the justice of my views was backed by physical force which I should undoubtedly employ.

This last argument was a clincher; and when the fellow saw that I was quite in earnest he gave in, with a grumbling protest about the oxen and the waggon being his property.

Augusto, who had been out since daylight, shooting, now appeared, saying that he had found an encampment of Boers at no great distance from us, and could easily guide me thither.

I at once mounted my horse and set out, and a quarter of an hour's ride brought me to the station.

There were a good many waggons, placed parallel to each other, or laagered, and between them several cane huts, covered with straw, heaps of spoils of the chase, and a kind of porch under which stood a lathe for turning wood. An enclosed paddock containing oxen and horses, completed the picture of this encampment of nomade Boers.

Several women with printed cotton gowns and white caps were drawing water from a well. At a door of one of the huts, a couple more, who were by no

means ill-favoured, were peeling huge onions. A group of children, extremely dirty and clothed in rags, were rolling about the muddy ground.

My entry produced quite a sensation, and an old hag, whose ugliness was even greater than her age, came forward to speak to me. I did not understand a single word she said, but as I looked at her I saw that the filthiness of her condition surpassed even her ugliness and her years.

To have answered the old woman intelligibly I ought to have employed the corrupt Dutch spoken by the Boers; but, not possessing that accomplishment, I talked Hambundo, by which I was at least even with her, for if I could not make out what she meant, she was just as much at fault with the language of the Bihé.

Attended by my first interlocutrix I now approached the girls with the onions, who were at least many shades cleaner and better-looking, and I tried them with English, French, Portuguese, and Hambundo, but with no better success. They only laughed and shook their heads.

I then called Augusto, who had picked up a little Sesuto in the Baroze, and from being thrown so long among Mr. Coillard's people, and told him to inquire of the girls where all the men were gone. His address was broken in upon, however, by the old hag, and with no little trouble, through the aid of such interpreters, I learned that the men were absent hunting.

When the old woman discovered from Augusto that I was not English she speedily altered her tone, and I thought—perhaps it was fancy on my part—she looked upon me more kindly.

The girls had by this time peeled their onions, which they put into an enormous pot half full of water and placed it over the fire.

Almost immediately afterwards seven men on horseback rode into the encampment.

Among them was one of considerable age, with a long white beard; the others, with the exception of a youth of 18 or 19, were men in the prime of life. Perceiving me, they at once came up.

The old man spoke English fluently, and one of the others also knew something of that language.

This was a blessing. I explained to them who I was and whence I came, two things which they did not readily comprehend. I took care to inform them that I was Portuguese and not English, for I saw that the English were not in great favour with them. I related to them how I was placed with my driver Stanley, when the old man advised me to let him and his waggon go and that he would supply me with means to continue my journey.

This arrangement so jumped with my inclination that I would not wait to have it repeated, but sent off Augusto at once to bring the waggon on to the encampment.

Meanwhile the Boers made me heartily welcome, and even the old hag's features softened to an approving grin. And what a grin it was! I was soon seated at a table eating roast meat and onions—the latter constituted their only vegetable, but I enjoyed them thoroughly.

On the arrival of the waggon I had it promptly unloaded, and settled my score with its owner; and certainly, if he were glad to get away, I was no less satisfied to see the last of him.

I then explained to my new friends the necessity in which I was placed to push on as speedily as possible, and they promised me that the very next day I should have a waggon and oxen at my service.

As we sat talking in the evening, they related that

they had formed part of that immense body of emigrants, who, immediately after the annexation of the Transvaal, had fled from a foreign yoke and travelled northwards in perfect ignorance of where they were going or of the perils of the Kalahari. Six hundred families that had penetrated into the inhospitable desert had seen their herds die or get dispersed for want of water, and many of the people themselves had fallen victims to the precipitate and ill-advised step they had taken. The vanguard, to the number of 23 persons, had been able to reach the Ngami, but as their cattle sucked dry the small pools of water by the way, those that came after them died a miserable death alongside the dried-up ponds. The Boers there encamped, and who had received me so hospitably, formed part of those who had managed to return. They had found by the banks of the Limpopo so much game that they decided upon stopping there; and there they lived a nomade life, subsisting upon the fruits of the chase.

Next morning, whilst the girls before alluded to were serving me with a breakfast composed of meat and onions and some delicious milk, the men got ready a waggon to which were harnessed four yoke of oxen.

The old man informed me that his grandson, a lad of some 16 years, named Low, would have charge of the vehicle, and would be assisted by his brother Christopher, whose age might have been about 12.

The waggon was got across the river Marico by the aid of all the male population (and it was no easy task owing to the depth of water), and after a cordial leave-taking I started upon my first day's journey towards Pretoria.

The Boers knew that there was such a place as Pretoria, but they had never been there, so that my young driver was totally ignorant of the road.

I undertook to teach him the way, and therefore, paying little regard to the only track usually followed, namely by the Marico and Rustemberg, I took Marenski's map and drew a perfectly straight line down it, across the plain, a route which I intended as far as possible to adhere to.

From the moment we crossed the river Ntuani we were much annoyed with ticks, and it was quite enough to rest for a few moments on the grass to become covered with those disgusting insects.

Four of my people, Moero, Pepeca, and both the women, showed symptoms of a bad fever. I had to arrange the waggon so that they could lie down, for they were quite incapable of walking.

The fact was, we were all more or less suffering from the effects of so lengthened a journey as the one from Benguella to that spot, with insufficient, improper, or irregular diet. It was no wonder if our fatigues should engender serious illness, and in some cases cause even premature death.

Moreover the insalubrity of the banks of the Limpopo, and more especially of the Marico, was telling upon us all, and even I, who am blessed with a specially tough constitution, felt out of sorts and ill at ease. Fortunately for all concerned, I did not, at that time, break down.

As my young driver and his brother only spoke and understood Dutch, we could keep up no conversation with each other; still I managed to make them understand what I wanted, and to do with the waggon just as I thought proper.

The night which terminated the month of January was exceedingly stormy, with thunder, lightning and rain.

On the 1st of February all my people were more or less indisposed, and the state of the two women and

young negroes made me very anxious. I had myself a nasty attack of fever.

I determined to force my marches as much as possible, in order the more speedily to get within reach of an inhabited district and efficient remedies.

Notwithstanding my own state, the waggon was no sooner under way than I wandered about hunting for game, and managed to bring down a sebseb, which Augusto, Verissimo and Camutombo found and brought in.

We kept on our way till 5.30 P.M., when we halted till 9, to rest the oxen and enable me to attend to my patients, take observations and determine my position. I pushed forward again, however, the same night, and finally camped shortly after 10.

The condition of Pepeca and Mariana was very grave. They were quite delirious with every appearance of typhus.

The caustics which I established by means of boiling water (for want of anything better), were kept constantly, pulverized with sulphate of quinine, and during the night I gave them three hypodermic injections of one gramme of sulphate each.

Moero and Marcolina (the latter, Augusto's wife) did not exhibit symptoms of such gravity as the other two, but I nevertheless subjected them to the same treatment.

Next day my patients were in the same state. After dressing the caustics I determined to set out, but my young Boers were nowhere to be found. I had therefore to hunt them up, and at length, near an extensive marsh, which it appears was called Cornucopia, I discovered them apparently *grazing*, at least they were plucking grass and eating it with avidity.

I drew near to see what they were about, and satisfied myself that I was not mistaken. The lads were

really devouring grass. On coming up to them, they held out to me a handful of a fine kind of reed or cane, of a very bright green colour. Out of curiosity I took a piece and tried it. My surprise was great to find it quite sweet, with much the same flavour as the sugar-cane.

I then comprehended the whole proceeding; pure gluttony had brought them there and made them quite forget the work they were hired to do. I soon brought them back to the waggon, which was quite ready and waiting, and set off at once.

In the plain we were crossing appeared a great many spiders of a similar character to the tarantula, whose bite, the lads made me understand, was mortal. This however, to my mind, requires confirmation, as do many other sweeping assertions of the kind. The natives of Africa, for instance, say the same thing with regard to their scorpions, and I can affirm from positive experience that it is not true.

We travelled five good hours that day before stopping; and after I had doctored my patients, who continued very ill, I set out to seek for food for the caravan.

I did not get back till 6 P.M., but I had a superb antelope across the saddle-bow. I noticed that my horse, during part of the road back, contrary to his usual habit, was restless and occasionally wild, rearing and plunging at every dozen paces.

It was only on reaching the camp that I could explain the cause. One of the sharp horns of the antelope (*Cervicapra bohor*) as its head hung down had made a large wound in poor Fly's chest, and it was wonderful that the animal was so patient under the infliction.

In my anxiety to push forward I travelled a couple more hours that evening, just allowing sufficient time

before starting to doctor my patients and have something to eat.

On the 3rd February I left at 4 A.M., and halted at 9.

I had no sooner camped than I sighted two waggons with a party of Boers coming towards me. I had some hopes of getting food out of them, as our larder contained nothing but the remains of the antelope of the day before. But my expectations were soon set at rest. They were two emigrant families, supported like ourselves solely by the results of the chase, and as it happened, I was obliged to divide with them the little meat I possessed, as their store was gone.

One of the men, who spoke English, told me that I was about to enter a country without game, but that if I forced my marches, following in the tracks of their waggons, I might succeed in reaching Piland's Berg Mission that night.

The country we were traversing was an enormous plain, from which here and there arose abruptly a few mountains.

I marked Piland's Berg to the south of us on rising ground.

Desirous of acting on the suggestion of my informant I determined to push on as hard as I could to the Mission he spoke of; but when I gave orders to start, my driver Low came forward in a state of great distress and told me a long story, not a word of which I could make out beyond the fact that Christopher was missing. This was too bad. As if I had not troubles and anxieties enough just then on my hands, I was to be further bothered and delayed by this wretched boy.

I mounted my horse and scoured wood and plain in search of the truant. I shouted, I fired off my gun, I galloped hither and thither and made regular circles

round the waggon with no other effect than to nearly knock up my horse and fag myself out with fatigue and vexation, and, what was worse, when I returned after my bootless search there was nothing whatsoever to eat.

My driver Low did nothing but snivel and pull his hair, talking all the while in Dutch, and if he fancied he saw any inclination on my part to move on, he came to me and on his knees sobbed out his brother's name.

I was at my wits' end, and at one time used rather strong language against the Boers and all their belongings, and at others was melted by compassion for the poor distressed lad.

Meanwhile my patients did not improve, although they were dieted strictly enough, Heaven knows, and did not want for physic.

There was no help for it but to pass the night where we stood, though I was annoyed beyond measure at the thought of the precious time I was losing under the grave circumstances in which I was placed.

At 9 that night there was a great hubbub among my people, caused by Christopher's unexpected return, but, although he had come back, it was not until some days after that I procured though an interpreter an explanation of the mystery.

It turned out in truth to be no mystery at all, but the act of a thoughtless boy. It appears that the waggon had no sooner stopped than Master Christopher slipped into the wood to try and snare birds with some bird-lime. And there he was quietly ensconced while I was racing about in search of him. Hearing me call out his name and then fire off my gun he got afraid of being either thrashed or killed, so he hid himself in a hollow and remained perdue all day. When night came on the fear of wild beasts was

greater even than the stick, so he slunk back to the waggon.

Determined to make up for lost time I started at 4 in the morning, and called a halt at 8, our condition being such as to prevent a still greater effort.

I observed to the east of my position and running N.N.W. a system of mountains bordering the Limpopo.

Having rested till 11, we resumed our journey at that hour, and reached Soul's Port, the Mission of the Piland's Berg, at 4 in the afternoon.

We took up our quarters in some ruins at a couple of hundred paces or so from the dwelling of the missionary, to whom I sent a visiting-card.

A very short time had elapsed when a lady appeared accompanied by a servant, who carried a large tray of peaches and figs. My fair visitor was Madame Gonin, the missionary's wife. Her husband, she explained, was absent and would not return till the following day.

Whilst listening to Madame Gonin, I went on eating peaches and figs, with the appetite afforded by a thirty-two hours' fast, and abstention from such dainties as were put before me of several months! I excused myself for my apparent gluttony on the unanswerable plea that I was half famished.

She retired after a short visit, but not long afterwards sent me an excellent supper, while a couple of negroes appeared, laden with food for my people.

Next day I considered my two worst patients, Mariana and Pepeca, to be out of danger.

It was still early when, attended by Verissimo, I strolled over to a Boer encampment to endeavour to obtain stores.

The country round Piland's Berg was well cultivated, and the white houses of the settlers were visible as they dotted the mountain-side.

I directed my steps to one of them and was invited to enter. I was shown into a parlour which answered the double purpose of dining and sitting-room.

It was a good-sized apartment, both lofty and cheerful. The walls, painted in fresco, represented Cupids with bandaged eyes aiming treacherous arrows at enormous hearts garlanded with roses, the whole upon a sky-blue ground, which had suffered somewhat from hard usage.

The painter was neither a Rubens nor a Van Dyck; but still I must confess that I was surprised at the artistic labour of that apartment, which was superior to that of a good many dining-rooms of houses I could name in the good city of Lisbon, where one so often sees in the foreground a little boy angling in a river on which in a boat are sailing a pair of lovers (big enough to swamp the frail craft), playing on the bandolin, whilst in the far distance, perched on a blue and red tree, is a vermilion parrot, which, if there is any truth in perspective, must be bigger than boat, lovers and fisherman put together.

At least, in the mythological pictures which adorned the room of this Boer dwelling there was a meaning, and those roses garlanding the wounded hearts served to remind one that love, like the roses, has its thorns as well as its perfume.

If, some day, years perhaps hence, I should take up my residence in Lisbon, and, by that power of imitation which makes me admit the theories of Darwin, should take it into my head to have my dining-room painted by a native artist, I will try to infuse into him some notions of the Transvaal school.

Beyond its painted walls, the room into which I was introduced had nothing particular to strike the attention. I observed a large table, a few chairs, and a pot or two of bright flowers in the window. Curtains of some

white material with a red border hung from cornices of unpolished wood, and as the ends were a good way off the ground, they lent the windows that dubious aspect of a girl in her early teens, who, wearing a dress that is neither short nor long, leaves you in that perplexed state of mind as to whether you are to salute her as a lady or kiss her as a child.

In a corner upon a little table appeared the book of the Boers, an enormous Bible with silver clasps, bound in leather that was once red, but converted, by the handling of three generations of Boers, into a hue that it would be difficult to define.

The honours of the house were done me by two Transvaal ladies, dressed like all those I had hitherto seen, in chintz, with caps upon their heads. A group of little ones, almost all of the same size, clutched at their gowns or clung about their knees. The way in which they were treated, induced me to believe that they belonged to both ladies, which struck me as something very surprising.

Verissimo served me as interpreter, using the Sesuto language. Before explaining my object, I inquired of them whose children they were. They both, together, with that pride natural to all mothers (where the children are still very young and there is nothing in their size to reveal any secrets as to age) replied: "They are ours."

The answer more than ever puzzled me, and the deeper I went, the more difficult the enigma appeared.

I entered into explanations and finally gathered that the little ones belonged half to one lady and half to the other, but as they followed the Boer custom of living together in one domestic circle, the whole of the progeny was looked upon as belonging to each.

The physiological paradox had disappeared, but left

a psychological one behind it that was no less extraordinary in my eyes.

That in the Transvaal two married couples can live together under the same roof, eat at the same dish and pursue the domestic duties jointly; that two friends can thus on the same day get married, and go with their wives to reside together; that children can be born to them, and grand-children succeed, and that they can still remain within the same narrow circle,—for ever; and that they can so live, and be happy, and have no intrigues and no bickerings, no jealousies and no quarrels! Not between the men only, but between the women too! It was wonderful.

This was the patriarchal life in all its purity, and yet this would appear to be the life of the Boers.

After all these things were explained to me I told them the nature of my business. I wanted provisions. The good-natured ladies offered me immediately two enormous loaves, but said they could not sell me any fowls or ducks without the consent of their husbands, who were labouring in the fields; but they begged me to wait a little for their return, which would be at breakfast-time.

One then disappeared, probably into the kitchen, while the other brought into the room a sewing-machine, and sat herself down to work at it.

Meanwhile I took a turn about the grounds, being speedily attracted to the kitchen-garden, which was admirably kept. And how my eyes gloated over the vegetables growing there!

Indeed the temptation got the better of me, and when, a little later, the Boers made their appearance, they caught me *in flagrante delicto* gathering kidney beans and devouring them raw.

I returned to the house with them, and directly we got back into what I will call the "Cupid room," the

whole family sat down on the chairs placed against the wall.

A negress then came in with a small bath and the elder of the men took off his boots and washed his feet. His example was followed by the other, the females and the children in succession, the negress meanwhile going from one to the other with the foot-bath.

This ceremony over, we sat down to table, but not yet to eat. The big Bible was brought, out of which the elder man read, with the utmost gravity, a chapter from the Book of Numbers. This over, breakfast was served, to which,—much to the concern of the ladies,—I did but scant justice, owing to my improvised meal off raw beans. I did manage however to swallow a few mouthfuls, which I washed down with some wretched coffee, but excellent milk.

Breakfast done, my hosts pressed upon me half-a-dozen fowls and a couple of ducks, for which they would receive no payment. More than that, they presented me with as many vegetables as I could conveniently carry off.

On my return to Soul's Port, I learned of the missionary's return through a note which Augusto gave me, with an invitation to dinner.

After visiting my patients, whom I found considerably better,—more especially Moero, who was sitting up,—I started for the missionary's house, where I was most cordially received.

Mr. Gonin, a Frenchman, and a friend of Mr. Coillard's, was delighted at the account I gave him of our journey and of our doings at Shoshong.

Our dinner was, in my eyes, quite a splendid banquet, made the more agreeable by the presence of three ladies, Madame Gonin and two handsome English girls from the Cape, who were on a visit to the house.

I retired early to my camp among the ruins to take

observations and prepare for my departure next day. But when the waggon was got out, I learned from my young driver, Low, that two of the oxen had disappeared, and that all his efforts to find them had been useless. The six beasts that remained were quite insufficient to convey the waggon to Pretoria.

I determined, therefore, to stop where I was and hunt for the oxen, and gave orders that every one who was capable of doing so, should scour the neighbourhood at daybreak in search of them.

I hunted and they hunted; but all in vain: the oxen could not be found.

I communicated my difficulty to Mr. Gonin, and was soon made easy by that gentleman, who placed at my disposal a yoke of oxen of his own.

Besides this, he ordered one of his servants, a Betjuana called Farelan, to accompany me to Pretoria, and act both as my guide and interpreter, as, in addition to his knowledge of the native tongue, he was well versed in the Dutch spoken by the Boers.

Things being thus satisfactorily arranged, I determined to start on the 7th, and, after expressing my warm acknowledgments to Mr. and Madame Gonin, I left at 6 A.M., and halted at 10, near a Boer farm, where I was hospitably received, and obtained abundant provisions.

We made another longish journey later in the day. Of my four patients, Moero, as I before observed, was nearly well, Mariana and Pepeca were improving, although they were not likely to regain their strength for some time to come; but Marcolina, Augusto's wife, made me anxious, as she remained in a state of atony with a constant fever that no treatment seemed to have any effect upon.

Next day, the 8th, she was decidedly worse.

I started at 4 in the morning, and at 5 came to the

banks of Eland's river, near its confluence with the Machucubiani or Her.

The difficulty of the passage was great, as the banks were high, and there was a good deal of water in the stream.

It cost us three hours' hard labour to get across, and we halted for a long rest as soon as we got on the other side.

I marked Pit's Bote at half a mile distance in a W.N.W. direction. This was the place where the last battle was fought between the Boers and the Matebelis, wherein the latter were completely beaten and forced to retire to beyond the Limpopo.

We pushed on again after three hours' halt, and travelled for eight more in two marches.

The spot where we encamped, near a rivulet which flowed into the Limpopo, was covered with rocks, enormous masses of granite, the first I had met with since leaving the Bihé.

The geological disposition of the ground appeared to me extremely similar to that which I had observed on the tableland near the western coast between Quillengues and the Bihé.

But the flora was very different in character. In the tableland referred to, the arborous vegetation was most rich, while in this part of the Transvaal a wretched shrub or two at most did duty for trees. On the other hand, the herbaceous vegetation was very fine, and the grasses more especially were of gigantic size.

On the 9th of February Marcolina's condition was so serious that I decided not to continue my journey until I saw whether there was a chance of her getting better. All my efforts, however, to save her, were in vain, and at noon she expired.

Poor woman! It was very hard to think that she

Fig. 127.—THE LAST BURIAL.

should have gone through so much pain and fatigue, so much worry and trouble, to lose her life just when rest, comfort and abundance were all but within her reach.

Marcolina was Augusto's lawful wife. She had come with him all the way from Benguella, and stuck to him faithfully, notwithstanding his proneness to promiscuous amours, and his shabby treatment of herself.

When the poor creature was no more, Augusto cried like a child beside the inanimate clay.

On the following morning, Camutombo, and the Betjuana, Farelan, with the aid of a couple of shovels obtained in the neighbourhood, dug a deep grave, into which her remains were carefully lowered; and I stood by, with head uncovered and greatly moved, musing over her untimely fate.

It was beside a running brook, at no great distance from the Mission of Betania, that I consigned to earth this last victim of the Portuguese expedition across Africa. We had, in turn, nearly all of us paid the same penalty as this poor creature, but happily hers was the last grave we had to dig on African soil!

As I retraced my steps slowly to the waggon, I inquired of myself whether science had a right to so many sacrifices—whether man, in his vanity to add one more atom of knowledge to the little heap he has formed, was justified in disposing thus of the lives of his fellow-creatures, and immolating them so ruthlessly on the altar of his idol?

Turn the question about as I would, I could find no satisfactory answer to it, and I say now, as I concluded then, that it is a matter for a man to settle between himself and his own conscience.

When the sad ceremony was over, I thought it better to start at once, and by active occupation prevent

the minds of all from dwelling too fixedly upon this untoward event. I therefore gave orders to resume our march, and I meanwhile pushed on ahead to visit the Mission of Betania.

Betania is a village of some four thousand inhabitants of the Betjuana race, with well-built houses, many of which have glazed windows.

The missionary I called upon, Dutch or German, was a Mr. Behrens.

I found him smoking an enormous porcelain pipe, and the very first words he said to me were more indicative, I thought, of a frugal mind than a tender heart, as he inquired if I had brought back the shovels he had lent my men to dig Marcolina's grave!

A quarter of an hour later the waggon came up and we continued our route, stopping at 11 o'clock near a Boer village.

The inhabitants came flocking out with pressing invitations to partake of refreshment. I was compelled to accept something from all, and presents of potatoes, fruit, green vegetables, and even fowls were abundant. I had a difficulty to get away from the hospitable attentions of the kindly villagers, and resume my journey at 3 in the afternoon.

We once more came upon the left bank of the Limpopo, which we followed for three hours, till we arrived at a ford known to my guide Farelan.

We found, drawn up hard by, a little crowd of Boer waggons, and were received with the unpleasant intelligence that the water had risen in the river and made the ford impassable.

As Farelan knew the ford well, I told him to test it and go as far as he could. He at once plunged into the river and got over with the water nearly up to his neck. I then made my people urge on the cattle and headed them on my horse, so that we soon found our-

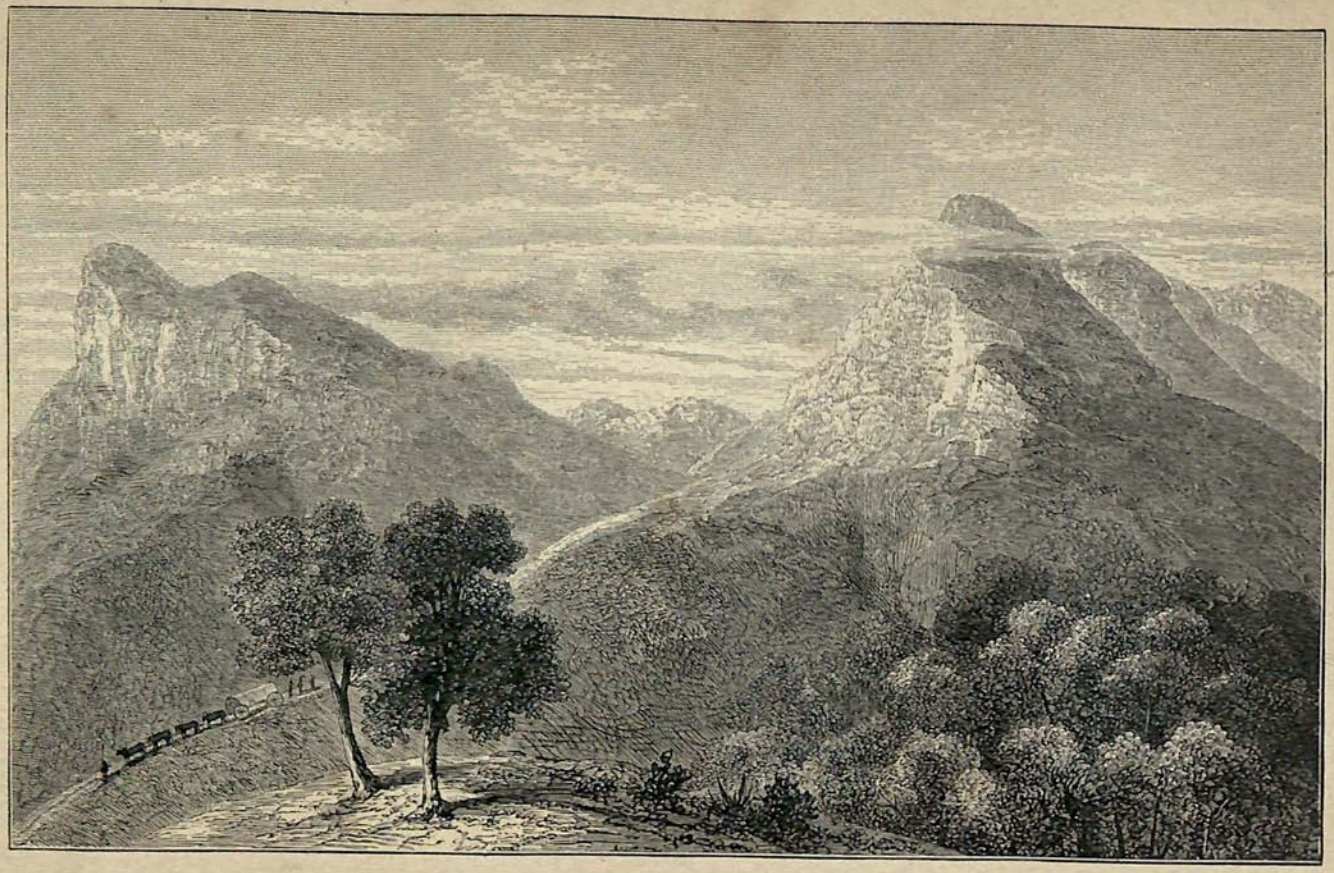


Fig. 128.—MAGALIES BERG.

selves in safety on the other side. We had got too used to this sort of thing to stand at trifles.

The Boers looked on with open mouths but did not attempt to follow, and they were likely to remain where they were for a considerable time to come, as a torrential rain began immediately to fall.

We encamped on the spot, and were enabled to observe on the following morning, that owing to the deluge of rain, the river had swollen extraordinarily, so that there were 10 or 12 feet more water in it than there had been the day before!

Our journey was resumed at an early hour, and by 11.30 A.M. we were crossing the huge chain of mountains,—the Magalies Berg,—which divides the Transvaal by a barrier running nearly due east and west.

The pass was an exceedingly arduous one and the descent on the southern side fraught with no little danger. The waggon, without any proper break, made occasional plunges on to the oxen and threatened to drive the whole team to destruction. Little fitted as the patients were to walk, I deemed it absolutely necessary that they should do so for fear of an accident.

In the midst of it all, the young driver Low slipped and fell, and one of the wheels of the waggon crushed two of the fingers of his left hand.

I doctored the wound as well as I was able, and pushed on the harder to reach Pretoria in order to procure him more scientific treatment.

My Betjuana guide advised me as we were leaving the mountain side to lay in a store of wood whilst we were enabled to do so, inasmuch as from that spot to Pretoria, we should find nothing but a bare plain.

This, of course, was done; and we again moved on,

travelling by night as well as day, with only such intervals of rest as the oxen absolutely needed.

Finally, on the 12th day of February, at 8 o'clock in the morning, I camped at a distance of a mile N.N.W. of Pretoria, and leaving there the waggon and my people, I rode, quite alone, into the capital of the Transvaal.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Rapid sketch of the history of the Boers—What they are—Their immigrations and works — Adrian Pretorius — Pretorius—Diamond mines—Brand—Burgers—Erroneous opinions respecting the Boers — What I saw and what I think.

I AM in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, and before continuing the narrative of my adventures, I propose to say a few words upon the history of the country and its inhabitants. My readers, however, need be under no alarm at this announcement: although a modern French historian, in a very charming work, wittily observes, "L'histoire ne commence et ne finit nulle part," I promise them that the rapid glance I cast upon the story of the Boers shall not be of such immeasurable dimensions.

None shall say where that history will really end, whether it is not already ended or about to be so, but the beginning of the Boer life, from the time that such life assumed the form of national autonomy, dates from our own times, and within the present century.

Bartholomew Dias first, and Vasco da Gama afterwards, those venturesome Portuguese who before all others braved the tempests of the Cape, solely intent upon the Indies as the land of promise, gave little or no heed to the southernmost territory of Africa.

It was not until 1650 that Holland—not the Government of that country, but the Dutch East India Company—founded a factory there, by way of pro-

visioning their galleons on their voyages to the Indian Ocean,—a factory that was established by Dr. Van Riebeck.

This factory was situated where Capetown now stands.

The company, which made but little account of Africa, never thought of creating a colony upon its shores. On the contrary, they discountenanced all private enterprise tending to the cultivation of the land and trading with the aborigines.

The so-called religious wars were then raging in Europe, and with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the persecution of the Protestants in France, many of the latter emigrated, and found their way to Holland. The Dutch East India Company gave them a passage to Africa, and by this means they were transported to the Cape. Their number scarcely reached two hundred, and if we are to believe what history tells us, that Van Riebeck only carried out with him one hundred persons, and if we admit that during the period which elapsed between 1650 and the arrival of the French emigrants, the original population had doubled, the representatives of France and Holland must have been pretty equally divided.

I call attention to this circumstance, because, as it was these two elements which produced the race now called Boers, I desire to prove that among this people, about which so little has been written, and so many mistakes have been made, French blood, if not predominating, at least must share in an equal degree with that of Holland.

From the very outset of the establishment of the French emigrants at the Cape, the Dutch Government laboured to cut them off from all communication with their mother country, and to this end the authorities prohibited the use of their native tongue in the solem-

nisation of divine worship, in their special relations with the Government and in all official acts.

It is difficult to comprehend the success of such a measure, but it is a fact that in the course of time they succeeded so completely in snapping the ties which bound the emigrants to France, that when General Clarke in 1795 arrived at the Cape with Admiral Elphinstone, and took possession of the Colony in the name of England, there was not a single Boer to be found who could speak or understand the French language.

A considerable time before the English occupation, which did not take effect till 1806 (the period when England definitively annexed the Cape by force of arms, disregarding the conventions of the peace of Amiens, which restored that colony to the Dutch), the original colonists had begun to flee from the oppression of the Government of Holland; and, penetrating more deeply into the continent, proceeded to take up their quarters where they found good land for cultivation, and good pasture for their cattle, preferring rather to do battle with the natives, and provide for their own defence, than remain connected with and under the protection of a Government which treated them as mere slaves.

We may thence date the name and the errant life of the Boers, a name but little in harmony with such a life, as by boer we understand a farmer or cultivator of the soil, terms which give an idea of stability, a quality as lacking in the past as it is in the present, since they are infinitely more herdsmen and nomades than they are agriculturists.

The first authority who makes mention of the Boers in their almost primitive mode of existence, reduced as they were to provide by and for themselves the absolute necessaries of life, is Levaillant, who visited the

interior of South Africa before the French Revolution, that is to say, fourteen or fifteen years before the first occupation of the Cape by Clarke and Elphinstone, Levaillant says a good many evil things about them, in respect of their relations with the native tribes.

He accuses them of absolute despotism and constant abuse of force. We are willing to give credit to Levaillant's report, but we must, on the other hand, examine dispassionately the circumstances in which these men were living, emigrants for a second time, without a country they could call their own, and with hostile neighbours all about them. The accusation of "abuse of force" seems also somewhat strange when we consider their comparative weakness.

They had arms, it is true, but the Kaffirs had numbers, and I know the power of numbers against arms. Europe too, and England more especially, knows it to her cost. Zulus, Kaffirs and Basutos have, in more than one instance, taught that lesson.

We must be chary in carrying to the account of a spirit of cruelty reprisals arising from the necessity of extorting by terror a due respect from indomitable and ferocious tribes. The charge so freely brought against the Boers of robbing and dividing among themselves the herds and wealth of the natives they conquered is nowadays admitted as a right of war; and if it be just for one civilised nation to extort from another whom it has vanquished, its lands and treasures, it can scarcely be wrong for the Franco-Dutch emigrants to wrest their substance from the conquered Kaffirs. And it must be borne in mind that an identical course was adopted by the English in the same countries at the close of the wars of 1834 and 1846.

Although the Boers had penetrated into the interior of the continent, it was not till 1825 that they passed the Orange river, bearing to the N.E. to avoid the

sterility of the desert which extends to the North and N.W. of the confluence of the Vaal.

They were compelled to this course by the want of rain which was sensibly felt at that time in the country they occupied.

The abolition of slavery after the war of 1834 rendered the Boers very discontented, as they lost, by such a measure, the hands upon which they relied.

Without a mother country, without a history, and as a consequence without a love for any special spot of land, they entered in a mass upon a fresh emigration, and the number of fugitives who crossed the Orange river was estimated at 8000.

They then elected a chief, their choice falling upon Pieter Retief, whose first step was to despatch a note to the Government at the Cape to the effect that they were free, and as freemen were about to select a country for their habitation.

In that note Retief expressed the intention of his people to live in peace with the natives, and not to admit of slavery; while he laid down in a formal manner the relations which were to subsist between masters and servants.

In their apprehension of the Kaffirs, the Boers after passing the Orange proceeded northwards, where, however, they found in the Zulus, who occupied the right bank of the Vaal, enemies more terrible than those they had endeavoured to avoid.

The famous Muzilicatezi, subsequently known as the king of the Matebeli, attempted to stop the march of the emigrants, and a sanguinary conflict ensued, in which the valiant Zulu chief suffered a severe defeat.

Pieter Retief then directed his caravan eastward, and learning of a magnificent country which extended beyond the Drakens Berg to the sea, he led thither his horde of adventurers.

On reaching the wished-for land, a fresh obstacle was raised to his further passage.

A powerful and warlike tribe endeavoured to destroy the migrating band. Fierce and numerous were the encounters between Retief and the Kaffir chief, Dingany, and in the last of them, the victory obtained by the Boers cost the lives of their leader Retief, and his second in command, Gert Maritz.

Masters of Natal, the Boers pitched upon a magnificent position for the foundation of a city and elected a new chief. This city was Pietermaritzburg, a name which may be looked upon as an undying monument to the memory of the two first of the Boer leaders.

The man chosen to take their place was Adrian Pretorius, who, at a subsequent period, was destined to be the first President of the Transvaal Republic, and whose name, like those of Retief and Maritz, was to be perpetuated in the future capital of the Boers.

From 1840 to 1842, the emigrants lived in peace, cultivating their lands and breeding their cattle in their new country.

Their thoughts were already bent upon forming their autonomy, by constituting themselves as a Republic under the protectorate of a European nation, when Sir George Napier, under orders from the Home Government, proceeded to occupy Natal by English forces, informing the Boers that England could not allow their subjects to form independent states upon the sea-coast.

Pretorius received Sir George Napier's envoy with scant courtesy and it was in the vicinity of Pietermaritzburg that the first shots were exchanged between the Boers and the English. Being made acquainted with the resistance of the Boers, the Governor at the Cape reinforced the troops in Natal and put down the

insurrection. There existed but little sympathy at the outset between the English and the Boers, and from that moment the latter conceived for their conquerors a fixed aversion.

A fresh period of wandering now dawned upon the emigrants, and abandoning the land they had selected, they went in search of new pastures beyond the Drakens Berg, trusting to find some country where they might be free and undisturbed.

After crossing the lofty mountain chain, they spread out north and south of the Vaal, pitching their tents on the territory comprised between the Vaal and the Orange, and even more northwards upon the right bank of the Vaal, where, in 1843 they founded the city of Potchefstroom.

Learning that the English Government considered that country as their own and its inhabitants as subjects of Great Britain, Pretorius persuaded many of the Boers to emigrate anew ; and, marching at their head, proceeded further northwards. He had to do battle with the Zulus, who, again vanquished at Pico Botes, fled beyond the Limpopo, where their chief Muzilicatezi founded the kingdom of the Matebeli.

About this time the towns of Lydenburg and Zoutspansberg came into existence.

It must be borne in mind that at each fresh emigration many of the Boers were unmoved by that aspiration for liberty with which others were inflamed, and remained behind in the districts thus abandoned, becoming consequently subject to the English domination.

Thus it happened that they who held to their original homesteads between the Orange and the Vaal, severed, so to speak, their former connexion with the more restless emigrants. The nucleus thus left originated the now Orange Free State, wherein they founded the city of Bloemfontein, its capital.

Earl Grey, being in 1852 Colonial Secretary in England, considered that the English dominions in Africa were getting both too vast and expensive, and therefore resolved to limit them.

Desirous, however, of acting in a manner worthy of a great nation, he gave orders to the Governor of the Cape to declare the Vaal to be the northern frontier of the British possessions and leave all such English subjects as might establish themselves beyond that limit at liberty to take their own course.

This led to the Treaty with the Boers, whereby Great Britain acknowledged them to be free and conceded to them the rights of autonomy; from that date the country between the Vaal and the Limpopo acquired its name, the Government of the Transvaal was definitely constituted, and Adrian Pretorius was elected President of the new Republic.

The insurgent Boers, so obstinately bent upon fleeing from a foreign yoke, succeeded in forming a nation, in creating an independent country, and in establishing their freedom, so that in 1854 they were perfectly emancipated, and the Orange Free State sprang into being.

It is certainly remarkable to observe these groups, where the means of instruction were of the most limited order (for the Boer only reads and only knows his Bible), to observe these people, ignorant as they must have been of all Government restrictions, from which they had fled a century before, suddenly banded into nations, forming a governmental system, electing national assemblies, and legislating with such sound judgment!

Adrian Pretorius was in every respect a noteworthy man; one who would have made himself renowned, and carved out a career among people far more civilised than the Boers.

Inflamed by an ardent love of liberty, he had the power to infuse the enthusiasm of his own spirit into those who surrounded him, and immoveably fixed in his own grand ideas he lived to see his efforts crowned with success, and to give to his faithful followers and to thousands who were dispersed far and wide, a wealthy country and a name.

His life terminated with this grand work. At its close the general suffrage raised to power his own son, who had been brought up under the eye and instructions of his father.

The new Pretorius used his efforts to give a better organisation to the various services of the nation, but the same desire for liberty, which animated the Boers in fleeing from British dominion, induced many also to flee from that of the central Government of the Republic. But even in doing so they found that it was always necessary to band themselves against a foreign enemy, and the numerous conflicts in which they had to engage with the ever-hostile aborigines are a proof of the fact.

In 1859 the Boers of the Orange Free State proclaimed Pretorius as their President, and in his capacity of Supreme Director of the affairs of the two Republics he at once set about effecting a union that should be advantageous to their common interests.

But the English Government had their say in a question of so much importance, so that Pretorius, failing in his object, abandoned Bloemfontein and returned to the Transvaal, where he again assumed the direction of public affairs.

From that time until 1867, the two peoples, who could boast, the one but fifteen, the other but thirteen years of autonomous existence, were unmolested in their rude but pacific lives, saving some trifling disturbances with the natives which were speedily put down. But in that year, 1867, the Boers of the two States, the

Transvaal and Orange were roused to their innermost depths by a surprising piece of intelligence. On their western frontier a discovery had been made of diamond mines of vast wealth and extent, which promised apparently inexhaustible riches to the possessors of the territory.

It was not astonishing that the Boers of the Transvaal and the Boers of the Orange Free State should cast greedy eyes upon this favoured land.

The district which, in a moment, as it were, assumed such great importance, and which, like Brazil, California and Australia, suddenly attracted hosts of adventurers from all quarters of the globe, belonged to a tribe known as the Griquas, a mongrel race of Boer origin, at that time governed by a certain Waterboer, who lost not an instant in putting forward his claims to the coveted territory.

Among the mixed horde which the flash of the diamond irresistibly led to this new Golconda, there was an abundance of Englishmen, exceeding, indeed, in numbers, all the rest put together.

The desire to assume possession of the diamond fields was only clearly manifested by the Orange State Boers in 1870, the year in which their President Brand invited Waterboer to a conference, whereat he endeavoured to convince him that he was of right the owner of the newly-discovered treasure.

Waterboer was not, however, so easily persuaded into relinquishing his claims, and he returned to his own country obstinately bent upon making them good.

President Brand, on his part, was just as little inclined to yield, and he published a proclamation wherein he stated that Griqua Land belonged of right to the Orange Free State, following up this averment by the despatch of a delegate of the Republic to the country, with the title of Governor.

The Boers of the Transvaal about this time endeavoured to clearly lay down the frontiers of their territory, and succeeded in concluding with Portugal the treaty for the demarkation of their eastern border, negotiated in July 1869 between Pretorius and the Viscount de Duprat, the Commissioner appointed for that purpose by the Portuguese Government. The treaty of 1852 had sufficiently defined the southern and south-eastern frontiers; the others being traced out by nature, viz., that to the north, in the shape of the tsee-tsee fly near the Limpopo, and that to the west, by the Desert.

Pretorius then conceived that his right to Griqua Land was as good as President Brand's, and in imitation of his contemporary of the Orange Free State, he also sent a delegate of the Republic to support his pretensions.

But three years had elapsed since the first stone of that pure and dazzling carbon, on which human vanity has bestowed such extraordinary value, appeared in the wilds of South Africa, and already, where the eager hands of hundreds of adventurers were delving and picking amid the gravelly soil, there had arisen an opulent city, teeming with life and bearing the similitude of European civilisation.

This was Kimberley, a very wonder, created by diamonds, just as San Francisco in California was created by gold. It was one of those prodigies which spring out of the earth in the immediate vicinity of the mines that are being explored and to which they owe their origin; which grow with prodigious rapidity in strength and grandeur; which become at once the seat of a new and vigorous commerce; which boast an unused and inventive brain; and which, born, as it were, only to-day, on the morrow, through the development of the latent powers wherewith they are endowed,

appear to arrive immediately at maturity, with ancient customs and musty traditions.

The mine is the most potent principle of the development of a virgin soil. It is the most powerful incentive to the colonisation of a new country.

The diamond flashes,—the grain of gold scintillates,—the block of coal sparkles,—the mine yields from its cavernous depths, copper, iron and lead, and lo!—in the desert, till then pronounced sterile,—all around the lead, copper, coal, gold and diamond, life springs up, a town is created, and progress marches with giant strides, by the aid of its grandest elements, electricity and steam.

But yesterday, the rudimentary hoe of the aborigines scraped its inch or two of ground, and to-day the powerful traction engine, startling the ear with its sharp whistle (the exulting cry of progress) sets in motion ploughs which cut deeply into the earth, untouched since its geological formation, and score in symmetrical furrows the piece of soil which till then bore no other configuration than that imposed upon it by the laws of nature.

Where but yesterday a roaring river presented an insuperable barrier to the onward steps of the rare wayfarer, to-day a bridge, constructed of iron girders, arranged and united in perfect harmony by the sublime laws of science, yields an easy passage to a dense population, who disregard, as unworthy of their notice, the waters tossing and foaming beneath their feet.

The marsh which but yesterday exhaled pestilential miasma, becomes to-day converted into a graceful park, whose groups of trees modify the very atmosphere and climate.

The iron which, wrested only yesterday and in the rudest manner from the earth, barely served for the imperfect arrow-head or barbarous assegai, runs

to-day through gigantic moulds, and assumes the shape of rails, which extend like enormous arteries through the land, and throb, as it were, with the blood of modern nations.

From labour and material creation spring new ideas, the brain becomes strengthened, the inventive faculties of the human machine spread far beyond the narrow circle within which they appeared to be confined, and they travel on and on, carrying with them as they go new and powerful aids to civilisation.

It is thus that America, in one century of time, has gone beyond the old countries of Europe; and thus will Africa one day outstrip America in turn.

In Griqua Land, where in 1867 but a few scanty huts sheltered a barbarous population, in 1870 we find a European city, involved, it is true, in the chaos created by a mixed population, but feeling within herself all the elements of rapid development. No wonder then if she refused to admit the domination of a people so little advanced as Boers and Griquas.

It was under such circumstances that appeal was made to England.

The diamond and gold have the supernatural power of fascinating the king and the peasant, the dainty lady and the country wench, and if Boers and Griquas were dazzled by the brilliancy of the African gems, Britannia was no less moved by their scintillations; nor did she lose time in coming to the conclusion that Griqua Land was hers and could not possibly appertain to any one else.

The proclamation of President Brand was followed by another from the Governor at the Cape, wherein he argued to his own satisfaction that the coveted territory belonged to the Griquas and that the Griquas belonged to England.

This second proclamation was only a prelude to a

visit from the Governor himself, who, on his arrival at the fields in contention, was received with enthusiasm by the miners.

The Griquas, who felt their weakness in presence of the Boers, very naturally threw in their lot with England.

It was then that the Governor, strong in the support of miners and Griquas, entered openly into negotiations with the Boers of the two States, and easily succeeded in convincing Pretorius of the advisability of his desistence from rights which, to say the least, were very problematical. This was not, however, the case with President Brand, who not only refused to have the question solved by the arbitrament of the Governor of Natal, but demanded that the matter should be submitted to the decision of some European sovereign, and meanwhile began to assemble a considerable force of Boers in order to employ arms as a supreme argument. This warlike manifestation on the part of the Free State, which might have led to very serious consequences, was however stayed by the firmness and prudence of the Governor.

Meanwhile, the British Government quietly annexed the diamond country to the Cape, without giving much heed to the events that were passing on the spot.

Brand, however, would not desist from his asserted rights with the same ease as Pretorius had done.

The two men, in fact, were of very different calibre. Pretorius was a Boer, possessing merely the rudimentary education proper to the Boers, derived in great part from the pages of the Bible. He lived and flourished rather upon his father's name, than through any personal qualifications of his own. It was a far more facile task for England to treat with him than with President Brand, who, though a son of the Colony, was endowed with considerable erudition, had

a bright intelligence and was versed in all the "quillets and quiddits," the tricks and chicanery of the law.

Brand was educated in Europe, took his Doctor's degree at the University of Leyden, was admitted to practise as a barrister in the English Courts, and was for some time a professor at the Cape School. Such a man, on whom nature had further bestowed an energetic and obstinate temperament, was not likely to recoil even in presence of the English annexation, and therefore continued to proclaim aloud and furnish proofs that Griqua Land was his property.

In the course of six years, he made six hundred protests, until one day the Earl of Carnarvon, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, who had the merit of thoroughly comprehending the colonial interests of Great Britain, invited him to London, there to treat directly for a settlement of these interminable claims.

Brand, in London, continued to fight for the interests of his country, and at length ceded all rights to Griqua Land for a pecuniary indemnity of £105,000.

It was thus that Lord Carnarvon cut short, at once and for ever, the complications that had arisen between the Boers of the Orange Free State and the English Colonies of South Africa.

Brand employed the money thus received from the British Government in developing, as far as so small a sum would allow, the resources of his little country.

Leaving, however, the Boers of the Orange Free State, of whom I have spoken only incidentally on account of their connexion with the Transvaal, and returning to my own brief record of the latter, I mentioned that Pretorius readily gave up all claim to Griqua Land at the instigation of the Governor of the Cape, and this act brought him into considerable discredit with his co-citizens.

The *Volksraad*, or National Assembly, passed a vote of censure on their President, who was in consequence deposed and a successor appointed in the person of Francis Burgers.

Burgers, a Dutchman, a man of intelligence and learning, who thus became third President of the Transvaal Republic, was a Protestant minister of the Reformed Church.

His first thought, on assuming power, was to raise the Transvaal to a level with the advanced nations of Europe. All the ideas of the new President were noble and elevated, but none the less he committed manifest errors of administration. He was not a practical man, and was not sufficiently acquainted with the elements he had to deal with to be able to give them the direction he intended.

It is always a delicate matter to speak of a high personage who is yet living, when the object is to analyse his acts; but if I cannot help alluding to Dr. Burgers, seeing that his administration is connected with facts of the utmost importance, I do not desire in any way to give a dogged opinion respecting the government of the last President of the Transvaal.

I will merely express openly what I think, and leave to others the formation of such judgment as they may deem proper.

During my stay in the Transvaal I left no stone unturned to arrive at the facts of the last Boer administration, and upon them I base the remarks I am now about to make.

President Burgers, on taking the reins of government, desired to drive at a greater rate of speed than it was safe to do over so rough a country. Financial questions were the first which called for his attention, and no wonder, inasmuch as the Transvaal had no finances to boast of.

The expenditure of the administration was small, it is true, but the general receipts were of the meagrest, and very irregularly collected. There was some paper-money and a little, very little, English gold.

Burgers coined some money out of the gold extracted from the Lydenburg Mines, and succeeded, in a comparatively short time, in re-establishing the credit, then at a very low ebb, of his adopted country. In doing so he had great, and but little known, struggles with a people not too amenable, who were spread over a vast territory, where communications were and still are excessively difficult, and where it was not even possible to effect an approximately accurate census.

Another important matter which engaged the President's mind was that of the public force. He clearly perceived that the system of defence hitherto employed by the Boers, and called by them the *comando*, or, in other words, a general convocation for war, was extremely deficient, and could not continue in a State which he was desirious of putting on a par with European countries.

The question of enrolling an army among the Boers was surrounded with difficulties, and met with serious opposition.

A third point to be treated, and which was not of less importance than the other two, was the creation of roads.

Burgers appointed the first judges and opened the first public schools in the Transvaal.

This was much for a people still in its infancy, and it was effected of a sudden.

Herein, and herein only, did the President of the Republic make a great mistake.

A species of progress-fever took possession of Dr. Burgers, who made a voyage to Europe in 1875, with

the double object of raising money and creating for his country a sea-port.

As regards the money question, he knocked at the doors of the Amsterdam bankers; and in respect of the sea-port, he applied to the Government at Lisbon.

Both at Amsterdam and Lisbon, he was patiently listened to; nay more, he obtained a credit in Holland, and made a treaty in Portugal for a railroad to connect Pretoria with the superb harbour of Lourenço Marquez.

Burgers returned triumphant to the Transvaal to find a world of trouble awaiting him.

During his absence an old sore, which had never been healed, between his people and the native King Secucuni, had broken out afresh, and it was deemed necessary to go to war.

Burgers did not hesitate in this conjuncture. He caused a *comando* to go forth, to which responded some two thousand Boers, and about the same number of natives. He put himself at the head of this small army, and boldly marched to the attack.

Whether it was that Burgers was not destined to shine as a general, or whether from one of those causes that it is difficult to explain, and which have been more than once fatal to English regular troops in Africa, the small army, after a very short war, wherein but slight, if any, advantages were obtained, was obliged to retire.

Just about this time, there arrived at Natal Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who had come straight from London, where Lord Carnarvon, still bent upon his idea of forming a Confederation of the States of South Africa, had got together delegates from the different provinces with a view to a discussion of the subject.

It would appear that Sir Theophilus brought instructions from the English Government concerning the Transvaal, inasmuch as, no sooner had he arrived at Durban, than he started for Pretoria.

I have no intention whatsoever, in a work of this kind, to make any critical remarks concerning the fact or policy of the annexation, and I shall therefore confine myself to a narration of the facts with perhaps greater frankness than has hitherto been used in speaking upon the subject.

In order thoroughly to comprehend those facts, it is necessary to show what the Transvaal was at the period of Sir Theophilus Shepstone's arrival at Pretoria.

The Boer population, difficult to estimate, but which the nearest calculations raised to twenty-one thousand souls, was scattered over an immense territory, equal in superficial area to England and Scotland united.

Within this vast country, but three towns, the nuclei of a dense population, and a few villages separated by enormous distances, made even greater by the difficulty of communication, sheltered their various groups of inhabitants.

The three towns, Potchefstroom, Pretoria, and Lydenburg contained populations that were anything but Boers. The gold mines had attracted to Lydenburg adventurers of all nationalities, and the English element, imported from Australia, predominated over the others.

Pretoria was a growing city, wherein the largest element was Dutch, but not Boer.*

Potchefstroom had, as inhabitants, the greatest number of Boers of the three, but even there they were in a minority as compared with the Dutch and English.

* Whenever I use the term Dutch, I mean the sons of Holland proper, and not the Boers of either of the States.—AUTHOR.

The villages, whereof the most important were Rustenberg, Marico, and Heidelberg, had a Boer population with a mixture of English and Dutch. The bulk of the Boers was to be found in scattered farms and homesteads, as they naturally fled from towns and villages alike, to have space to pasture their herds and flocks.

If it be difficult to form any just estimate of the white population in the Transvaal, it is a harder task still to appreciate the numbers of the native population. I have seen calculations which were as wide apart as two hundred thousand and nine hundred thousand souls.

The country was literally covered with missions emanating from three or four different societies in England, some from Germany and others from the Netherlands. These missionaries exercise their calling among the natives, because the Dutch have their own pastors in the parishes, and the Boers know their Bible as well as the teachers, and therefore do not need their ministry.

The seat of the Government was at Pretoria, the smallest of the three Transvaal towns, but also the most favourably situated.

The men who had the chief direction of public affairs were Dutch.

This was the position of the heterogeneous population of the Transvaal at the commencement of April, 1876.

Let us now briefly examine the moral position, true or apparent, of the Boers.

And first of all, what was the estimation in which the Franco-Dutch of the African Republic were held out of Africa? as low, undoubtedly, as it could well be.

The impression abroad concerning them was that

they were white savages, possessing all the evil instincts of the savage, with the cunning supplied by semi-civilisation, eager for rapine, burning and devastating the villages of the natives (poor martyrs of their brutality and rapacity), and who, strong against the weak, were sneaking curs in presence of the strong.

This was the picture furnished by more than one missionary, the only persons from whom we, in Europe, obtained news of the ancient Cape emigrants.

What degree of truth there was in this estimate I shall have occasion to say later on.

In the eyes of those who knew little of them beyond what was supplied by prejudiced parties, they were morally disorganised; they had lost something of their prestige among the natives through the reverse suffered at the hands of Secucuni; and they were even beginning to discuss among themselves the propriety of deposing President Burgers, and electing in his place a Boer of repute, P. Krüger, who was disposed once more to draw the sword against Secucuni.

Under these circumstances the annexation was easy, and Sir Theophilus Shepstone took advantage of it. The towns that had no Boerish blood in them were on his side, and there, petitions on behalf of the measure, dictated it must be said by Englishmen, were readily obtained. It was further stated that all the blacks were desirous of becoming Englishmen; so Sir Theophilus, by a proclamation dated the 12th April, 1876, declared the Transvaal to be an English province. When this proclamation was made there were barely two dozen people to listen to it, and they were encamped in barracks run up in the garden of the house where Sir Theophilus was sojourning.

The annexation of the Transvaal was therefore pacific, no armed force being either employed therein or

available, inasmuch as the 80th Regiment of Infantry, which, under the command of Major Tyler, subsequently entered the Transvaal, was at that time encamped on the Natal border beyond the Drakens Berg. The annexation was pacific, but the Boers knew nothing about it, till it was all over.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the man who thoroughly understood the native character, knew perfectly well what he was doing, and the result proved him to be so far correct.

Many of the Boers, when they heard the astounding news, alarmed at the movement and doubtful as to what would come next, fell back upon their instinctive and hereditary habit of migrating, which they did in considerable numbers.

One portion of them, as I mentioned in the previous chapter, and who formed the vanguard of the new emigration, perished through drought in the Desert.

The frightful catastrophe proved a warning to many who were ready to follow their example, and as their steps were effectually barred in another direction by that terrible enemy the tsee-tsee, they made a virtue of necessity and bent their necks to the yoke of England.

Does the history of the Transvaal terminate here as an autonomous State?

Who shall say?

It is necessary to have lived among the Boers to form an idea of their ardent love and aspiration for liberty—of the profundity of their hatred for those they deem their oppressors.

Ere closing this brief sketch of the Transvaal and resuming the narrative of my journey, I will add a few more lines about the Boers and their surroundings.

I dwelt in their midst, I was admitted into the intimacy of their daily life, I was enabled to gauge

their feelings. I saw them at their labour, I rode with them through field and forest, and I appreciated their dexterity as marksmen and their courage in the face of danger.

I do not think I am a prejudiced observer; for though I received from them the most kindly proofs of friendship, I have more than once had occasion in this work to express my gratitude, warmly felt, for the many favours I received from Englishmen.

I therefore speak with the consciousness that my words are the strictest expression of the truth, and that no leaning for one side more than for the other has exercised the slightest influence over my mind.

I say this pointedly, because I am again about to refer to missions and missionaries when speaking of the Boers, and I am most anxious it should not be thought that any prejudice animates me against men and institutions, which in the abstract, I consider of immense utility, and which I should be one of the first to approve and uphold. What I really condemn are the moral sores existing in the system, sores which require the scalpel of the critic, the ardent cautery of just censure to cure and cicatrise them.

The Transvaal cannot be measured by a European standard.

The reason of this is that there exists but one social class—the people. There are no distinctions among them, all being absolutely equal. Without schools, all are alike ignorant; without idlers among them, all are comparatively well off; imbued with religious faith, and steeped in the Bible, the only book they know, all are honest, and lead moral lives.

The principle which, in the middle ages, established distinctions in Europe, namely personal courage, can with difficulty be comprehended by the Boers, as all are courageous. As happens among all people who

live an elementary life, they only attain ascendency among them who possess the gift of eloquence.

The life of the Boer is regulated by Biblical precepts —it is the true patriarchal life. Among the Boers there is a strict adhesion to truth, and adultery is almost unknown.

The Boer marries early, and he either continues to reside in the dwelling of his parents, or, united to another in the same condition, he seeks out new lands, and commences a new life. The sole distinction between the Boers is that of age, and the younger naturally yields to the persuasion of his senior. The wife labours, like her husband, in her own sphere, and is indefatigable in the household. The necessities of the Boer are very limited, and he has the means of supplying them.

Among the French emigrants, dispersed by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many were mechanics, and left as a legacy to their descendants the art of working in wood and iron. It is no uncommon thing to see a lathe in a corner of a Transvaal house, and a Boer engaged in turning the legs of his simple tables and chairs, or putting his instrument to other uses.

Outside, in some shed, in a rudimentary tannery, you will find him dressing the hides out of which he makes his boots and shoes.

The other requirements of life are easily satisfied by people who have no ambition beyond liberty, after which they have been aspiring for a century almost in vain.

How happens it then that the Boers, being as I have described them, have earned for themselves so evil a name?

The explanation of the fact is in a nutshell to those who have lived in the Transvaal among them, and

exempt from the passion of race, which has the power to pervert the justest and most sensible mind. They on whom lies the sin of discrediting the Boers are the missionaries. I say, and I maintain it. After the Boers had occupied the Transvaal and succeeded in pacificating by force the warlike tribes which disputed their possession, and giving a certain security to the country, dozens of missionaries flocked thither and took up their quarters.

Among these men some were good and some were bad, and I venture to explain what I mean by those terms.

The good are those who, intelligent and enlightened, possessing the qualities proper to God's ministers, pursue their ends in singleness of heart, building with patience, with patience suffering the reverses of to-day in the hope of the triumph of the morrow—teaching morality by example and by precept—going their way without being moved by the passion which blinds, —imbued with the responsibility of their august mission.

The good are they who, to intelligence and enlightenment, join the *blossoms of the soul* to which I have before alluded.

Such do indeed exist, but unhappily their number is but small.

The bad missionaries are those who, with little intelligence and little learning, believing that the science of life consists in knowing imperfectly and interpreting wrongly certain passages of Holy Scripture, employ every means, more or less dignified, to attain a fictitious end, and, corroded by the poison of vanity, or instigated by personal interest, desire to exhibit to the societies which sent them out extraordinary results, attained by means that have no equivalent in Europe, and who have become the main cause of the prolongation of that

terrible struggle in Africa between civilisation and barbarism.

Of these men, the chief object is to insinuate themselves into the good graces of the aborigines, and in default of those qualities which would teach them the path they should follow, they employ an easy expedient to attain their end, an expedient which rarely fails in its result.

It is to preach revolt.

To the ear of barbarians, it is always sweet music that which urges them to revolt against the white.

These missionaries with little knowledge and narrow intellect commence by instilling into the native, hour by hour, from the sacred pulpit, whence should only be heard the accents of truth, that they are the equals of the white man, that they are on a level with the civilised: when they ought rather to say to them, in the tones of persuasion and authority, "Between you and the European there is a wide gulf which I have come to teach you to bridge over. Regenerate yourselves; quit your habits of brutish sloth; labour and pray; abandon crime and practise the virtue which I will show you; cast off your ignorance and learn:—and then, but not till then, can you stand on the same level as the white; then and then only will you be his equal."

This is the language used by the good missionaries; this is the truth which the bad ones never dream of inculcating.

To tell the ignorant savage that he is the equal of the civilised man is a falsehood; it is a crime. It is to be wanting in all those duties which were imposed upon the teacher when he set out for Africa. It is to be a traitor to his sacred mission.

The native, as the missionary finds him in Africa, is very far indeed from being the equal of civilised man.

All his good instincts are dormant within him, and only the bad ones are active. Sloth, and a horror of labour are his natural characteristics. His ignorance is absolute; and would alone, without the concomitance of his many evil tendencies, suffice to raise a huge barrier between him and the white man.

The system adopted by these unworthy missionaries has for result the establishment of disorder, and forms the greatest obstacle to the progress of South Africa.

The Boers, after their recent conquest of the country, were not slow to perceive that some of the missionaries were of powerful assistance in securing their new dominion, whilst others only caused them conflict and difficulties.

As a natural consequence they resented such behaviour, and in return were vilified and traduced in the eyes of Europe.

Hence arose the evil reputation which the Boers have acquired in the outer world. This is the truth, which I do not hesitate to put forward thus publicly, and which none has hitherto had the frankness to avow.

When living among the Boers, I heard many speak in high praise of the qualities of this or that missionary, while they as strongly condemned the words and acts of others. When in Pretoria, moving in a very different circle, I heard the same thing from the Dutch and from the English. And when residing subsequently among the missionaries themselves, I became satisfied that the above assertions were only too true.

No portion of this blame is attributable to the well-intentioned societies which subsidise them, or to the authorities who back them up, and who indeed are frequently among the first to suffer for doing so.

The missionary should be one of the primary aids to future civilisation, and we have a right to expect

much from his efforts; but unhappily the results that we obtain are just the contrary to those we looked for.

The evil missionaries preached revolt and the Boer was attacked. A cruel war ensued, and Europe rang with the horrible acts committed by the Boers against the good, innocent and pacific aborigines!!

Surely we ought not to allow our sentimental emotions so to blind our judgment as to admit absurdity for truth, and chimeras for realities.

I remember somewhere to have read that the Boer was even inferior to the negro.

Another assertion actually made in my hearing was that the Boer was utterly opposed to progress!

How is one to deal with irrationality such as this? And yet it is credited on account of the source from which it springs.

The missionary is not the man to procure the advancement of the Boer, and the reason lies in my main argument against the work of many missions, and the erroneous path they pursue in Africa.

I have already had occasion to speak of well-intentioned missionaries erring through their desire to teach abstract theology to the blacks. They fail with the Boers from a very opposite reason. The latter know as much theology as their would-be teachers, if they do not even know more; for, as I have more than once observed, their Bibles are always in their hands.

The missionaries, therefore, who deem it to be their work to teach the Bible, simply leave the Boers alone, and then proclaim aloud that they are enemies to progress!

They may not, perhaps, have made the progress that they should; but the missionary has more to answer for than themselves in their tardy advancement: the fault lies with the master and not with the disciple.

The most absurd of all the charges laid at the door of the Boers is that of cowardice! I have more than once had occasion to verify the exact contrary; but even without practical experience of my own, I should say that the history of their wars with Zulus, Kaffirs, and Basutos would amply suffice to remove such a stigma from their name.

It is devoutly to be wished that they may not one day be goaded into proving their valour on the heads of those who so systematically slander them.

Fig. 129.—Myself at Pretoria.
(From a photograph by Mr. Gross.)

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE TRANSVAAL—(*continued*).

Mr. Swart—Difficulties—I become a Gastronomist—Dr. Risseck—Sir Bartle Frere and the Portuguese Consul Mr. Carvalho — Mr. Osborn, the Colonial Secretary—Dinners and Balls—The Rev. Mr. Gruneberger—Mr. Fred. Jeppe—A dinner with the 80th—Major Tyler and Captain Saunders — Insubordination—Mr. Selous—Monseigneur Jolivet—Some account of Pretoria—Negroes and photography—Burlesque episode of the tragic war of the Zulus.

As I stated at the commencement of the preceding chapter, I found myself in Pretoria, already an English city, and the Capital of the Transvaal Province, which I entered on the morning of the 12th February, 1879.

My first visit was to the Government Treasurer, Mr. Swart, who received me very cordially, but excused himself from asking me to become his guest, as he had not a room in his little house to offer me.

We therefore proceeded to the hotels, where not even a bed, much less an apartment, was to be found!

Volunteers, who were coming in from all directions to seek service in the corps that were being organised, attracted by a pay of five shillings per diem, filled up every corner and caused me very considerable embarrassment. I, who had rarely wanted quarters on the long journey from Benguella thither, began to fear that I should not find in the first civilised city I entered a corner wherein to lay my head.

Finally, after a long search, and when I was actually revolving in my mind whether it would be a great shock to the social *convenances* (which it must be confessed I had almost forgotten), if I lay down in the

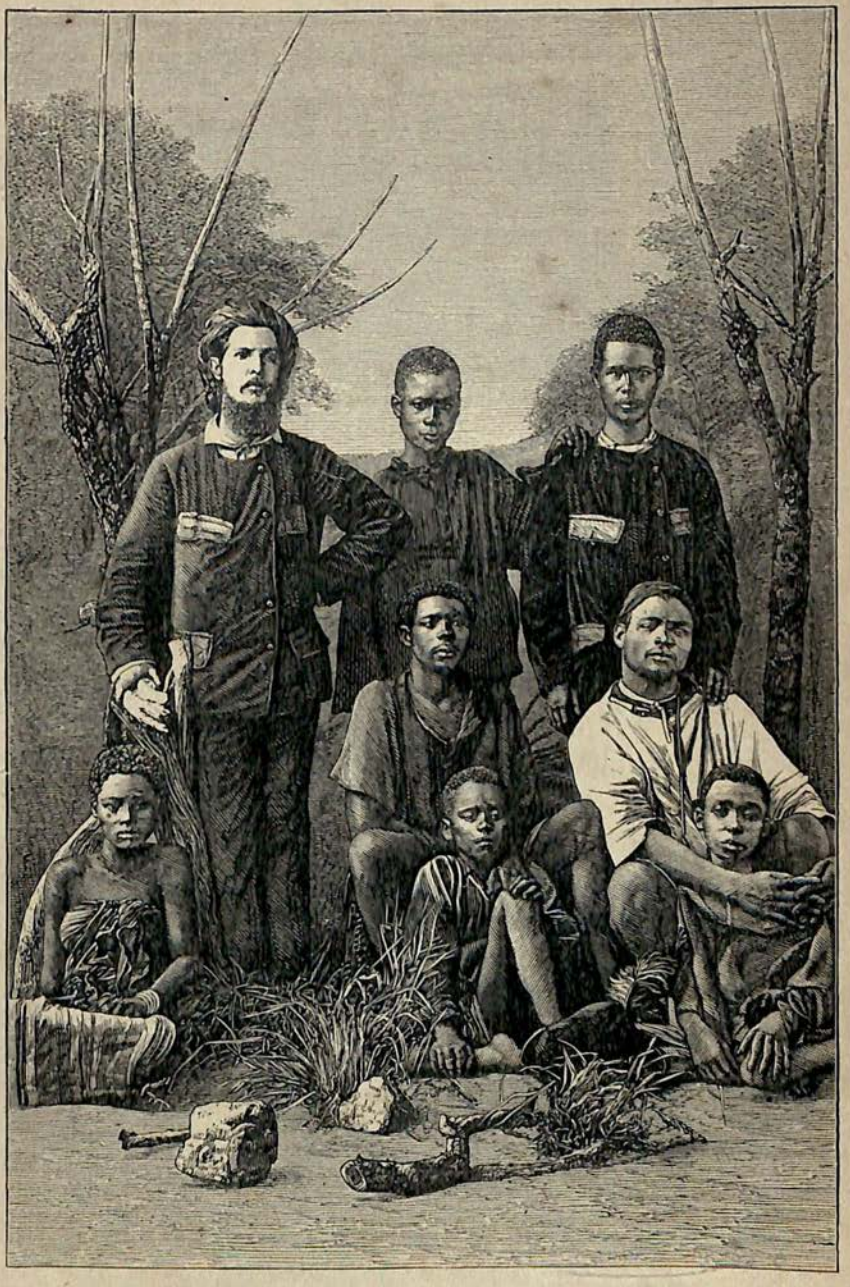


Fig. 130.—THE REMNANT OF THE EXPEDITION.

public square on my leopard skins, I succeeded in obtaining shelter at the Café de l'Europe, with promise of a room in the course of a day or two. This was tolerable so far, but then arose fresh difficulties about accomodating my people.

I sent for the young Boer Low, who required medical treatment for his injured hand, but instructed Verissimo to remain encamped without the city until fresh orders.

My messenger returned with Low and Verissimo, who had come to inform me that the people were hungry, and that he must have money to procure them something to eat.

This news at first quite staggered me. I had, in fact, forgotten that money was absolutely necessary in a civilised country, and that I had an empty purse.

A moment's reflection convinced me that such was the case, and I applied to my host, Mr. Turner, for the needful. He was good enough to supply me with some at once, so that I was enabled to despatch Low to a surgeon and Verissimo to the camp, whilst I myself repaired to Mr. Swart, who invited me to dinner.

That gentleman had invited several guests to meet me, which compelled me to pay some attention to my toilet. My trousers, which bore but little semblance to their original aspect, and which had been subjected to more than one patch at my own hands (although my talent for tailoring had never been brilliant), were carefully cleansed from the dust and mud splashes of twenty different countries. I found a pair of stockings which had been most neatly darned by Madame Coillard, and which were therefore sure to give satisfaction. My iron-heeled boots, a product of Tissier of Paris, were blacked for the first time, and really did not look at all bad. My coat was the article which most troubled me, for it had been furnished with

leathern pockets, once black, but which were now, alas! worn into an extraordinary colour. Mr. Turner's ink-stand, however, was handy, and by the aid of a quill pen I managed to touch up the seams and all the exposed portions, so that I thought it would pass muster at night, although by day the artifice might perhaps be a little too apparent.

Having then well brushed and combed my long beard and still longer hair, I set out for the house of the Treasurer of the Transvaal.

On entering the drawing-room I was completely dazzled.

The ladies in full dress, the men in their well-fitting black coats, the servants in livery, the bright yet harmonious colours of the silken upholstery, the carpets, the mirrors, all those things, indeed, to which I had been so long a stranger during the hard and savage life I had been leading, produced in me, at first, a perfect bewilderment of brain.

I felt as a blind man may be supposed to feel when the bistouri of the skilful oculist removes the cataract which has condemned him to months of darkness, and sight is suddenly restored to him.

My greatest difficulty was what to do with my hands; they seemed ever in search of something to lay hold of, and missing the customary feel of the rifle, they were dreadfully in my way.

Dinner was announced. I took in the lady of the house, and when I was seated I began to be conscious that my very old clothes were dreadfully shabby.

The appearance of the table awakened in me fresh surprise. The glass, the china, the silver, the wines sparkling in their cut decanters, attracted me in turn and the sight of the *menu*, written on an elegant card, had for the moment all the fascination of an ancient manuscript.

I must have committed many absurdities, but I have no recollection of what they were, for the whole scene appeared to me as a delightful but uneasy dream.

The dinner over, we repaired once more to the drawing-room, where my attention was soon attracted by the sound of music; a lady had sat down to the piano, and was playing in charming style one of Chopin's Nocturnes.

It was like a new sensation to listen to the notes and watch the fingers flying over the ivory keys. The harmony penetrated to my very soul, and made me giddy with emotion. I was in quite a state of feverish excitement when I returned to my Café, where I found prepared in a corner of the saloon a regular bed furnished with blankets, sheets and pillows.

I was about to lie down as I stood, but recollected in time that civilised people were accustomed to undress before they did so. But I got no sleep. My impressions of the day had been too full—my mind was disturbed by too many things, and the sheets bothered me.

I turned out at daybreak and dressed, not a bit too early; for, as my bed was in the common room, the servants were early astir putting things in order. I began to revolve in my mind how I was to accommodate my people, a matter that did not seem at all easy, and how I was to procure money, which I absolutely needed.

I was busy with these reflections when I was summoned to breakfast.

I sat down to table. An Indian servant, one of the numerous *coolies* who had found their way to Pretoria, put before me a dish of maize, carefully roasted, and a pat of butter. No sooner was the cover removed than I darted at the waiter so fierce a look that he started back in alarm.

Maize to me! To me who had been fed upon maize

till the sight of it turned my stomach! I felt as if I could have annihilated that coolie on the spot, the cook, the landlord and the whole household!

I made a gesture so expressive and imperious that the maize disappeared at once, the waiter only too happy to clear it off in safety.

Mr. Turner came in immediately after to inquire in polite terms what I would like for breakfast.

What I would like, forsooth! I should like every thing that civilised life could offer. I wanted partridges with truffles,—I wanted *pâté de foie gras*,—I wanted jellies,—I wanted wines of the best Burgundy vintages,—I wanted—I hardly knew myself what it was I did want.

The landlord of the Café de l'Europe must have imagined that he had got for guest one of those famons gastronomists who would raise a statue to Brillat-Savarin, and who only did not attempt to do so for want of proper material for so great a work, or want of a design grand enough to perpetuate the fame of the man who taught humanity that food was not intended for sustenance only. In fact, for the first time in my life, I was a gastronomist.

For the first time in my life I began to think that the palate was a sense of its own, on a par with the other five; that, if Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi and Gounod, the song of birds and the murmur of brooks were created to delight our ear;—if Rubens, Raphael, Van Dyck, Velasquez and Murillo, glorious landscapes and the other beauties of nature, came into being to charm our sight;—if Atkinson, Rimmel, Lubin, Piesse and the world of flowers were formed to satisfy our sense of smell;—just in the same way, Brillat-Savarin, Vatel, truffles and mushrooms in coming into existence had a special mission to perform.

All this and more dawned upon me upon my arrival

in Pretoria, after a twelve month's feeding upon maize, massango and roasted meat without any salt. There are few men, I fancy, who could fail to comprehend my sudden conversion to gastronomy, on reaching the borders of civilisation; saving, perhaps, a regular John Bull, who, unhappily for himself, knows nothing of Brillat-Savarin, nor wants to know.

Fortunately for me, though I was in English territory, it had become so only quite recently, and therefore roast beef and plum-pudding had not as yet acquired their ascendancy over all other southern dishes.

Mr. Turner did not furnish me with such a breakfast as I should have got at the Matta, the Central, the Silva, or the Augusto at Lisbon, or at Ledoyen's or the Café Riche at Paris, but he gave me a very tolerable breakfast notwithstanding. I will not go so far as to say it was a good one, for I began already to be wonderfully fastidious on the score of gastronomy.

The meal over, I had a long talk with Mr. Turner, and was not a little disconcerted at the scanty hopes he held out of my being able to lodge my people in the town. I turned the matter over and over in my mind to try and find a way out of the difficulty, for I could not keep on the waggon for an indefinite period.

Meanwhile, I was myself a great object of curiosity, a species of wild animal that every one was anxious to see, and the curiosity of a host of idlers was not a little troublesome. What particularly annoyed me was the wonder expressed by all and sundry at the smallness of my stature and the slenderness of my frame.

This circumstance was repeated in Europe; and in Lisbon, Paris and London, I occasionally heard it said that people were so disappointed at my appearance, as if they expected to see a Goliath, or other giant of equal proportions.

But if, on account of the events which had brought me to Pretoria, many were importunate and worried me with their curiosity, many others endeavoured in every possible way to serve and please me.

Among those who called upon me this day, on kindly thoughts intent, were Major Tyler,* Captain Saunders of the 80th, Mr. Fred. Jeppe and Dr. Risseck. I received also a couple of invitations, one to dinner, from Mr. Osborn, the Colonial Secretary and temporary Governor of the Transvaal, and another to a ball, from Dr. Risseck; but this did not further me one bit in solving the problem how to lodge my people.

While rummaging in my portfolio for a stray visiting card or two, I found a letter given me by Mr. Coillard for a Dutch Missionary in the town of the name of Gruneberger. I was glad of any excuse to escape from the gaze of the curious; so thrusting the letter in my pocket I ordered Fly to be saddled and set out in quest of the missionary.

Mr. Gruneberger's house was in the outskirts of Pretoria. I found the gentleman at home, a very young looking man, who received me very courteously. I presented Mr. Coillard's letter, and he had no sooner read it than he placed himself entirely at my service.

I explained the embarrassing position in which I was placed about housing my people, when, with the utmost kindness, he offered me the little garden attached to his own house, and the school-room for their dormitory at night.

I accepted his generous offer, and rode back to my Café to give orders to Verissimo to proceed with the waggon to the missionary's house.

I did not agree to the Rev. Mr. Gruneberger's proposal without giving him some very pressing advice as to the mode of treating my negroes, begging him above

* Now Colonel Tyler, who resides at Lynstead Lodge, Sittingbourne, Kent.

all things not to act towards them on the footing of equality; for, as they were somewhat savage in their habits, such a proceeding might lead to serious consequences. He seemed quite amused at my advice, and remarked in a tone that was very modest, but which betrayed a little underlying banter, that it was his business to deal with the natives, and he believed that he knew his calling.

The blacks arrived in due course, and spent their first night in the school-room; the waggon was discharged and made ready to start homewards so soon as young Low's wounded hand would enable him again to take the road.

I went to dine with the Colonial Secretary, and in the evening attended Dr. Risseck's ball; and if I quitted Mr. Osborn's house greatly indebted for the attention bestowed upon me, and well satisfied at having arranged my most pressing difficulty—the money question—as that gentleman, in the name of the English Government, placed at my disposal such funds as I required, I was no less charmed by my reception at the dwelling of the eminent Dutch physician, where I spent one of the most delightful evenings I had known for many a long month.

It is true that the good Doctor was able to exhibit to his guests an attraction such as the treasures of a nabob and the power of an autocrat could not have equalled, in the person of his daughter, a young lady just come out in the world, whose beauty, wit and amiability of character were the delight of all who came in contact with her.

The Dutch physician warmly urged me to become his guest, and I should have felt greatly inclined to accept his frank hospitality, so cordially offered, had it not been for a promise given me by Mr. Turner to furnish me with a decent room next day.

On the 14th of February, the third day after my arrival at Pretoria, my financial difficulties might be considered as at an end.

The telegraph had flashed afar the news of my arrival at Pretoria, and orders respecting me had come back by the wire from Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Mr. Carvalho, the Portuguese Consul at the Cape. I met with every assistance from the English Government, nor did that of my own country, as represented by its worthy Consul, lag behind.

Nor was this the extent of my good fortune. My people told me that they were supremely comfortable at the Rev. Mr. Gruneberger's, and Mr. Turner gave me a room.

The expression of a room does not however exactly express the extent of my accommodation;—for he supplied me with an entire house, quite independent of the Café, although in its immediate vicinity.

I began to breathe again and feel at my ease. I should have been perfectly so, as I had all sorts of comforts about me, if I could have got over the difficulty about my hands. I still did not know what to do with them.

They seemed ever seeking for their old friend, the rifle, and such was the force of habit that on more than one occasion, I have gone out with it into the street, to the surprise and apprehension of the bystanders.

I remunerated my young driver Low, and that troublesome young scapegrace Christopher, who were anxious to get away, although the former's hand was in anything but a satisfactory condition.

By Low I sent some little presents to his grandfather, and to his sisters, the two kindly lasses who were so great at cooking onions, nor did I forget the old hag of the Boer encampment.

I also parted with my Betjuana, Farelan, who had been of such valuable service to me between Soul's Port and Pretoria; and I wrote by him to Mr. Gonin, the kindly French missionary of Piland's Berg.

I paid a visit to the *Cape Colonial Bank*, where I deposited the sum of my indebtedness to Mr. Taylor of Shoshong, who I found had not even then presented his bill for acceptance.

I wrote to the Governor of Mozambique advising him of my arrival at Pretoria, and begging him to forward, viâ Aden, a telegram I wished sent to the Government of Portugal.

Favours continued to flow in upon me from the chief personages in Pretoria, and I received so many invitations to dinner that I rarely had occasion to do more than breakfast at the Café,

On the 15th of February I had a long conversation with Mr. Fred. Jeppe, the able Transvaal geographer, who confirmed the information I had already received from Mr. Swart, the provisional Governor, as to the difficulties which stood in the way of continuing my journey on account of the Zulu war. It was almost impossible for me to go to Lourenço Marquez, as I desired, and even the passage by the coast was hazardous,—inasmuch as, since the defeat at Isandlana, the Zulus were with difficulty restrained by the brave Colonel E. Wood,* entrenched at Utrecht, and all communications were effected through the Orange Free State, viâ Harrismith, which simply trebled both the journey and the annoyances.

After maturely studying the question, I determined to send my people with the baggage to Natal, by the way of Harrismith, by the first caravan leaving Pretoria, whilst I, alone and unencumbered, proposed

* Now General Sir Evelyn Wood, K.C.B.

to proceed directly to the seat of war. This resolved I quietly waited for the desired opportunity.

The 16th was devoted entirely to Mr. Fred. Jeppe, and at his house I made my observations to determine the co-ordinates of Pretoria. Mr. Turner had, at my request, built up a great block of ice, by the aid of which I was enabled to ascertain the *Zeros* of my thermometers and hypsometers.

Of these observations the hypsometrical alone remain, as the astronomical were lost, I cannot tell how. I know that I could not find them registered when, at Maritzburg, I wanted to make use of them, and I remembered that I had calculated the latitude at Mr. Jeppe's house, and found it to correspond with the number inserted in that gentleman's almanack for, I think, 1878, fixed by an officer in the English navy.

I had a visit on that day from a gentleman whose name must be added to the long list of those who in the Transvaal capital showed me such courteous attention.

This was Mr. Kish, a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Mrs. Kish, Mrs. Imink and the Baroness Van Levetzow were also prodigal in kindness, and I shall never forget the charming manner in which it was displayed.

On the 19th I received an invitation to dine with the officers of the 80th regiment.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a little circumstance which occurred during the repast, and that touched me deeply.

I continued to wear the same clothes whose condition I described some few pages back; the only addition I had made to my scanty habiliments being a few articles of linen which were absolutely necessary. It must be borne in mind that I had no money of my

own, and that the sums for which I drew upon the Government were used for the needful expenses of the expedition, and not to supply my own personal requirements. I abstained therefore from the attempt to renew my wardrobe, nor did I purchase any clothing till I reached Durban, where I met some one who lent me some money for my private use. My rusty suit, consequently, had still to do its duty, and looked sadly out of place amid the brilliant uniforms of the officers and the neat attire of the guests. It made, however, no difference in my welcome, and the dinner went on amid all that freedom and gaiety proper to military men in campaign.

I was in excellent spirits, and enjoying the racy anecdotes that were being related, when the popping of numerous corks betrayed the advent of the champagne. The slender glasses were filled; the golden liquor, as pleasant to the sight as it is delicious to the palate, sparkled and foamed, and Major Tyler, who was in the chair, suddenly rose, and raising his glass, pronounced that word which at the noisiest of English dinners rarely fails to command instant silence:

"Gentlemen!"

All eyes were turned upon him, and he added:

"Gentlemen, to the health of his Majesty the King of Portugal!"

We all rose to respond to the toast when the band of the regiment struck up the hymn of "El Rei Dom Luiz," which was listened to in profound silence.

It is impossible to depict the sensations I experienced on hearing that music and that patriotic hymn played in a distant, foreign land—a graceful homage to my country, in the person of its sovereign.

I am indebted to Major Tyler for a host of favours and kindnesses, and he increased them immensely by this delightful surprise he had in store for me.

The affinity of our lives attracted me almost daily to the English camp, where I either breakfasted or dined. The officers were all alike friendly and courteous, but with one I became most intimately acquainted.

This was Captain Allan Saunders. About the same age as myself, with identical inclinations and tastes, we became almost inseparable. Every afternoon at 4 we were to be found at the Baroness Van Levetzow's (Major Tyler being also frequently a guest), and where the best of Pretorian society was accustomed to assemble. There we imbibed some most delicious coffee, served by the fair hands of the Baroness's daughter, a beautiful blonde.

My intimacy with Saunders being known, one was never invited without the other, and this enabled us to pass some most delightful evenings together at the houses of Mrs. Kish, Mrs. Imink and others. All doors were open to me, and, as I had nothing else to do just then but to await events, I deemed it advisable to pass the time as pleasantly as possible.

I thought, too, that my past labours and sufferings entitled me to a few weeks of ease and pleasure.

I was advised that a caravan of waggons was to leave Pretoria for Durban on the 22nd, and I made arrangements with the leaders to convey thither my people and baggage. This caravan was to employ some 35 to 40 days on the road, which would allow me ample time to make a stay of a few more weeks in Pretoria, as I calculated that six days would suffice to enable me to reach the sea.

On the 21st I was busily engaged in packing in cases some birds I had brought with me, and which had been carefully arranged by Mr. Turner, together with the skins of the animals shot in the chase, and such insects as I could make use of;—for, as regards the latter, of the many I had caught south of the

Zambesi, there only reached Pretoria, legs, heads and bodies promiscuously mixed up, making it impossible for the keenest entomologist to define what heads, bodies, and legs should go together. While thus employed, and in a state of alarm at the price charged for every pinch of typha—the dearest article I met with in the town, where everything is dear—a messenger came in hot haste to inform me that there was a riot in the Rev. Mr. Gruneberger's house, caused by my people, and that several had been wounded, if not actually killed in the struggle.

I set off at once for the missionary's quarters, where I found the fellows in open mutiny. This I immediately put down, but I fortunately observed no traces of murder, and discovered that the only blood shed was from the nose of the reverend gentleman's servant, to which Augusto's huge fist had been rather rudely applied.

I could not forbear recalling to the worthy ecclesiastic's recollection my caution as to the necessity of treating the negroes with proper reserve, and to a neglect of which the present tumult was due.

Mr. Gruneberger had evidently lost some of his former confidence in his power to deal with the fellows, for he told me that after what had occurred he could not keep them any longer on his premises. This I freely admitted, and although the incident itself was one which I considered trifling, more particularly as the whole crew were to leave the town the following day, I was exceedingly annoyed that the good pastor should have been so troubled after his extreme kindness in this matter.

I therefore removed them bag and baggage to my own place, where I knew I could keep them in order till the hour of departure arrived.

Mr. Swart, the Treasurer of the Transvaal, having

given me a general invitation to his house, I was a frequent guest, and found great delight in the society of his two young and charming daughters.

Hitherto, the company of children had been little to my taste. I thought their questions troublesome, and their prattle a bore; but a complete change had come over me since my arduous journey, and the graceful ways and innocent talk of young girls, particularly if, like those of Mr. Swart and Mr. Kish, they were fair and pretty, were a never-ending pleasure.

It might be that the remembrance of my own daughter, from whom I had been so long separated, had something to do with this feeling; and, perhaps, also it arose as a natural antithesis to the rude life and savage nature to which I had been so long condemned.

Such was my life at Pretoria, when one day a visitor was announced who had a letter to present to me.

On my desiring him to be shown in, there appeared before me a young man of medium stature, with a pleasing but energetic cast of countenance, dressed in a coarse woollen shirt and trousers confined at the waist by a broad leather belt.

He had the appearance of an English trader, but he addressed me in French—the French spoken on the Boulevard des Italiens.

I recognised by the handwriting on the envelope of the letter that it was from Mr. Coillard, and it proved to be one of recommendation on behalf of the bearer.

The recommendation of Mr. Coillard was, however, not needed for me to treat with respect and extend my hand to grasp that of my visitor. His name, so well known in the wilds of South Africa, was sufficient passport.

It was Mr. Selous, the intrepid English traveller and daring hunter.

Mr. Selous remained three days in Pretoria, and we conversed at length about African matters. He had entered to the north of the Zambesi in a direction parallel to the Cafuque and eastward of that river, and he gave me the most interesting description of the country.

He had there met a good many Portuguese who had come from Quillimane, and among others he mentioned Joaquim Mendouça, who had as his attendants three old soldiers of the Zambesi Battalion, named Manoel Diogo, Joaquim da Costa, and Antonio Simões. From what he told me, and by a comparison of dates, I had little doubt in my mind but that they were the *Muzungos* who were so much talked about in the Baroze during my stay in Lialui.

Mr. Selous gave me a rough sketch of his journey to the north of the Zambesi, of which I have not made use in my map of Tropical South Africa, as I did not consider myself authorised to do so without his permission which I omitted to request.

I gave him the data he wanted for a new hunting expedition in the vicinity of the Linianti, and promised to send him a sketch of the country which I afterwards forwarded to his address at Shoshong.

On the 23rd, I breakfasted with Monseigneur Jolivet, the illustrious Bishop of Natal, who was then staying at Pretoria, superintending the erection of the buildings connected with the extensive Catholic establishment which it had been determined to raise in that city since the English domination. It was certainly the most important educational establishment in the Transvaal, and to which many Protestants,—Mr. Swart among others,—sent their daughters. Monseigneur Jolivet, a man of learning, and who was held in high repute on account of his amiability of character, was good enough to converse with me at great length, although I found

that he was not much prepossessed in favour of the Portuguese.

He was of opinion that we were not sound Catholics. I endeavoured to prove to him the contrary, but I fancy with little success, as he returned again and again to the story of a Reverend Father Bompart, who having repaired to Lourenço Marquez was not permitted to perform his sacred ministry there, notwithstanding the efforts he, Monseigneur, had made to overcome the opposition.

I tried in vain to convince him that if the Reverend Father presented himself without a legal authorisation, it was natural that they should not allow him to perform his functions, nor could I persuade my illustrious host that the Archbishop Primate of the Indies was entrusted with the government of the Eastern Church. The good Bishop had allowed to sink so deeply into his mind the unfavourable, not to say malevolent, opinions that had been formed against us, that I saw my arguments were of little avail, for he ended where he began by averring that we were the worst freemasons in the world. I remember that an old aunt of mine said just the same thing after the suppression of the religious corporations.

The truth, however, really is that Portugal is one of the most religious countries that I know, and is a very good Catholic country, but she considers that religion and politics are two very different things (a heresy taught her by the Marquis de Pombal), and since his time, if the fathers will mix up politics and religion they are sure to come to grief.

Monseigneur Jolivet must pardon me if I still continue to insist that we are among the best Catholics in Europe, and are none the less so because we strongly and energetically oppose those ministers of our religion who, betraying the sacred duties of their noble mission,

devote themselves to a political propaganda to our detriment, and in favour of strangers in the country to which they owe allegiance, for any part of the world must be looked upon as such, wheresoever the Portuguese flag is proudly flying.

It is now time to say a few words about Pretoria as I saw it in February and March of 1879. I will begin by describing the city from a material point of view.

I found it a growing place on which the English domination had not, as yet, impressed the national stamp.

Its wide and spacious streets gave access to the houses, for the most part on one floor, but well built and elegant. Gardens abounded, and in some of the streets the houses stood in their own grounds.

The city is constructed upon an inclined plan, the upper part possessing abundant springs of water which supply its requirements. This water, when I was residing there, ran through the streets in deep and open side gutters, which the darkness of night converted into perfect man-traps. I have a vivid recollection of more than once tumbling into them and reaching home completely wet through.

In many of the gardens attached to the houses there were large and wide-spreading trees.

The streets were in the course of being paved, so that the amount of mud during the heavy rains was something to wonder at.

I observed a few decent Churches—a modest Court-house and many trading establishments where it was easy to find all the necessaries and a good many of the superfluities of life,—for luxury has found its way to Pretoria.

On the higher ground they were building very extensive quarters for the troops, who were then in great part hutted around three barracks, which were in anything but a finished state.

The walk through the unpaved streets to the military quarters was a most unpleasant one, and even dangerous at night, as the rain had worn deep furrows in the ground and collected in enormous muddy pools, into which one unconsciously waded and where I at times ran considerable risk of breaking my legs.

There were, however, two or three charming spots in the town, such, for instance, as, "The Fountains," and another where a hillock, covered with enormous weeping-willows, and a water-mill lent a picturesque character to the landscape.

The environs are bare of trees, and somewhat monotonous, the only distinguishing features being the outlying farms and homesteads of the Boers.

Pretoria is destined one day to be one of the handsomest cities in South Africa, and even when I beheld it its general aspect was agreeable and striking.

As is the case with all places recently occupied by England, Pretoria was filled with adventurers who had flocked thither to seek their fortune, and, not finding the pursuit a profitable one, had enlisted in the regiments of volunteers, where as soldiers they enjoyed a stipend of five shillings a day.

My friend Allan Saunders was at the head of the Secretariat of the volunteer corps, and the greater part of his time was taken up with the enlistments.

The leading merchants are Dutch or English, and as the city has already requirements of its own, it is not solely the trade with the interior and the natives that keeps the place alive.

I was informed by Dr. Risseck that the climate is good, although at certain periods of the year it is not exempt from fevers of a malignant character. As the environs of the little capital are abundant in forage, it is easy to keep horses, and every well-to-do inhabitant

has his dog-cart, or Victoria, in which he rides about for pleasure or business.

Such was the appearance of Pretoria when I spent a few weeks there in 1879.

I must not forget to mention a little circumstance which struck me as peculiar, namely, the number of native women from the surrounding country, who flocked into the town to sell their produce, arrayed in the full dress proper to their class, that is to say, all but naked, and precisely as they are represented in the annexed engraving. There is a story, too, connected with that same engraving which I wish to relate, because it will explain to our friends in Europe, that it is not so easy as they imagine to do things in Africa in the same facile way that is common in the old world.

There lived in Pretoria a first-class Swiss photographer of the name of Gross, whose acquaintance I made, and with whom I became on very friendly terms.

One day, seeing a group of native market-women, I went up to them and offered to purchase all their wares if they would consent to be photographed. They hesitated, and I raised my offer, and to overcome any remaining scruples ended by promising them what in their eyes must have been a munificent reward.

Tempted by my proposal, they rose and followed me to Mr. Gross's house, where I entered and left them at the door.

When I explained my purpose to the photographer he ran his hands through his hair and shook his head, assuring me that there was no chance of success as he had tried it scores of times in vain. Seeing, however, that I was bent upon it, he fell in with my humour, and said he would make another trial.

I got the women into the studio, though it cost me half an hour's persuasion, for when the time came to enter the house they could not be induced to cross the threshold.

But even when they were all assembled in the room, our difficulties were by no means lightened. First, we could not get them into position before the apparatus, and next, after we had succeeded in doing so, and the photographer was on the point of putting the plate into the slide, two or three got frightened and tried to escape, whilst others hid their faces in their hands. After an incredible expenditure of patience and persuasion we got them again into focus, with the same ill-success as before, and so we went on until at last a negative was obtained, which on examination represented rather monstrous baboons than human creatures, they having all made some grimace during the operation. Other attempts led to the same result, and we were compelled in despair to give it up for that day.

Anxious, however, to get a photograph if I could, I went to them again, and made them even more brilliant offers, which induced them at length to yield, so that two or three days after our first failure they came to my door.

I started with them at once to Mr. Gross, and though the poor man turned pale at the sight of us, he made preparations for another trial. I took care on this occasion to stand by the side of the apparatus and tell the women to look at me, which they did, when I fixed upon them so stern and steady a glance that, like children, they were fascinated by it, and Mr. Gross took advantage of their momentary steadiness to uncover the object glass and obtain his group.

We wanted to get another, but the charm was broken and nothing more could be obtained.

Thus, this little photograph cost us two days' labour,

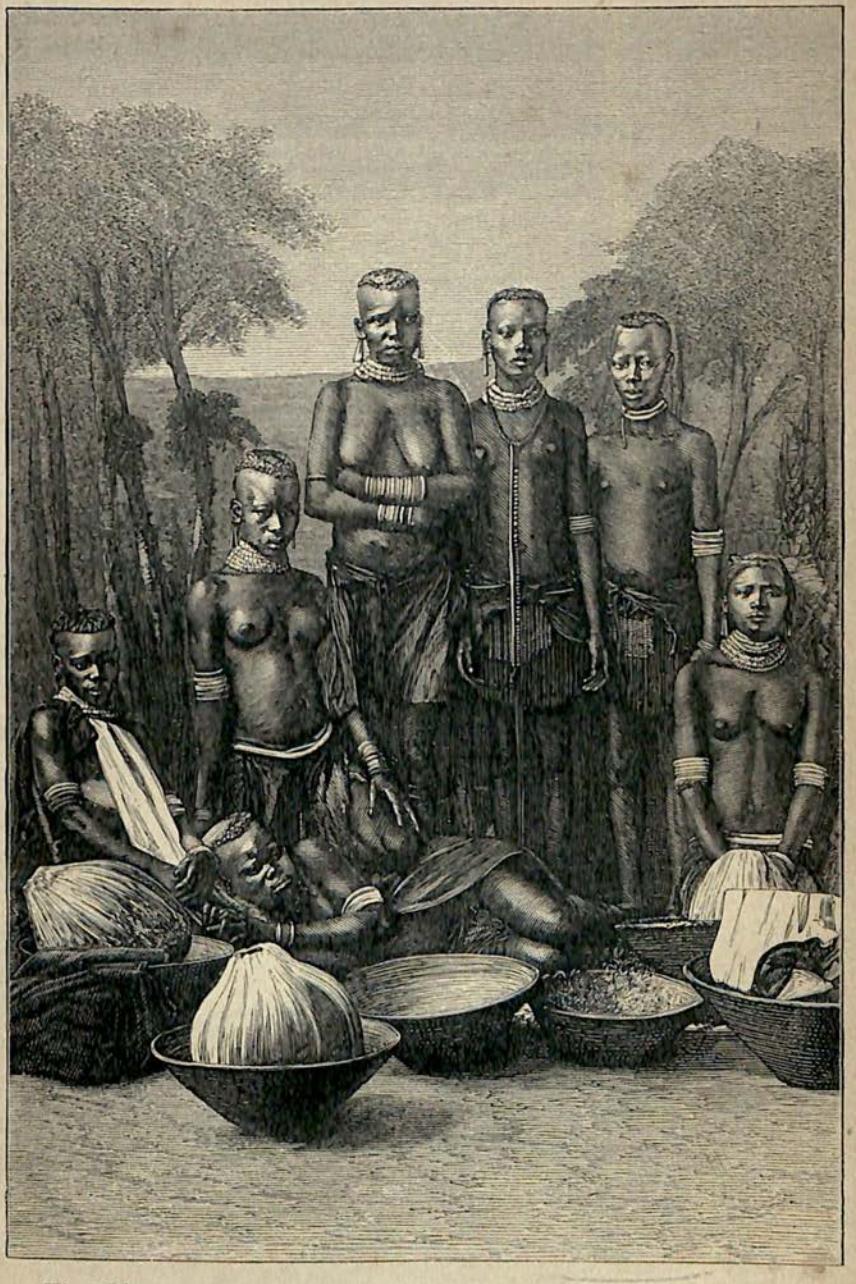


Fig. 131.—BETJUANA WOMEN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GROSS.

a relatively large sum of money, and an incalculable expenditure of patience.

The women in the group, who have a fringe for waist-cloth, are single, and those who wear a skin are married.

On the 25th of February, the eve of the day on which my people were to start for Durban with my baggage, it being about four in the afternoon, according to custom I bent my steps towards the house of the Baroness Van Levetzow to take a cup of that delicious coffee which she so kindly dispensed to her friends, when on the road I was struck by an unusual bustle in the streets. I inquired of a passer-by what was in the wind, to which he replied that the Zulus were at the gates of Pretoria, and that in a very short time the city would be sacked. Desirous of further information, I proceeded at once to the Government house to procure intelligence at the fountain-head.

I there learned, as a fact, that the Zulus were not yet at Pretoria, but were not very far off, and it was expected the city would be attacked within a few hours. The news, I was told, was official and undoubted. I inquired in what direction they were gathered, and returned to my temporary home. On arrival I sent out Verissimo, Augusto, and Camutombo as scouts, and pending their return, I revolved the matter over in my mind, and, with my knowledge of Africa and the natives, I came to the conclusion that it was an absurd hoax.

Tired of waiting in the house I turned out and called upon several persons, and though I found some possessed of the general panic, others were more at ease, and, with me, gave no credence to an attack from the Zulus. Some of the ladies had, however, taken refuge in the military camp.

I next proceeded to the dwelling of Monseigneur

Jolivet, and talked the matter over with him. He did not credit the report, any more than myself, but by way of precaution,—as the most absurdly incredible things occasionally happen in this world,—he deemed it wise to put the Sisters of Charity in a place of safety.

I returned to the house, and at nightfall, with short intervals between them, my three scouts came in, and assured me that there was not a single Zulu in the spot where it was believed they had assembled, nor could they gather any intelligence about them in the neighbourhood. As I trusted much more the information of Verissimo, Augusto and Camutombo than all the official reports, I left them at home, and went off to learn what my friends Major Tyler and Captain Saunders were doing.

On reaching the camp a stern and unaccustomed "Who goes there?" from a sentinel proved to me that things had assumed a war footing. I answered "A Friend;" and was allowed to enter. The camp was all astir. The weak places were being strengthened and the waggons laagered.

It was not difficult for me to find the military Commandant of Pretoria, Major Tyler. Dressed with that neatness and care which always distinguished him, his hands covered with immaculate white gloves, his feet incased in an elegant pair of boots,—in fact, in the guise in which he entered the drawing-rooms where he was always welcome, the brave commandant of the 80th, with the utmost ease and placidity, was giving his orders and putting the camp into a state of formidable defence. I went up to him and whispered that the expected attack was neither more nor less than a baseless scare. He replied that he thought so from the beginning, but that, having received official communications, he had no choice but to do what he was doing, and that moreover he was rather glad of the opportunity of

testing his men and learning what they could do if there were real cause to put themselves in a state of defence.

Acknowledging the justice of his remarks, I left him in search of his second in command, my friend Saunders. I found him busy in another quarter directing manœuvres, but, as usual, full of fun. I fancied that Saunders rather believed the story of the Zulus, but it did not one whit interfere with his habitual good humour. He took me to see two *mitrailleuses* on which a young ensign to whom they had been entrusted was intently gazing. He afterwards told me that there were a good many ladies in the camp, and invited me to go and see them.

We at once looked them up, and discovered that Major Tyler, who was in such high favour with the fair sex, had given up his rooms for their behoof, and that upwards of a dozen were quartered there. Saunders' own crib was far from empty, but, truth to tell, they were the only officers who were in residence, as the others lived in barracks.

My friend reminding me that in time of war a glass was not to be despised, we went off to the mess-room to get something to drink.

There we found but one solitary individual, who, in uniform and ready-armed, was seated comfortably in an arm-chair with a glass of brandy and soda on the table before him.

This was Lieutenant Cameron of the same regiment, who saluted us on entering with the remark "that he was waiting for the Zulus and was comforting himself until they arrived."

These gallant English officers are really worthy of admiration; they seem to meet death with a smile upon the face, though engaged in so inglorious a war; and are as calm and unruffled in presence of the

greatest danger as if they were preparing for a dinner or other party of pleasure.

Lieutenant Cameron seemed really sorry when we told him that on this occasion the Zulus were a myth. Perhaps our entrance may have disturbed him from a pleasant dream, with a Captaincy looming in the distance.

Major Tyler shortly after joined us, and said he was going to see what the volunteers were about.

Saunders and myself accompanied him. It was then midnight and perfectly dark. The rain was falling in torrents, and I was glad to share Saunders' mackintosh, as I was not very well clad.

Stumbling about over the uneven ground like tipsy men, we at last reached the Square, and found the parish church, which was the rendezvous, full of volunteers and soldiers.

The Major having given his orders, we retraced our steps, and without other mishap than a drenching and a bruise or two, we got back to my house, where we were soon merry over a bottle of good wine.

We passed a couple of hours very pleasantly, my companions feeling little inclination to return to their own quarters, for though they might not have objected to the society of the ladies, it appeared that many had brought their children with them, who did nothing but cry at their miserable accommodation.

As daylight appeared my friends took their departure and I turned in, thinking over this comic episode of a very tragic war; an episode that would doubtless have fallen into oblivion, but for the fact of my being present to relate the tale.

Next day was one of bustle and excitement of another kind, for I took leave of my people, and saw them and the baggage quit the city on their way to Durban, following the safe road which passed through Harrismith.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

Arrival of Sir Owen Lanyon—I leave Pretoria—Heidelberg—A 'dogcart—Lieutenant Barker—Dupuis — Incidents of travel in the Transvaal—Newcastle—The diligence—Burlesque episodes—Pietermaritzburg—Durban—Return to Maritzburg—Didi Saunders—Adventures at Durban—The Portuguese Consul Mr. Lenell—The *Danubio*—Captain Draper—Return to Europe.

THE town was in commotion, and everybody in it was in a high state of excitement. Never before had Pretoria seen such doings, and the vendors of articles for the toilet must have half made their fortunes.

The men were busily engaged furbishing up their uniforms, for every man in Pretoria wears a uniform of some kind, and those who did not, borrowed or hired one.

Horses and carriages were brought forth and subjected to unwonted combings and cleansings. Things were rubbed till a shine was got out of them. The enthusiasm was general, and even reached the Dutch portion of the community.

The ladies were not a whit behind in industry, and cudgelled their brains, contained in their pretty fair heads, to discover the best mode of heightening their charms, and thereby contributing to the general pleasure.

The men said to each other, "He is a K.C. B. and has got the Victoria Cross:—he is the hero of the Ashantee war:—he is a man of tremendous energy:—he is one of the most promising officers in the army!"

The women whispered, "He is only 36 and a Colonel; he is tall and handsome—and *so* affable!"

What enthusiasm! I had never seen the like. My horse had already been lent to a lady who was desirous of showing off her figure and skill as an *amazone*; and every means of conveyance had been just as eagerly engaged.

I believe I was the only person unmoved amid the general effervescence.

Of course I could not be supposed to have the same interest as the inhabitants, in the new Governor, and therefore was determined to wait at home and call upon him after his arrival.

But who can control his feelings or hope to keep still when all the world is in motion?

On the 2nd of March I began to feel that the new Governor fever had attacked even me, and it was first shown in my rushing out to buy a new hat! This was an important reform in my toilet.

The man who was the cause of all this commotion at length excited my curiosity. The male portion of the population appeared to be half-afraid of him; the female, to adore him before he was even seen; and to be feared by man and adored by womankind is surely to attain the height of felicity for any masculine heart.

He was to arrive on the 3rd, and the place of reception was at nine miles' distance from the city.

When I rose in the morning I had not the remotest idea of repairing thither, and besides, I had parted with my horse.

At 9 o'clock I went out, but found nobody. I went to breakfast, and did so, alone. I called at the houses of several friends, but none of them was at home. I began to wish the new Governor—had not come. During my short stay in the town I had begun to lose the habit of living alone, and wanted company.

I returned to the Café de l'Europe and summoned Mr. Turner, whom, appearing, I informed without any preface that I wanted a horse. Mr. Turner imagined I was not quite right in my head. To expect to get a horse on such a day could have been a notion only conceived by a man with a softened brain.

Still I insisted, and the more difficult the matter appeared, the more I strove to overcome it.

After much reflection, Mr. Turner had an idea.

He possessed a young, unbroken colt, full of fire and spirit, which I was welcome to if I could mount him. I was resolved to try, so we went off together to the stables.

It took us I do not know how long to saddle the creature, and it cost me nearly as much time to mount.

After an exhibition worthy of a circus, I managed, with the persuasion of a pair of huge spurs, a present from Mr. Clark at Shoshong, to get the animal into the street, and when there, I induced him to take the road to the camp. From a matter of habit, I wanted to see Major Tyler and Captain Saunders before starting to meet the Governor. It was an unlucky inclination.

The 80th Regiment was formed in review order, and I determined to wait till it was over before looking after my friends; but suddenly the band struck up, and my colt, alarmed at the noise, performed such a variety of gambols and gyrations, that I was compelled to get away in all haste, but not before he had kicked some big holes into one of the tents, and made its occupants scamper out for their lives. At last I got the animal into the open, and then we had a regular contest, in which he did everything to get rid of me but roll over on his back, and he would have done that if it had come into his head.

About 2 o'clock our little differences were so far

settled that I ventured to take him back and join my friends, but I was of course pretty well exhausted with fatigue.

Shortly after, an open carriage, escorted by a troop of volunteers on horseback, arrived, and we got a view of the new Governor of the Transvaal.

Colonel Sir William Owen Lanyon, K.C.B., came up to the general expectations.

He was young and handsome, and on the breast of his topcoat appeared the Victoria Cross.

And so every one was satisfied, and the energetic "hurrahs!" which made the air ring, were a proof of the fact. The *cortège* moved on towards the city, and then my annoyances recommenced, for my colt, who had recovered his spirits, began curvetting in a way which attracted more attention than was properly our due.

A carriage which touched him on the flank made him rear up like a mad thing, and then he bolted outright. Away went my hat,—alas! my *new* hat, only purchased the day before,—and away went we, but in an opposite direction, so that I very soon left the procession behind me.

The road was fortunately good, and I allowed the beast to take his own course, rightly judging that we could not run on for ever, and that he must stop somewhere.

Notwithstanding the speed at which I had been going since taking my involuntary leave of the crowd, I fancied I heard the sound of another horse's hoofs behind me, and turning in the saddle, I perceived that I was followed, and that I should very shortly be caught up to.

A fair horsewoman, far better mounted than myself, —for she was riding my own Fly,—was in a few moments by my side, and, laughing most heartily,

presented me my *hat*, which she had picked up on her way with that wonderful dexterity which belongs to the fair riders of the South African Colonies, (perhaps the best horsewomen in the world), and expressed a hope that I had not taken cold at being deprived of my head-covering!

I am afraid I did not feel sufficiently grateful, and would willingly, after offering my mutilated thanks, have broken away from her by flight. But besides that it was hopeless to outrun Fly, my own animal was pretty well done up, so that it was in company of the merry, quizzing damsel that I got back to Pretoria, and delivered up the now subdued colt to its rightful owner.

I then went off to the palace on foot, to await the arrival of the festive company.

The procession arrived, and fresh plaudits broke out from the expectant crowd.

Sir Owen Lanyon was duly installed, and after partaking of an excellent lunch, the company dispersed.

The gallant and handsome Colonel had captivated all hearts, and his arrival quite put out of memory the episode of the Zulu scare, narrated in the previous Chapter.

The days following his arrival were taken up with receptions, balls and *matinées dansantes*, which I heard talked about but did not frequent, as I was busily engaged in arranging for my departure for Durban.

On the 5th I rode out to a distance of about a league from Pretoria to see a natural curiosity, concerning which both the English and Dutch residents had a great deal to say.

This was the *Wonderboom*, the Miraculous Tree. It was indeed well worth a visit, nor was I surprised at the admiration it raised among the Boers. From its lofty branches pended others which, on reaching the

ground, struck root and were themselves converted into stout trees, so that years of this process had produced a considerable wood, all springing from one original trunk.

At last, having bid farewell to the host of kind friends who had treated me so cordially in Pretoria, I left there on the 8th inst. for Heidelberg, where I arrived late at night.

I determined to remain a few days in that pretty little town, in order to make my last observations and complete my labours.

When dining one day at Mr. Kish's at Pretoria I met a gentleman of the name of Goodliffe, who I knew was a stranger to those parts, without being aware that he hailed from Heidelberg.

It was there, however, I met him again, and he was good enough to invite me to his house and show me many attentions.

The day after my arrival, having made my usual morning observations, I took a solitary ramble into the country in the direction of the mountains. I climbed over several till I reached the summit of one named Jeanette Peak, which commanded a most extensive panoramic view. I was sure it was very lofty, as it overtopped all the heights of the Zuikerbosch Rand, and on examining my pocket aneroid-barometer I found that it marked an elevation of 6270 feet!

I at once resolved to return thither and get more reliable observations, which in fact I did. It was the greatest altitude I had come across throughout my journey, and I did not fail to make special mention of it.

On the 11th of March, having done all my work, I bid farewell to Heidelberg, leaving it at 8 in the morning, in a light dogcart of American construction.

I had for companions a Lieutenant Barker, of the

5th West York Regiment, and his sub, a Mr. Dupuis; and the vehicle was driven by a mulatto, I think a Griqua, of the name of Joaquim Eleazar.

On quitting Heidelberg we had to cross the little river which bars the road, and whose steep banks make it difficult of passage for vehicles. We got down the former with tolerable ease, but on reascending, the dogcart, somehow, got upset, and Lieutenant Barker tumbled on to Dupuis, and I on to Barker.

Fortunately no great harm was done, so we were able to laugh at the disaster. Dupuis was a man of wonderful spirits. Though bearing a French name, it was difficult to guess at his nationality, for he spoke several languages with equal fluency, had resided in a variety of countries, and had stories to tell and adventures to relate of upsets and marvellous escapes in France, Russia, America and China.

He was a man who might have been any age between fifty and sixty; short, broad and strongly built. He had served in the French army in the Crimea, and spoke with enthusiasm of the Balaklava charge. He had served with the English in the disturbances in China; with the Americans in the Federal wars; and was again with the French in the campaign against the Germans in 1870. In India he knew Major Cavagnari, and had made his way to Africa to do battle with the Zulus. His great desire was to get upon the English ambulance staff, but pending the realisation of this wish, he had attached himself to Lieutenant Barker.

Lieutenant Barker himself was one of those good-looking young Englishmen, fair, with blue eyes, whom we so frequently meet with, and know at a glance, in all parts of the world. Full of enthusiasm, he was on his way to join the column of Sir Evelyn Wood, and fight against the negroes of Catjewaio.

It took all of us an hour to get our vehicle into order again after the spill, but we then made up for lost time by flying over the level ground behind four of the light and stout horses of the country.

A good deal of rain fell during the day, and at 2 o'clock we reached the river Waterfalls, that had to be crossed—somehow.

Several Boer waggons were waiting on the bank, not venturing to tempt the stream, whose maximum depth was a couple of yards.

One of the Boer's waggons was laden with wood, with the top of the load some nine or ten feet at least from the ground.

I offered its owner five shillings if he would take his waggon across the river, and let our party sit on the top.

The man consented willingly enough. Barker, Dupuis and myself, with our light packs and arms, climbed on to the wood. Eight yokes of powerful oxen were harnessed to the vehicle and soon conveyed us to the other bank.

Joaquim Eleazar, standing upon the seat of the dog-cart, with the water to his waist, and guiding his horses with the dexterity of a perfect whip, also got across in safety.

Shortly after this adventure, we changed horses for the fourth time, and rattled on again in the direction of Standerton Ford, where we had to cross the Vaal.

We reached the village at 8 P.M., half-famished with hunger; but in the very simple hostelry where we were compelled to stay, for want of a better, we had a wretched supper, and not much better bed.

From Heidelberg to Standerton the country exhibits an enormous plain, with scarcely a break to intercept the view, as there is not a single tree; the grass, of no great height, serves for the pasture of thousands of

antelopes, the greater part of which are springboks. I saw numbers of them, especially, on the banks of the river Waterfalls, but they were particularly shy.

We quitted Standerton next day at 7 in the morning, after a breakfast which made us remember that we might have taken such a meal if we had had the wherewithal; and in the afternoon began to feel the scarcity of horses, owing to the post-houses having been pillaged or abandoned on account of the war. Just at this time, too, the difficulties of the road began to be felt, as we entered the defiles of the Drakens-Berg.

It is not easy to form an idea of what travelling is in this part of the world, over mount and through dale, without a road, and scarce a track, in an open dogcart with four half-broken horses.

No sooner had we got into the pass than a severe storm broke over us, with torrents of rain which soaked us to the skin, and converted every hollow into a pond. Night came down in utter darkness, broken only by the vivid flashes of lightning which, from their intense brightness, only made the obscurity the denser. Nothing but the long experience of our coachman could possibly have kept up a pace upon our cattle under such circumstances.

From time to time the whereabouts of a deep hole, of a rock, or a precipice, whose very existence had only been revealed by the lightning-flash, had to be guessed in order to be avoided, when a sonorous "Hold fast!" from Joaquim made us acquainted with the danger. Meanwhile the rain continued to fall, the thunder to peal, and the lightning to flash, while the horses trotted along the eastern slopes of the high mountain ridge. There was something weird in that night journey, and if it could have been witnessed by other spectators than ourselves, it would doubtless have caused a deep impression.

Dupuis had a story ready for every fresh jolt of our vehicle. Now the scene was laid in China, at other times in America, and then again in Russia, just as the memory came uppermost.

Then he would sing, though whether well or ill it was hard to say, amid the creaking of the cart, the swishing of the rain or the growlings of the thunder. He sang, as he talked, in all sorts of languages—French, Chinese, Hungarian, American—each in turn, and sometimes a *pot-pourri* of all.

It was about 8 P.M. when a fixed and distant light attracted our attention, and we cautiously drew towards it. The state of the country was such that it behoved us to use prudence; but we might almost as well fall in with Zulus as run the risk of breaking our necks by continuing that hazardous journey in the dark.

We halted at some distance from what we saw was a fire, and I volunteered to go up to it. On drawing nearer, I perceived through some laagered waggons, beneath a tent improvised with pieces of canvas, three English officers seated before a fire. I rapidly entered the circle of light, to prevent the chance of being fired upon. But my hasty advent caused not the slightest sensation or even surprise to the party, who very politely bade me "Good-evening."

They were drinking tea, and I, having summoned my companions, we sat down without ceremony beside them.

"Take a cup of tea," said one of them.

"Very gladly," was the response;" but we should like something to eat as well, for we are half-famished."

"I am sorry for that, said the first speaker, "for we are hungry too, and have nothing to stay it with but tea and a little sugar."

There was no remedy, so we gratefully took the tea, after which I, wet through as I was, lay down by the fire and dropped asleep.

We parted from our new acquaintance at daybreak, but did not succeed in allaying the cravings of hunger until night, at a Boer homestead. The good farmer gave us a capital supper; but we were not permitted to partake of it until he had read through a chapter from the Old Testament, of inordinate length.

The remainder of the journey to Newcastle was performed without incident of note, saving that on our reaching the river of that name we found it full to overflowing, and were compelled to swim across, to our no little discomfort, having no change of clothes.

On arriving at the little township our first care was to procure something to eat, as we had passed another twenty-four hours without taking nourishment.

My stay in Pretoria had so far untaught me the lesson I had learned upon my long journey of patiently waiting till food could be procured, that I got quite put out when on the arrival of meal-times there was no meal forthcoming.

I took up my quarters at an hotel, which was of a negative character, neither good nor bad, and at once set about drying my papers and securing a place in the diligence which ran from that town to Pietermaritzburg.

My travelling companions there took leave of me, as they were bound for the theatre of war; and I on the following day proceeded to the diligence office, to start for my new destination.

The passengers were nine, eight men and one lady, and the only two places that were at all bearable were alongside the driver.

One of these was secured by the lady, and I wanted the other. But my title was disputed by a Lieutenant of Volunteers, who was decked in a splendid uniform and wore a formidable pair of spurs. Each of us urged

his respective claims to the coachman, the supreme arbitrator in the dispute.

Half-a-sovereign surreptitiously slipped into the ready palm of the mulatto driver prevailed, however, over the three shillings offered by the lieutenant; the coachman exclaimed in a lofty tone that he was not a man open to bribery, and therefore returned the lieutenant his coin, while he desired me to take the coveted place. The defeated candidate got inside in a towering rage, and the immaculate driver, tipping me a wink, gathered up his reins and set his team in motion.

If the lieutenant was furious, the lady appeared scarcely less so, for instead of having at her side an elegantly dressed officer, she got a shabby-looking individual like myself.

She drew her skirts tightly around her, to prevent contact with my very seedy person; and though I should presume the driver was just as little to her taste, she drew as close to him as she could, to mark how greatly she abhorred any contact with me.

When we changed horses, I thought I would try to thaw the ice, and mollify the lady's wounded feelings; so, observing some bottles of sugared almonds, I purchased one, trusting, in my inexperience of feminine feelings, that a young and pretty woman must of necessity be fond of sweets.

As I climbed up again into my seat, my lively fancy pictured the unbending of the frown which darkened her countenance, the parting of those closely-pressed lips into a sweet smile, perhaps the opening of a conversation which would greatly lighten the way, and charmed with this imaginary picture, I produced my talisman, and offered her the bottle of comfits. The lady gave me a kind of side glance, and did indeed open her lips, but it was merely to say, "I have not the

honour, Sir, of your acquaintance," and relapsed into her former position. I am afraid what I did next was not particularly dignified, for in a sudden fit of annoyance I pitched away the bottle, which, striking on to a fragment of rock, flew into a hundred pieces, while its contents were scattered in all directions.

And so hostilities were opened between us.

At the dinner-hour we stopped at Sunday's river, where I got a capital meal for half-a-crown.

The lady and the gallant lieutenant sat beside each other at table, casting supercilious glances at me, and I am sure they invoked upon my devoted head as many plagues as ever visited ancient Egypt in the days of its calamity.

On leaving the table to retake our places, of course ignorant as to my name or calling, but judging me merely by my shabby exterior, the lady said to the son of Mars, in a tone which caught my ear, "That these common people really gave themselves such airs that it was quite disgusting." This filled the measure of my annoyance, and I promised myself my revenge if an opportunity should offer.

It was not long in coming. At 7 o'clock we reached Ladysmith, where we had to pass the night, and we found the little town full to overflowing, as the wounded and sick had been conveyed thither from the battle-field. A bed was out of the question, and they were lucky who found a roof to cover them.

The little inn where we put up had but one parlour, which was almost empty. I say almost, because it contained a sofa and a chair or two, and the sofa was occupied by the stalwart form of a young subaltern, who seemed very little awed by the aspect of the splendid lieutenant of volunteers.

The lady sat down on one of the chairs, and the lieutenant went out.

I entered into conversation with the subaltern, and invited him to crack a bottle with me. The prospect of a good glass of wine had more charms for the warrior than my sugared almonds had had for the lady, so that I sat down by him on the sofa, pending the arrival of the liquor.

As it was some time in coming, I gave him half-a-sovereign, with a hint that he had better see after it himself to make sure that it was the right stuff; and when he was gone, I quietly extended myself at full length upon the tolerably soft cushions.

On his return with the bottle and the change, I waived my hand as he tendered me the latter, and taking the act as one of refusal, he dropped the five shillings, nothing loath, into his capacious pocket.

I drank one glass and he drank seven, and when I made a feint to give him up his seat, he absolutely refused to take it from so generous a stranger, so I made myself thoroughly comfortable, by covering my feet with a rug.

My subaltern having finished his bottle, disappeared, and I saw him no more.

Shortly afterwards, the lieutenant came back and informed the lady that there was no chance of procuring her better accommodation for the night than she could have there.

He then looked at me and I looked at him. His glance, translated, signified, "Give up the sofa to the lady." Mine, literally rendered, meant, "common people don't understand delicacies of the kind."

In despair, they drew their chairs close together and conversed in a low tone. I, who cared very little just then for the cooing of doves, as I was very tired, closed my eyes and slept soundly till 3 o'clock, at which hour we were summoned to resume our journey.

At 6 we arrived at Colenso, where we crossed the

Tugela river on a fine ferry-boat, and by 3 in the afternoon had reached the pretty village of Howick, where a stay of a couple of hours enabled me to visit the beautiful cataract, which has made the place famous. It is truly deserving of its reputation, and the landscape around it is very lovely.

We again resumed our journey, and shortly after starting I stopped the diligence to speak to my people, whom I found on the waggons with which they had left Pretoria, and that were wending their way slowly towards Durban.

Learning that they were all well, and had plenty to eat, I gave them a rendezvous at Pietermaritzburg, and desired the coachman to drive on.

It was not till 10 P.M. that our vehicle reached the capital of Natal, where I found at the best hostelrie in the place, the Royal Hotel, a tolerable room.

I saw my people next day as they passed through with the baggage, and told them I would meet them at Durban.

This duty performed, I called upon Mrs. Saunders, the wife of my Pretoria friend the Captain, to whom I delivered letters and messages from her husband.

I there met his daughter, a charming young girl, about whom he had talked to me so frequently, and I so utilised my time that ere I had left the house we were fast friends. I promised little Didi that I would come back to Pietermaritzburg if I found no vessel starting speedily for Europe.

On the 19th of March, after a journey of twenty-three miles in a dogcart, I reached the temporary railway terminus, and seated myself in one of the carriages bound for Durban.

I need scarcely say that the sight of the train and the whistle of the locomotive caused me the deepest impression!

The telegraph posts with their lightning-conductors, which latter figure also upon almost every house and building, brought back to me, in the most vivid way, the sense of European civilisation, of the progress of our age, of the vast strides made by humanity; and it was amid a confusion of ideas that deeply occupied my brain that the time rapidly passed, till at 6 o'clock I was landed at Durban.

Before all else, I hastened to a spot where I could gaze upon the sea, and my eyes were dimmed with tears as they looked upon the blue waters, blending on the eastern horizon with the azure of the sky! I may be forgiven if my bosom at that moment swelled with a certain pride as I murmured, "I have crossed Africa, from sea to sea; yonder is the Indian Ocean!"

Having indulged for a few minutes in these emotions, I returned to more material subjects and set about seeking an hotel.

I had already discovered that every town which the English occupied in Africa contained a "Royal Hotel," and for that I inquired as a thing of course.

On arrival, after various consultations between the landlord and his wife, it was determined that I should have a room at the bottom of a courtyard; and I had not long taken possession of it, and was in the act of making myself decent for dinner, when I was informed that the General had called to see me.

I had heard "the General" mentioned more than once in the course of the colloquy about my lodging, and learned that he occupied great part of the house, and that they could not disturb him to try and procure me better accommodation.

I received my visitor, General Strickland, Chief Commissary of the English army, whom I found young and affable, and who, having informed me that he had heard of my arrival, invited me to dine with him.

I did so in his private apartment, and met at table a little army of reporters, sent over by the English, French and American papers to chronicle the war. Among these men who, as simple newspaper correspondents, have made their names world-renowned, I thus made the acquaintance of Messrs. Forbes, Francis, and others, who have acquired well-merited fame like their colleague, Stanley, who, before becoming one of the foremost of African explorers, took the highest place among the reporters of America.

General Strickland was extremely kind in his attentions to myself, and made me promise to become his guest whilst I remained at Durban.

On the following day I called upon Mr. Lenell, the Portuguese Consul, and was most cordially received. He most obligingly made arrangements for the lodging of my people and storing of my baggage in his own house. I left him, however, in no very comfortable frame of mind, as he told me that the packet had left that very day for Europe.

And so I had a whole month before me to pass in a place where I had no attraction, a useless month of further separation from those I so longed to embrace, and from my dear native Portugal!

But there was no remedy, so I submitted with the best grace I could, busying myself the next day with looking after the comforts of my people, my parrot and my kid, all of which had, with the baggage, safely reached their destination.

This was done to my satisfaction, but it only took one day out of the month, and how was I to pass the remainder of the time?

My notes and calculations were always entered close up, and therefore I had no arrears to occupy me.

I found one source of amusement, at least, at the hotel itself, and that without even quitting the house.

The baths belonging to the Royal Hotel were on the other side of the street, and the inmates had consequently to traverse that space to reach them. The house was full of officers, recently come out from England. And thus at early morning there was a regular procession passing to and fro between the baths and the hotel, in which were performers, men of all ages and aspects, in costumes of the most varied kind, but all of them light, each bearing his towel and an enormous sponge. For a couple of days this scene amused me mightily, but it did not last more than an hour at a stretch, and then I did not know what to do with the rest of the time.

I began to feel dreadfully bored—then irritated—and at last depressed and out of health.

I felt such a tremendous void! Accustomed for months to constant and arduous labour, to a life of extraordinary activity, to a continual tension of mind, to the idea of attaining an end—now that I had attained it and was thrown thus idle upon myself, I experienced a want that was as craving as it was undefined.

I became downright ill, and for the first time in my life was apprehensive that I should die.

The war engaged every man's attention, and in the midst of all that heaving and busy world, in which I had no part, I felt terribly alone.

At last, one day as I lay in bed, to which my sickness confined me, and where no friend sat to instil into me a drop of comfort, musing upon my dear ones far away, there suddenly came into my recollection the sweet little girl at Pietermaritzburg, the daughter of my friend Captain Allan Saunders. I had promised to go back and see her if this very disappointment which had come upon me should occur, and why should I not do so?

The having an object in view aroused me from my despondency. Ill as I was, I got out of bed, dressed, and took the rail forthwith in the direction of Pietermaritzburg.

Reinstalled in my former quarters at the "Royal," I at once set out for Mrs. Saunders' house, and already felt a new man as I received the hearty welcome of the lady of the house and felt dear little Didi's kisses on my cheek. Her I at once took possession of, and, with her mother's permission, carried her off to dine with me at my hotel.

I had now money of my own, lent me upon my private signature, and therefore provided myself with a decent suit of clothes.

A doll and a box of sweets made Didi and myself the best of friends, and an immense tortoise which they had given me at the hotel, and which I made over to her, converted that friendship into even a warmer feeling.

Mrs. Saunders, seeing the excellent effect of such society upon my health and spirits, was good enough to let me have the constant companionship of her little girl, either at her own house or my hotel, and Didi took advantage of the circumstance in order to ignore her books and lessons. As she said she was very fond of them, I was pleased to set down this deprivation as another item to account of her affection for myself.

I made other excellent friends in Mr. and Mrs. Furze, Colonel Mitchel, Colonel Baker, Captain Walley and others; but Didi, that bright little girl of nine, filled up the void I had so deeply felt with her prattle and caresses—and at times with her poutings and teasing ways.

Pietermaritzburg is a pretty town, with very fine houses and some splendid churches, in one of which I

heard, more than once, the eloquent and powerful preaching of the learned Bishop Colenso.

The town is further reputed for its beautiful gardens and abundant flowers, the Natal ladies being greatly devoted to horticulture, and fond of displaying their productions at the numerous local flower-shows. There is also a magnificent park, where I have seen of an evening a surprising number of brilliant equipages.

At the time of my stay in the place it was not looking at its best, for the Zulu war had turned many things topsy-turvy, and gave an aspect to more than one town, which was not customary to it. The hotels were full of officers; soldiers were billeted everywhere, and streets and country alike swarmed with them. At the Royal Hotel—said to be the best in the whole province—the service was wretched, owing mainly to the unnatural strain caused by the glut of guests. Prices, too, were out of all proportion to supply, owing to the lavishness of the Government in paying what was asked without bargaining.

The Catholic establishment at Pietermaritzburg is very important, is kept in excellent order, and enjoys great credit in the Colony.

The Portuguese Consul, Mr. Lenell, wrote to me that the packet *Danubio*, of the Union Steamship Company, had arrived at Durban, and was to leave for Mozambique and Zanzibar on the 19th of April.

I therefore quitted Pietermaritzburg on the 14th, after taking leave of the many kindly beings who had contributed to make my stay there so agreeable.

On reaching the hotel at Durban I found it crammed, and should have had a difficulty in procuring a room, but for the efforts of Mr. Lenell, who procured me one of the bath-rooms at the club, where a bed was made for me on the ground.

The officers, who were arriving daily, could find no

roof to cover them, and were compelled to run up huts in the courtyards, and even in the streets about the hotels and club-house.

The same packet which was to convey me northwards had brought over the unfortunate Prince Napoleon, who was destined to pay so dearly for his courage and temerity. I made his acquaintance, and was greatly charmed during our brief intercourse with his sympathetic nature, intelligence and enlightenment, and sincerely mourned his inglorious and untimely death, which put so sudden an end to brilliant hopes and aspirations.

On more than one occasion I tried to instil into him the fundamental principle of success in African life, by which, as I have already narrated, I tried to steer my own course, namely, "to distrust every one and every thing in Africa until irrefragable proof has given you a right to bestow your confidence."

His ardent nature, the inexperience of his few years, his leonine courage, and that carelessness peculiar to youth, full of illusions and self-confidence, led him to his fate. None who knew him but deplored his loss; for he had in him the germs of a great man, and possessed that valuable gift in a prince, the indefinable power to captivate all hearts.

I have no after-thought connected with the politics of France in dictating these few lines; I set them down as a simple testimony of respect to the memory of the departed youth, who was my friend, and not to that of the Prince who represented a principle; and I do so with the greater confidence, as I have seen his very adversaries express regret and pity for a promising life cut short so prematurely.

On the very eve of my departure I was introduced to Mr. and Madame Du Val, who were prodigal in their kindness, and finally, on the 19th of April, I

embarked with my people and baggage on a little steamer which was to convey me to the *Danubio* anchored in the roads, the harbour of Durban being too small to admit vessels of large tonnage.

There was a good deal of motion on the water, and it was no easy matter to make the *Danubio*.

Mr. and Madame Du Val were my fellow-passengers, as the former, who was at the head of the Dutch Company in East Africa, was going to inspect its factories at Mozambique.

It was a hard task to transship the baggage from the little steamer to the *Danubio*, as the sea was running high, and one of my cases most unluckily fell, and got crushed between the two vessels.

Case and contents, all went overboard; but although Captain Draper put out a boat and saved some of the things, the rest most unluckily went to the bottom, and were irretrievably lost.

We left Durban at last, and it was with a feeling of infinite pleasure that I found myself surging through the waters beneath the working of the powerful screw, as I reflected that each revolution was carrying me nearer home.

Short time was allowed me at Lourenço Marques to receive the attentions offered me, and the greater part was taken up with my old friend Augusto de Castillo, and my friends Machado, Maia, and Fonseca.

On board, Captain Draper was kindness itself.

Mozambique was reached in due course, and my visits to the authorities were all made at their bedsides. The Governor Cunha, his secretary and assistants, were all down at once with fever.

I cannot refrain from speaking with the highest respect of the Governor, who, ill as he was, and deeply anxious for the condition of his wife, suffering from the

same malady, issued the most express orders to facilitate my return to my own country, with the people who accompanied me.

After my visit to His Excellency, I looked up an old brother in arms in the Zambesi war, Colonel Torrezão, in whose house I found a hospitable welcome with my new friends Mr. and Madame Duval.

Two days later we were on our way to Zanzibar where I hoped to meet with Stanley, but learned on my arrival—to my great disappointment—that he had just left the place.

Dr. Kirk, the English Consul at Zanzibar, gave me a dinner and a reception which I shall not readily forget, as both that gentleman and his wife vied with each other in showing me attention. This indeed was the case with all the Europeans there, and the officers in garrison were particularly courteous.

When Captain Draper learned that the Aden steamer would not leave for a week to come, he would not hear of my going ashore, on the plea (a very correct one) that the inns could only offer wretched accommodation, so that I continued to live on board, and had a boat always at my orders.

I became intimate with a young Swiss of the name of Wildmar, who was to be my travelling companion to Europe.

The week, which was passed very agreeably in company of the Duvals and Captain Draper, having expired, I left Zanzibar in a small steamer, the *British India*, whose commander, Captain Allen, was also very kind and courteous.

As the *British India* was to make a stay of some eight days at Aden, Wildmar and myself took berths on board one of the Austrian Lloyd steamers, which conveyed us to Suez, whence we took the first train for Cairo.

I fell ill again, and Wildmar nursed me with all the devotion of an old friend.

In spite of my weakness, I visited the Pyramids with him. I had seen the Zaire and the Zambesi; so did not choose to return to Europe without saluting old Nile, and from the summit of Cheops' monument, that monstrous tomb erected four thousand years previously by the pride of the Pharaohs, I saw the ancient river as, silent and serene, it bathed the ruins of the once magnificent Memphis.

Leaving Cairo, the superb and ardent, a city of gold and wretchedness, I proceeded to Alexandria, to find new friends and be the recipient of fresh favours.

The Count and Countess Caprara, above all others, were so pressing in their attentions that they seemed more like friends of years' standing than acquaintances made but a few days previously.

The Consul General of Portugal, the Count de Zozuel, on the eve of my departure, came to make me offers of assistance, which were then fortunately unneeded, as the Crédit Lyonnais of Paris had meanwhile opened a credit for me in Egypt with money of my own remitted from Lisbon by my friend Luciano Cordeiro.

I had omitted to mention that through some misunderstanding of the orders of the Portuguese Government I found myself in Egypt actually without money, and compelled to use the purses of Wildmar and of the Count of Caprara. I might indeed have obtained funds from other persons, who had generously offered me such sums as I required, and yet all they knew of me was based upon my own assertion that I was the Major Serpa Pinto, connected with the Portuguese expedition of 1877, to Central Africa, and who was returning to Europe viâ the Indian Ocean.

I left Alexandria for Naples, and thence proceeded

by land to Bordeaux, where our Consul, the Baron de Mendouça, gave me a warm reception.

On the 5th of June I left Pauillac, and on the 9th found myself at Lisbon, once again on Portuguese soil, in the midst of those beloved friends from whom I had more than once thought I was separated for ever.

My sable attendants had arrived the evening before in safety, with my baggage and my labours, and with them had come my favourite parrot which had shared in so many of my hardships.

We represented all that were left of one of the branches of the Portuguese Expedition to the interior of South Central Africa in 1877.

CONCLUSION.

In concluding my work with my last astronomical and meteorological observations, and a vocabulary of some of the African tongues, I will simply add here a few parting words.

The astronomical observations, as calculated by me in Africa during my journey, have been recalculated in London by Mr. S. S. Sugden, and as I present the initial observations, they are still open to rectification.

In every place where I stopped more than one day I was careful to study the movement of the chronometers, which was moreover revealed to me by daily comparisons and by the observations of the eclipses and reappearances of the first satellite of Jupiter.

In this division of my journey I had a surprise which caused me more than one sleepless night. This was the great difference in the position of Shoshong, not in longitude only but even in latitude.

Men of note have passed that way, and above all others Ed. Mohr, and fixed the position of that town. What then was not my astonishment to find that my observations entailed a diversity of more than 60 miles!

During my sojourn at Shoshong I carefully noted the movement of the chronometers, and could not detect the slightest alteration. As I continued my journey, my great anxiety was to attain a point where I could check the chronometers by a well-known longitude.

This I accordingly did, and the second observations I record in the table were calculated from the state of

the chronometers ascertained at Soul's Port and Heidelberg.

The last reappearance I observed of the first satellite of Jupiter during the night of the 13th of December, and the verification thereof made at Heidelberg, allow me no room for doubt that my position must be very nearly correct as regards longitude; and as to the latitude, I have no hesitation in asserting that it is within 30″ of the truth.

On this occasion, as on previous ones, I exhibit the hypsometrical initial observations to determine the "relief" of my track.

I employed in calculating them the constant temperature of 23 degrees, for the level of the sea, that being the mean of the temperatures under a pressure of 760 millimetres in those latitudes.

It was my opinion that as there was no occasion to make simultaneous observations there, that ought to be the temperature used in the calculations.

The formula I made use of to calculate the altitudes was the following, which is perfectly empirical,

$$A = (100-H)\left(284{\cdot}95 + 3{\cdot}1\ \frac{A}{1000}\right).$$

This formula is no other than the ancient formula of Laplace, wherein is not carried to account the constant $18{\cdot}382 = 18{\cdot}336\ (1 + \frac{1}{400})$ arising from the diminution of the mercury in the vertical produced by the weight, inasmuch as in the hypsometers this peculiarity does not occur.

The tables, therefore, which I employed were based on the formula,

$$A = 18{,}382 \log. \frac{760}{B} + \frac{1}{6{,}366{,}200}\left(18{,}382 \log. \frac{760}{B}\right)^2,$$

and whose obtained numbers are reduced by $\frac{1}{400}$,

and by the table of steam tensions constructed by Regnault.

Whoever bestows any attention upon the meteorological observations I publish, will see that the atmospherical changes in this part of Africa have but a slight if any influence upon the pressure, which remains the same amid the most sudden variations.

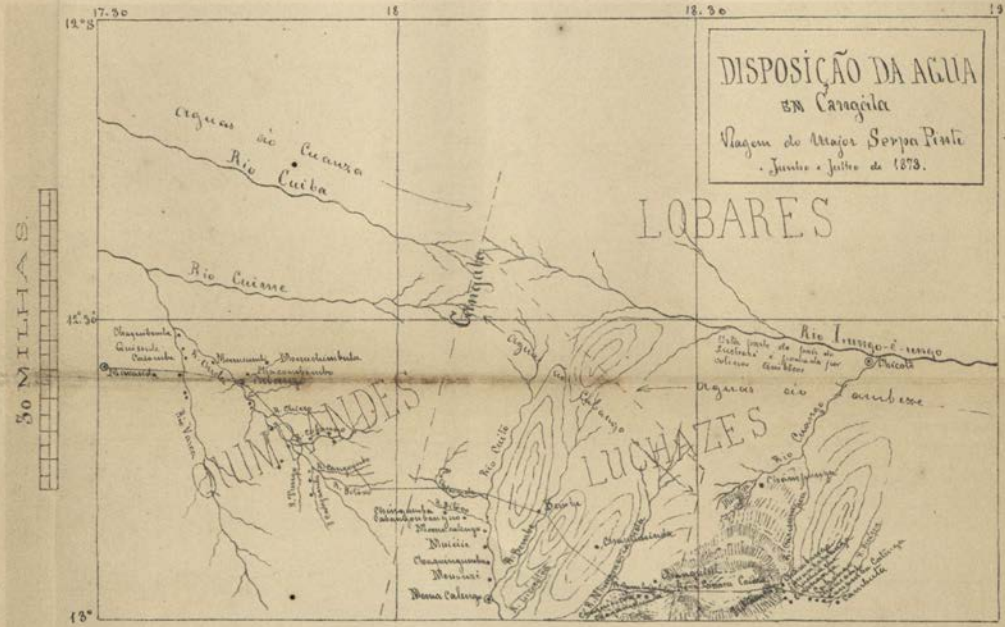
It consequently happens that the results of the hypsometrical observations present a certain guarantee of correctness.

The localities to which the meteorological observations refer are not specified, but it is easy to discover them, because, by means of the diary and table of astronomical observations, it can be ascertained where I was on any particular day.

I thought it interesting to annex to this work a collection of terms in the Hambundo and Ganguella languages, spoken between Benguella and the Zambesi, and I have made use of Gamito's work for the corresponding terms of another tongue spoken in the same latitudes on the East Coast, so that a comparison might be made between them, and indeed it will be remarked that several of the terms are common to all.

This section of my journey from the Zambesi cannot, naturally, have the same interest to geographers as the portion from Benguella to the Zambesi, inasmuch as, with the exception of the road from Daca to Shoshong, it is more or less known. I will not therefore add anything to what I have already stated in my narrative beyond a few words respecting the said track from Daca to Shoshong, and more especially regarding the region of the salt lakes, concerning which I have read an assertion of an eminent explorer, that the Great Macaricari was drained towards the East Coast through the Shua and Nata.

FACSIMILE OF ONE OF THE MAPS MADE ON THE JOURNEY


DISPOSIÇÃO DA AGUA
EM Carangola
Viagem do Major Serpa Pinto
Junho e Julho de 1878.
LOBARES
NUMANDES
LUCHAZES
Rio Cuiba
Rio Cuisse
Rio Cuanza
Rio Cuango
Rio Cuilo
Rio Luando
Rio Lumego-e-Lumego
Rio Cuanhama
Rio Cuando
Rio Cubango
Rio Cuebe
Rio Cuito
Rio Cuchi
Rio Cuiva
Rio Cuanene
Rio Cunene
Rio Cubango
Rio Cuando
Rio Cuanhama

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE CALCULATIONS

Dia 19 de setembro de 1878

1 milha a NO de Catongo (Alto Zambeze)

Calculo de Longitude pelo reaparecimento do 1º satelite de Jupiter

Hora do Chronometro S	3h. 04m. 09s.
Estado para o lugar	5. 31. 36
Hora do lugar	8. 35. 45
Hora de Greenwich	7. 02. 45
Longitude =	1. 33. 00
	46. 30
Longitude =	23º. 15'.

Esta longitude muito pouco differe da verdade, e qualquer differença que tenha é para menos, por que observando o reaparecimento podia ver-o algum segundo mais tarde e nunca mais cedo. Assim pois estando em 14' a Leste do Siambai elle corre n'este parallelo por 23º de longitude e nada mais a Leste

Dia 20 de setembro de 1878 (horarios)

☉ = 91º. 53'. 50" — 9h. 06m. 15s
☉ = 91. 37. 10 — 9. 06. 50
☉ = 91. 16. 10 — 9. 07. 36
− 50 — 3. 58. 42
91. 15. 20 — 1. 06. 18
45. 37. 40
+ 15. 58
45. 53. 38
− 49
45. 52. 49
91. 01. 41 — 0.000070
15. 17. 00 — 0.015637
152. 11. 30
76. 05. 45 — 9.380752
30. 12. 56 — 9.701585
202
2. 45. 54 = 9.098246
6. 38. — 789
2. 39. 16 — 35
9. 07. 36
5. 31. 40
5. 31. 30

91. 37. 10
50
91. 36. 20
45. 48. 10
15. 58
46. 04. 08
49
46. 03. 19
91. 01. 41 — 0.000070
15. 17. 00 — 0.015637
152. 22. 00
76. 11. 00 — 9.378063
30. 07. 41 — 9.700498
2. 45. 08. 30 — 9.094268
6. 38 — 148
2. 38. 30 — 9.094416
9. 06. 50 — 412
5. 31. 40 — 29

5. 31. 40
− 4
5. 31. 36

6. 37. 17
6. 58. 18
21. 01 = 0576
1.3388
58t = 1.3964
(Legt = 6m. 38s. 15t)

41
5
205

0.000070

381134
382
380752
362
56
2172
1812
202

45
850
2250
360
382

363
41
363
1452
118

Var em 48 = 10s :: 30,5 = 6s

305 | 48
01706

encontrando muitas provocações abandonadas, segui mesmo ha muito sido o paiz muito provocado.

Ha dois dias que luctavamos com grandes faltas de mantimentos, dois provocações raras que temos encontrado nada vim e caça não apparece. Na provocação de Bembe nada nos quizeram vender, e em todas as immitivas não ha um só rancho que tenhamos que comprar para amanhã. Eu mesmo hoje dirito me comprometo.

Reuni os Pombeiros e mostrei-lhes a necessidade de alongarmos a marcha de amanhã até ás primeiras provocações que desemi. ficam longe, elles convieram apesar de virem muito cançados. Não soffri uma reprehensão por os ter tirado do caminho conhecido, apesar de elles terem prumisto o que nos está encommendado, mas elles sabem que se tem fome em a terra também. Não arredei um só passo do caminho que trouxe e amanhã seguirei a S.S.E. seja o que Deus quizer.

2 de Julho - Rio Bembe - Bar - 6,2,5 - ther. m 5:8 - ther. observ. + 2.6. Adoece-me um carregador não pode seguir com a carga. Isto causa-me negativo transtorno por que não posso ficar aqui e tenho de abandonar a carga, mas o carregador Chacambe offerece para pegar n'ella e tudo fica remediado.

Quando estavamos para partir appareceram nossos portadores do soberbo de Bembe a pedir-me algum panno d'elle que lhe mandamos algumas contas. Mandei-os por fora do arraial para acampamento, um tractante que prohibi q. me mandassem mantimentos emquanto se estivesse a mandar-me pedir algumas contas. Segui as 8.40 a S.S.E. foi difficil a passagem do pantano e mais ainda a passagem do Bembe. Terminou a passagem ás 9.45 e continuei no mesmo rumo. Logo que deixei o pantano comecei a subir uma montanha levemente inclinada e coberta de vegetação, o caminho por ali foi difficil mas conservei o mesmo rumo até ás 10.30. A essa hora o terreno começou a descer e ao diante de mim a uns 50 metros ha differença de nivel, uma vasta planicie coberta de extensa floresta. Desci no mesmo rumo até ás 10.40 hora a que tinha attingido as orlas da floresta, mas tive logo de o alterar, por que a floresta era impassavel. Atravessei um difficil trilho que me levou a

Livro de viagem da expedição portugueza á Africa central ou meridional
Anno de 1877 Volume contendo folhas 1 a 123 Mezembe Religião dos exploradores Dia 12 de Abril de 1877 Dia de viagem Dia de demora trimestre pagina

a L. ora a N. E e depois a S. E até que o terreno me faltou de repente. No meio da floresta um rio cavou o seu leito a 100 metros de fundo e as margens são quasi a prumo. O panorama é surprehendente. A difficuldade do caminho o peso das cargas e a fraqueza dos meus famintos carregadores tudo me impede de ir mais avante, acampo aqui.

Já se faz sentir a fome com todos os seus horrores. Acampo aqui mas não tenho nada, nada que mandar cusinhar: Ao meio dia tomei altura do sol para a latitude. Matou-se no acampamento uma cobra que diz o cirurgião Chacaiombe ser muito venenosa, mas saber o contraveneno para a sua mandedura. Tinha 1m de comprido e era cor de telha por cima tendo o ventre um pouco mais claro. Olhos verdes muito brilhantes e lingua bipartida. 4 dentes muito finos e dispostos como as presas de um cão, e lingua bipartida. Logo que fiz as observações do costume, fui caçar e mandei o meu Augusto para um lado e o Miguel para outro. Encontrei perto do meu campo um grande rasto fresco de bufalos e segui-o.

Não se faz idéa na Europa do que seja caçar para comer. É um praser horrivel. Ao passo que o caçador por praser segue uma pista desanidoso pensando nas comoções que sente ao saltar-lhe a caça, que caminha desanombradamente, sabendo que no rendevous ajustado um cusinheiro prepara optimo jantar, que pára aqui e alem para contemplar uma flor mimosa, uma paisagem agradavel, o caçador por necessidade só pensa na caça e saborea de antemão uma pena do animal mal cosida nas brasas, ao passo que um caminha curvado para chegar ao alcance de tiro sem ser pressentido o outro deita-se de rastos, não sente os espinhos que lhe rasgão as carnes, e por umas palhas que faz trem trem tambem de não dar um alarme, e caminha devagar devagar redusindo redusindo a distancia para que o tiro não falhe, não com o coração a palpitar mas com o

Livro de viagem da expedição portugueza a Africa centrale meridional (Lei de 12 de abril de 1877) trimestre — pag. —

I cannot and must not admit such an hypothesis.

At only a few miles' distance the Shua and Nata exhibit a difference of level amounting to 99 feet, and if water rose in the Macaricari to only half that height, it would suffice to inundate the whole desert.

Besides this, I ascertained that the land rose considerably to the east of the Macaricari, and that all the rivers debouching into the lake exhibited a great difference of level.

The first stream I met with running to the lake had its origin in the high ground of Linocanim, whose western slopes yield water, which runs westward into the Desert.

Thus therefore, instruments in hand, and figures before my eyes, I reject the idea of the Great Macaricari discharging any water into the Indian Ocean, and my illustrious colleague must pardon me if I contradict him and maintain my opinion, based as it is upon observations and calculations which I know to be correct.

I have appended to the work three facsimiles of pages of my diary, books of calculation and album, by way of showing the originals of my African studies, and with them I close the record of a labour which I owed to my country and to the public at large.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE BETWEEN THE CONFLUENCE OF THE RIVER CUANDO AND THE TRANSVAAL.

Year 1878.	Where Observations were made.	Time by Chronometers.	Error of Chron.	Nature of Observations.	Dup. height of star.	Latitude South.	Longitude in time.	Error of instrument.	No. of Obs.	Results.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.		° ′ ″	° ′ ″	H. M. S.	′ ″		° ′
October 22	Embarira . . .	0 7 0	+ 4 3 49	Amplitude Mag. 2° 5′ . . .	..	17 49 0	..	..	..	Variation 20 39 W.
,, ,,	,, . . .	3 16 36	+ 4 3 49	Chron. ☉	99 45 10	17 49 0	..	− 0 50	1	Long. . 25 23 E.
,, ,,	,, . . .	..	..	Alt. Mer. * Markal (α of Pegasus)	115 17 0	..	..	− 1 0	1	Lat. . 17 49 S.
,, 25	Luchuma . . .	9 2 36	+ 4 4 19	Chron. ☉	89 54 40	17 56 0	..	− 0 30	3	Long. . 25 25 E.
,, 28	,, . . .	9 27 26	+ 4 4 50	,, ...	78 13 30	17 56 0	..	,,	3	,, . 25 25 E.
,, ,,	,, . . .	5 37 18	..	Reap. of 1st satellite of Jupiter	..	..	..	..	..	State 4h. 4m. 50s.
Novem. 5	,, . . .	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☽	140 22 0	..	1 45 0	− 1 0	1	Lat. . 17° 56′ S.
,, ,,	,, . . .	9 34 40	+ 4 6 11	Chron. ☉	75 7 23	17 56 0	..	− 0 40	3	Long. . 25 24 E.
,, 7	,, . . .	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	118 55 0	..	1 45 0	+ 1 0	1	Lat. . 17 57 S.
Decem. 6	Tamafupa . . .	9 25 0	− 1 45 0	,, ...	101 0 2	..	1 45 0	+ 6 0	1	,, . 19 19 S.
,, 13	In the Desert . . .	6 5 50	..	Reap. of 1st sat. of Jup. . .	..	..	..	..	..	State 4h. 9m. 40s.
,, 14	Bank of the river Nata	4 0 34	+ 4 9 46	Chron. ☉	125 7 10	20 10 0	..	+ 1 30	3	Long. . 27° 0′ E.
,, 15	,, ,,	17 8 0	− 1 48 0	Alt. Mer. ☽	..	..	..	+ 2 30	1	Lat. . 20 10 S.
,, 16	,, ,,	6 28 0	− 1 48 0	Amplitude Mag. 3° 45′ . . .	..	20 10 0	..	..	1	Variation 21 14 W.
1879.										
January 1	Shoshong . . .	6 30 0	− 1 48 0	Alt. Mer. ☽	105 55 30	..	..	− 0 45	1	Lat. . 23 1 S.
,, 2	,, . (1*)	3 54 37	+ 4 13 0	Chron. ☉	121 2 53	23 1 0	..	,,	3	Long. . 27 24 E.
,, ,,	,, . (1*)	3 54 44	+ 4 13 0	,, ...	121 33 40	23 1 0	..	,,	3	,, . 27 20 E.
,, ,,	,, . . .	7 16 0	− 1 48 0	Alt. Mer. ☽	96 49 30	..	..	,,	1	Lat. . 23 1 S.
,, 7	,, . (2*)	3 48 45	+ 4 12 18	Chron. ☉	117 31 26	..	..	,,	3	Long. . 27 19 E.
,, ,,	,, . (2*)	3 50 10	+ 4 12 18	,, ...	118 30 33	..	..	,,	3	,, . 27 20 E.
,, 23	(Confluence of the	9 10 58	+ 4 16 15	,, ...	91 33 33	23 42 6	..	− 0 30	3	,, . 27 39 E.
,, ,,	Ntuani . . .)									
,, ,,	,, ,, .	9 15 35	+ 4 16 15	,, ...	90 58 13	23 42 0	..	,,	3	,, . 27 39 E.
,, ,,	,, ,, .	9 14 25	+ 4 16 15	,, ...	91 30 40	23 42 0	..	,,	1	,, . 27 39 E.
,, 26	,, ,, .	..	..	Alt. Mer. * Canopus (α of Argus)	122 10 0	..	1 50 0	,,	1	Lat. . 23 42 S.
	Limpopo (Adicul) .	..	..	Alt. Mer. * Canopus . .	122 59 40	..	1 50 0	− 0 50	1	,, . 24 6 S.
,, ,,	,, ,,	4 7 59	+ 4 16 41	* Aldebaran (α of Taurus) .	77 42 10	24 6 0	..	,,	1	Long. . 27 32 E.
,, ,,	,, ,,	4 11 19	+ 4 16 41	* Aldebaran	76 40 50	24 6 0	..	,,	1	,, . 27 32 E.
February 1	Cornucopia . . .	0 25 46	+ 4 17 37	Chron. ☽	74 22 40	24 38 0	..	,,	1	,, . 27 38 E.
,, ,,	,, . . .	0 22 32	+ 4 17 37	,, ...	73 57 33	24 38 0	..	,,	3	,, . 27 37 E.
,, 4	Soul's Port . . .	..	..	Alt. Mer. ♌	80 4 10	..	1 51 0	− 0 40	1	Lat. . 25 10 S.
,, 5	,, . . .	9 1 32	..	Chron. ☉	95 6 10	..	1 51 12	,,	3	State 4h. 18m. 14s.
,, ,,	,, . . .	9 2 17	..	,, ...	94 45 17	..	1 51 12	,,	3	,, 4 18 14
March 10	Heidelberg . . .	..	..	Alt. Mer. ☉	134 47 30	..	1 56 0	+ 1 65	1	Lat. . 26° 29′ S.
,, ,,	,, . . .	3 57 49	..	Chron. ☉	109 13 20	..	1 56 0	+ 2 30	3	State 4h. 23m. 16s.

(1*) The state for this longitude was calculated by the previous movements, and is referable to the observation of the reappearance of the 1st satellite of Jupiter on the 13th of December.

(2*) The state for this longitude was calculated by the subsequent movements, and is referable to the longitude of Heidelberg.

TABLE OF THE HYPSOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE BETWEEN LUCHUMA AND HEIDELBERG, TO DETERMINE THE "RELIEF" OF THE TRACK FOLLOWED BY MAJOR SERPA PINTO.

Name of Places.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Temperature at sea-level.	Hypsometer.	Altitude in metres.
Luchuma	674·6	32·2	23	96·70	1,053
Daca	..	27·0	„	96·55	1,092
Nata (determinate point) .	684·3	31·0	„	97·08	929
Shua (lower course of the Nata)	685·5	28·0	„	97·14	905
Linocanim	674·5	22·0	„	96·70	1,034
Morrolana	678·5	27·0	„	96·86	993
Luale	664·5	25·0	„	96·29	1,171
Cane	664·4	25·5	„	96 29	1,171
Shoshong	669·7	24·7	„	96·50	1,107
Confluence of the Ntuani . .	691·0	26·2	„	97·38	837
Cornucopia	678·5	27·0	„	96·86	993
Soul's Port	671·5	26·8	„	96·57	1,092
Height of Piland's berg . .	{Difference of pressure for Soul's Port 26 millimetres or 285 metres.}				1,378
Pretoria	654·5	26·0	„	95·87	1,310
Heidelberg	639·0	18·6	„	95·22	1,495
Jeanette Peak (Zuikerbosch) .	608·0	16·0	„	93·89	1,911

TABLE OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE AT 0^h. 43^m. OF GREENWICH, FROM THE ZAMBESI TO THE TRANSVAAL. Years 1878, 1879.

Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer centigrade.		Direction of Wind.	State of Atmosphere.
			Dry.	Wet.		
Oct. 1878	24	663·4	38·5	27·4	E.S.E. . .	Cloudy.
,,	25	663·0	39·1	27·6	,, . .	,, (fleece).
,,	26	664·1	33·4	28·3	E. strong .	,,
,,	27	664·4	34·0	28·1	Calm . .	,,
,,	28	662·3	39·4	27·3	E.S.E.strong	,,
November	2	664·4	31·1	22·7	E. weak .	,,
,,	3	664·9	33·2	24·3	Calm . .	,,
,,	4	665·1	30·5	24·1	E. weak .	,,
,,	5	664·9	30·1	24·7	E.S.E. . .	,,
,,	6	666·2	27·0	20·7	,, . .	Few clouds.
,,	7	663·5	35·4	21·4	,, . .	,, ,,
,,	8	664·0	34·6	21·3	,, . .	,, ,,
,,	9	663·8	30·1	25·2	E. strong .	Fleece, rain, and thunder
,,	10	663·7	30·4	27·3	,, .	,, ,, ,,
,,	11	664·1	31·5	26·7	E. weak .	Cloudy.
,,	12	664·3	33·1	25·4	E. strong .	,,
,,	13	663·8	31·7	26·3	,, .	Moderate rain.
,,	20	681·1	27·5	27·0	E.N.E. .	Heavy rain.
,,	21	682·0	27·0	25·3	E. strong .	Cloudy.
,,	28	666·3	30·4	23·7	E.N.E. .	Moderate rain.
,,	29	664·5	29·7	24·6	E. strong .	,, ,,
,,	30	664·9	29·5	24·7	,, .	,, ,,
December	1	663·5	29·8	24·3	E. weak .	Cloudy.
,,	2	663·2	31·4	26·2	Calm . .	,,
,,	3	663·7	31·1	22·3	E. weak .	Sky clear.
,,	4	664·8	33·2	23·7	,, .	,,
,,	5	667·9	27·9	21·4	E.S.E. . .	Some clouds.
,,	6	667·1	31·4	22·7	Calm . .	,, ,,
,,	7	668·9	33·5	24·2	E. weak .	,, ,,
,,	8	669·3	32·4	25·7	,, .	,, ,,
,,	10	670·4	31·9	27·4	E. strong .	Sky clear.
,,	11	670·2	33·7	27·3	,, .	,,
,,	12	672·7	31·4	26·7	,, .	Some clouds.
,,	13	677·1	30·7	26·4	,, .	,, ,, (fleece).
,,	14	677·3	30·4	24·3	,, .	,, ,,
,,	15	677·4	30·7	23·5	,, .	,, ,,
,,	16	677·0	33·9	26·4	,, .	,, ,,
,,	17	677·2	31·1	27·2	,, .	,, ,,
,,	18	677·0	30·4	22·3	,, .	,, ,,
,,	19	675·7	27·9	23·2	,, .	,, ,, [thunder.
,,	20	676·5	24·3	21·1	,, .	Torrential rain and heavy
,,	21	..	..	..	..	Torrential rain.
,,	22	665·5	22·0	22·0	E. weak .	,, ,, ,,
,,	23	664·3	21·0	20·7	,, .	,, ,,
,,	24	664·1	20·4	20·4	E. strong .	,, ,,
,,	25	670·4	30·5	28·3	,, .	Cloudy.
,,	26	658·0	27·8	24·3	,, .	Clear sky.
,,	27	657·3	28·5	24·9	E. weak .	Cloudy.
,,	28	657·2	28·8	25·3	Calm . .	,,
,,	29	656·9	29·3	26·5	E.S.E. . .	,,
,,	30	657·1	27·4	24·3	,, .	,,
Jan. 1879	1	657·3	26·7	24·3	N.E. . .	,,
,,	2	658·7	25·4	23·1	N.E. strong	,,
,,	6	664·5	24·8	22·7	,, .	,,
,,	7	663·0	26·0	19·8	,, .	,, (fleece).
,,	8	659·0	28·5	20·6	Calm . .	,, (mist).
,,	9	660·8	22·3	19·0	S.S.E.strong	Torrential rain.

STUDY OF THE DIURNAL OSCILLATIONS OF THE BAROMETER AND HYGROMETRICAL STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE, MADE EVERY THREE HOURS, IN LUCHUMA (UPPER ZAMBESI) IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER 1878.

Days.	6 o'clock.			9 o'clock.			Noon.			3 o'clock.			6 o'clock.			State of Atmosphere.
	Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		
		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.	
6	666·0	24·2	22·9	670·0	24·1	21·7	668·0	28·0	20·3	666·6	27·0	19·7	666·3	24·2	19·1	Wind E.S.E. cloudy.
7	666·5	20·6	19·4	668·0	24·7	21·4	666·2	32·1	21·7	663·0	37·8	23·1	665·0	27·0	22·0	„ „
8	667·0	20·4	17·4	667·5	27·6	19·6	666·0	31·7	21·6	664·2	36·9	24·2	666·1	26·3	22·2	

STUDY OF THE DIURNAL OSCILLATIONS OF THE BAROMETER AND HYGROMETRICAL STATE OF THE ATMOSPHERE, MADE EVERY THREE HOURS, IN SHOSHONG (KALAHARI) IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY 1879.

Days.	6 o'clock.			9 o'clock.			Noon.			3 o'clock.			6 o'clock.			State of Atmosphere.
	Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	Thermometer.		
		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.		Dry.	Wet.	
7	665·0	20·0	18·6	665·0	22·1	18·9	664·0	24·7	20·3	662·0	27·6	19·8	660·0	25·4	19·2	Cloudy (fleece), N.E. strong.
8	662·0	19·7	17·3	662·0	25·0	19·8	660·5	27·6	20·8	658·5	28·7	20·1	659·0	27·1	24·0	Cloudy (mist), calm.
9	662·0	20·1	19·3	663·0	19·0	17·6	662·0	23·8	21·7	660·0	23·0	19·3	661·3	23·0	19·8	Wind S.S.E.; torrential rain.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE MADE AT 6 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING (MEAN HOUR OF THE PLACE), YEARS 1878 AND 1879.

Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Month.	Day.	Barometer.	Thermometer.
October .	19	676·0	21·7	December	25	672·0	17·4
„	20	676·0	19·7	„	26	658·0	18·4
„	21	675·0	24·3	„	27	658·0	18·6
„	23	673·0	18·8	„	28	657·5	21·1
„	24	665·5	20·8	„	29	658·0	21·8
„	25	666·0	23·1	„	30	658·0	18·3
„	26	666·8	22·5	„	31	658·0	21·8
„	27	667·0	16·5	January .	1	659·0	24·0
„	28	665·3	21·7	„	2	661·5	20·8
November	2	670·0	17·9	„	3	660·0	20·6
„	4	668·4	21·8	„	6	667·0	19·8
„	5	668·0	22·7	„	7	665·0	20·0
„	6	666·0	24·2	„	8	662·0	19·7
„	7	666·5	20·6	„	9	662·0	20·1
„	8	667·0	20·4	„	10	661·2	19·1
„	9	667·0	22·1	„	11	661·5	18·6
„	10	666·0	20·2	„	12	661·5	20·4
„	11	668·0	19·9	„	13	662·0	20·2
„	12	670·0	19·8	„	14	664·0	20·7
„	13	671·5	20·8	„	15	668·0	18·9
„	14	668·0	23·1	„	16	667·0	21·1
„	15	664·0	21·4	„	17	680·1	20·4
„	16	667·2	21·9	„	18	680·0	21·2
„	17	667·0	20·0	„	19	681·6	20·7
„	18	667·5	19·4	„	20	684·0	22·2
„	19	676·5	21·1	„	21	687·0	17·2
„	20	684·0	19·4	„	22	688·0	14·2
„	21	682·0	22·2	„	23	688·0	15·2
„	22	680·8	22·8	„	24	686·0	18·9
„	23	674·5	20·8	„	25	685·7	19·2
„	24	668·5	21·3	„	26	683·0	17·7
„	25	666·6	19·1	„	27	683·0	18·6
„	26	668·8	22·8	„	28	682·0	18·4
„	27	668·0	21·2	„	29	682·0	17·7
„	28	669·0	18·2	„	30	679·0	18·4
„	29	667·0	21·8	„	31	679·0	19·1
„	30	666·5	20·1	February	1	676·0	19·4
December	1	666·5	20·1	„	2	672·0	19·5
„	2	666·5	20·0	„	3	664·0	16·7
„	5	667·7	21·7	„	4	673·5	18·0
„	6	671·3	18·6	„	5	665·0	17·8
„	7	673·0	20·8	„	6	665·0	17·6
„	8	672·0	21·4	„	7	662·0	18·4
„	9	672·5	21·7	„	8	672·0	20 7
„	10	672·0	21·6	„	9	672·0	19·3
„	11	673·0	21·8	„	10	671·0	22·1
„	12	672·0	21·9	„	11	666·0	17·2
„	13	675·0	20·5	„	12	652·7	16·0
„	14	679·6	18·9	„	13	648·5	18·6
„	15	680·0	17·0	„	14	649·0	20·5
„	16	678·0	14·3	„	15	648·0	18·0
„	17	679·0	18·5	„	16	645·0	17·8
„	18	679·0	12·6	„	17	647·0	17·8
„	19	676·6	21·7	„	18	648·0	16·1
„	20	676·0	23·1	„	19	647·0	16·4
„	21	679·8	21·8	„	20	647·0	18·4
„	22	668·3	19·9	„	21	646·0	20·0
„	23	667·0	22·2	„	22	645·0	19·2
„	24	664·8	18·5	„	23	645·0	20·3

BRIEF VOCABULARY

OF THE FOUR PRINCIPAL LANGUAGES SPOKEN BETWEEN PARALLELS 12 AND 18 SOUTH, FROM COAST TO COAST, WITH ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS.

The Tete Kaffir is taken from the work of Monteiro and Gamito.

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	oTete Kaffir.	English.
A				
Abelha	Olonhi	Vapúca	Arume	Bee
Abobora	Omútu	Quinpútu	Matanga	Gourd
Abrir	Ocu-icúla	Quezuvula	Fungura	To open
Acabar	Ocu-apûa	Cu-náo	Da-pêra	To finish
Accender	Ocu-chana	Cu-ecca	Gaça	To kindle
Achar	Ocu-sanga	Cu-anna	Uónéca	To find
Adevinhar	Ocu-siacata	Cu-tangja	Ombéza	To divine
Adevinhador	Quacotangja	Moquachimpa	Ganga	Diviner
Agua	Obaba	Mema	Mazi	Water
Ahi	Púpa	Han-a	Icôco	There
Almadia	Oáto	Uáto	Garáua	Canoe
Alizar			Curanga	To smoothe
Amanhã	Hêra	Mene	Manguana	To-morrow
Amarrar	Ocu-cuta	Cu-zitica	Manga	To moor
Amigo	Cambariangue	Mussamba	Chicovera, or Chaumar	Friend (male)
Amiga	Choparanga	Pangara		Friend (female)
Anojar	Ocu-lepica	Cu-era	Nóca	To annoy
Andar	Ocu-enda	Cu-enda	Famba	To go
Andar de vagar	Eudavando	Dicúia-vando		To go slowly
Andar de pressa	Endaco lombiri	Tuntâ có		To go fast
Andar coxo	Tenguena	Cu-venduira		To go lame
Andar tolo	Uenduveque	Quieve		To be off
Animal	Oquinha ma	Inchito	Chirombo	Animal
Anno (tem 6 luas)	Unhâmo, or Ulima	Muaca	Gulóri	Year (6 moons)
Ante-hontem	Êrênha	Zaûa lize	Zaua	Day before yesterday
Apagar	Ocúi ma	Cu-zima	Túna	To extinguish
Apalpar	Ocu-papata	Cu-papata	Pata	To feel
Apanhar (cousa q. foje)	Ocu-ata	Cu-ata	Lucóta	To catch, to overtake
Apanhar do chão	Nora, or uhagura	Tentúra		To pick up
Arco de frecha	Onge	Uta ualúcussa		Bow
Arco (curva)	Quiapenga	Quiacnga	Uta	Arch
Arrancar	Ocu-túcúna	Cu-tucuna	Zuría	To root up
Arroz	Oloósso		Umpunga	Rice
Assentar-se	Ocu-tomár	Cu-tubamma	Cara	To sit down
Assim mesmo	Doto môere, or Omô moere	Mómoveue	Dimômo	In like manner
Assoprar	Ocu-pepêrêra	Cu-ozerera		To blow
Atirar	Ocu-imba	Cu-iassa	Ponha	To shoot
Atirar tiros	Ocu-roia	Cu-roza		„ with a gun

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
Atirar frechas	Ocu-iassà	Cu-iassa		To shoot with a bow
Atraz	Conhima	Coui ma	Cumbáió	Backwards
Adiante	Covássa	Corntúe		Before
Aves	Orogira, or Órougira	Tuzirá	Baráme	Birds
Avô ou avó	Cúco, or maicuro	Cúco	Túta	Grandfather
Azagaia	Ongeria, or Unga	Licunga	Tungo, or Dipa	Assagai
B				
Bala	Olussolo	Lússolo	Chipólo-pólo	Bullet
Barba	Olongêre	Muezi	Devo	Beard
Barriga	I'mo	Zim mo	Mimba	Belly
Bater (em alguma cousa)	Tutúra	Tuta	Menha, or Quapúra	To beat (anything)
Bater (em pessôa)	Ôcu-véta, or Ôcufina	Cu-véta		To beat (a person)
Bebado	Ôó lua	Culaque úa	Darêzêra	Drunkard
Beber	Ôcu-nûa	Cu-nûa	U-anma	To drink
Bem	Qui ú ûa	Bia unpáo	Abuhino	Well, good
Boca	Oméra	Camia	Murômo	Mouth
Bocado	Naito, or Calito	Candende	Chipande	Mouthful
Bofes	Apôvi	Vicaúla	Maçápi	Lungs
Boi	Ôngômbe	Gombe	Gombi	Ox
Bom	Quiapussôca	Via viuca	Adído	Good
Bonito	Qui ûa	Via unpáo	Uâma	Nice
Braços	Óbócô	Mavoco	Zarya	Arms
Branco	I'era	Utira	Mozungo	White
Brincar	Ocu-pa-pára, or Ocu-mangara	Cu-e-a	Urunga, or Sinzéca	To sport, to play
Bùfalo	Ónhani	Pacassa	Nhátim	Buffalo
C				
Cabêça	Ú tué	Mutué	Mussôro	Head
Cabello	Ôquissame, or quigonha	Zincambo	Cici	Hair
Cabra	Óhômbo	Pembe	Buzi	Goat
Cahir	Ócú-a, or Uacupúca	Unao	Agua	To fall
Calabouço	Óqui emba	Não cousta	Caboco	Dungeon
Calar	Ocu-unáco	Ô lá	Iuhamála	To pull down
Calcanhar	Oquissendé maí	Sinçino	Chicocuenho	The heel
Calor	Oúia	Tui ma	Calúma	Heat
Caminho	Mongira	Mouzira	Gira	The road
Cançar	Ocu-dacava, or da-puiza	Cu-dina catara	Anêta	To tire
Cantar	Ócu-imba	Cu-imba	Imba	To sing
Cão	Ombua	Catari	Imbua	Dog
Caracol	Eó tio	Chicore	Cono	Snail
Carne	Ochito	I'u cito	Nhama	Meat
Carneiro	Onque, or Omeme	Panga	Bira	Mutton
Casa	Onjo	Zunvo	Nhumba	House, room
Casar	Ocu-cuera, cussocana	Ocuambata	Revorar	To marry

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
Cavallo-marinho	Ónguevе	Gunvo	Vúo	Sea-horse
Cavar	Ocu-fena	Cu-inda	Cumba	To dig
Cedo	Oculimerêa, cutungula	Cume-ue-ca	Machibési	Soon, early
Cimiterio	Cócálundo, cocárunga	Cubi ilo	Tengi	Cemetery
Chamar	Ocu-cavenga	Cu-sana	Uchaméra	To call, name
Chave	Óssapi	Sapi	Funguro	Keg
Chegar	Ocu-pitira, or ocu-sica	Cu-eta	Cáfica	To arrive, reach
Cheio	Ocui úca	Quináçulo	Azára	Full
Cheirar	Ocu-quinéa	Cu-nica	Unca	To smell
Chorar	Ócú-rira	Cu-rira	Vhira	To cry
Chover	Ocu-lóca	Cu-noca	Vumba-Vula	To rain
Chupar	Ocu-sipa	Cu-sipa	Uaama	To suck
Chuva	Ombera	Mema	Vura, or Vula	Rain
Cobra	Ónhóa	Lunocá	Nhóca	Cobra
Cobre	Ougúra	Unengo	Safure	Copper
Coçar	Ocu-cáia, or Ocusúia	Cu-licura	Cacózi	To cook
Comer	Ocú-ria	Cú-ria	Adia	To eat [name?
Como se chama?	Éri ú?	Sobe eia?	Zina-ráco?	What is the
Comprar	Ocu-randa	Cú-landa	Ugúra	To buy
Comprido	Ussôuvi, or Oarépa	Ua la há	Utarimpa	Long
Comprimentar	Óararipó, or tua pásoula	Nainducá	Dáo, dan Chicóvera	To compliment
Conhecer	Ócu-cúrina		Uneziva, or Dezindequira	To know
Contar (nùmeros)	Ocú-tenda	Cu-barurá	Verenga	To count
Coração	Utima	Mcutimá	Metima	Heart
Corda	Ucóro	Múcóro	Cambála	Rope
Corpo	É timba	Muvilá	Mamingo	Body
Correr	Ocu-iooróca, ocúrúpúca	Cú-tunta	Ihuvíno	To run
Cortar	Téta, or Ocu-téta	Cu-teta	Tima, or Guáta	To cut
Coser	Ocu-tunga	Cu-tunga	Sóua	To sew
Cosinhar	Ocu-teréca	Cu-teréca	Pica	To cook
Costas	Ouhima, or oudunda	Conimmá	Buió	Ribs
Cotovello	Óvicotocóto	Manenga	Cunondo	The elbow
Cousa	Ónbandoa	Chicanda		Thing
Creança	Omaren, or ómóra	Canique	Muana	Child
Crocodilo	Ogando	Gando	Tuhacôco	Crocodile
Cunhado	Náua	Nhari	Murâmo	Brother-in-law
Curto	Umbumburo	Muiki	Urrecama	Short
Cuspo	Ocussiá	Cuzecura	Echenhé	Spittle
Custar (a fazer qualquer cousa)	Ocu-sipondóra	Quiassere		To cost (time, trouble)
Custar (preço)	Ocu-chingame	Vingahi	Anénéssa	To cost (money)
D				
Dar	Ocu-angja or Ocu-ava	Cu avana	Uanina, or Dipacé	To give
Dar pancadas	Ocu-veta	Cu-veta	Quâpura	To thrash
Dar tiros	Ocu-loia	Cu-loia	Eriza-futi	To shoot

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
Debaixo	Mombuêro, or memi	Cuvanda	Pansi	Under
Dedos	Omuine	Minhé	Minno	Fingers
Deixar	Ocu-êcha	Hecha	Dacia	To leave
Deixe-ver	Nenan di varyé	Nea cuno ditare	Tiuôna	Let us see
Dentes	Ovaio	Mazo	Manu	Teeth
Depois de manhã	Hêra inha	Mene auze	Mecucha	After to-morrow
Depressa	Lombiré	Tambuca	Flumira, or Culumiza	Quickly
Desamarrar	Ocuturura, or Cutrura	Cu-situra	Sizúra	To unmoor
Descançar	Ocúpúrúi úca	Cu-nhoca	Tipuma	To help, rest
Descer	Ocu-túlúca	Cu-sicunca	Sica	To descend
Desmanchar	Ócu-sangununa	Cu-tongouona	Gúrúra	To undo
Despejar	Ocu-pîçêra	Cu-tira	Cutura	To depart
Destapar	Ocu-tuvúra	Cu-úenra	Guanura	To open
Deos	Súcu	Calunga	Mumugo	God
Devagar	Linganeto	Ringa udende	Famba Abúhino	Slowly
Dever (verbo)	Ocu-levára	Cu-vára	Mangáva	To owe, ought
Dia	É teque	Mene	Uachena	Day
Doente	Ocuvêra	Cuvera	Anduálla	Sick, ill
Dormir	Ócupequêra	Cucossa	Dagama	To sleep
Duro	Quitine	Chicars	Uma	Hard
Direito	Chassungama	Chinabiuca		Right

E

Elephante	Ójamba	Jamba	Zou	Elephant
Embigo	Óopa	Timbi	Chombo	The navel
Em-cima	Qui-iro	Cuiro	Pazuro	Above
Emprestar	Ocundica	Cu-undira	Buéréca	To lend
Encarnado	Quicussuca	Litira	Cafuhira	Red
Enchada	Etemo	Litemo	Páza	Mattock, hoe
Encher	Ocu-ioquiça	Cuçulissa	Zuza	To fill
Encontrar	Ocu-noaneda, Ocu-toquéca	Tu-nalinana	Sangana	To meet, to find
Enganar	Ocu-quemba, Ocu-rianga	Cu-uanzi	Anamiza	To deceive
Ensinar	Ocu-longuissa	Cu-leca	Neruzi	To teach
Entrar	Ocu-inguina	Cu-cobera	Pita	To enter
Escolher	Ocu-mora, Ocu-soló bóra	Cu-nona	Sancura	To choose
Esconder	Ocu-so rama, Ocu-vunda	Cu-vanda	Ubíssa	To hide, conceal
Escravo	Upica	Dungo	Muzacázi	Slave
Escrever	Ocu-so négjá	Cu-soneca	Nemba	To write
Escuro	Ocu-técanva	Culava	Medimna	Dark
Esfolar	Ocui-inva, or Ocu-tuia	Cu-va	Cafende	To flay, to skin
Esfregar	Ocu-çíequeta	Cu-cuita	Pecussa	To rub
Espelho	Olomuê-no	Lumiro	Chiringueriro	Mirror
Esperar	Ocu-que-vera	Cu-mané	Vetéra, or Chévé	To hope, expect
Esperto	Ocumunguca	Curunguca	Uáchengéra	Expert
Espingarda	Uta	Uta	Futi	Gun
Espinho	Ossongo, or equite	Cauzantua	Minga	Thorn, quill

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
Esquecer	Ocuivára, ocurimba	Cu-suva	Óduára	To forget
Esquerdo	Epini	Epini	Mazere	Left
Estar acordado	Ovanja, or otara	Ali mó messo	Adapeuca	To be agreed
Esteira	Essissa	Quiaro	Lupássa	Mat
Estender	Ocuiára	Cu-úra	Pambura, or Eanique	To spread
Espalhar	Ocu-sandura	Cu-sandora	„ „ „	To scatter
Estrella	Ombun gururo	Ton gonossi	Nheze	Star
F				
Faca	Ómôco	Pôco	Cisso	Knife
Falar	Ocu-pópia	Cu-andeca	Réva	To speak
Farinha	Farinha	Farinha	Ufa	Flour
Fazer	Ócu-ringa	Cu-ringa	Chita	To do
Fechadura	Fechadura	Sapi	Funguro	A lock
Fechar	Ocui-ica	Soca	Funga	To fasten, shut
Feder	Qui-nea	Cu-nica	Nunca	To stink
Fejão	Óqui-poque	Vipoque	Nhemba	Bean
Feio (pessôa)	Uuvin	Mu pi	Uaípa	Ugly (person)
Feio (bicho)	Quinve	Qui pi		Ugly (animal)
Ferir	Oavarucua, quiatua	Cu-ritúva	Lássa	To wound
Ferro	Oquiquite, quivera	Butare	Utári	Iron
Figado	Ómuma	Suri	Chirôpa	The liver
Filho	Ómóra	Muana	Muana	Son
Fio	Erinha	Erinha	Ussálo	Thread, wire
Fôgo	Óndaro	Tucha	Môto	Fire
Fome	Ónjára	Zanza	Jára	Scythe
Formiga	Ólunginge	Vazinzi	Nherĕze	Ant
Frecha	Ussongo	Mucuri	Misséve	Arrow
Frio	Ombambi, or cutarára	Massicá	Acuzizira, or Pepo	Cold
Fugir	Ócu-tirar, or ocusutuca	Cu-teûa	Tána	To fly, flee
Fumo	Óusssi	Ussi	Ussi	Smoke
Furtar	Ocuinhana, or ocuiba	Cuiba	Cuba, or Uába	To rob, steal
G				
Gallinha	Ossanje	Quiari	Cuco	Fowl, hen
Gallo	Écondombóro	Demba	Zongue	Cock
Gamela	Gamella		Diro	Wooden bowl
Garganta	Enguri	Mirivo	Cóci	Throat
Gordo	Ocunéta	Cumina	Uanénépa	Fat
Gordura	Ócépo, or ovirenga	Mazi	Futa	Fatness
Grande	Qui-nê-ne	Chacama	Mucuro, Puro	Large, great
Gritar	Ocu-rúra, or ocucua	Gunda	Cúa	To cry out
Grosso	Chine-ne	Chaca ma	Uacúra	Big
Guardar	Ocu-soréca	Cu-sueca	Vica	To keep
Guerra	Ovita	Zintá	Condo	War

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
H				
Hôje	Hê-tare, or lêro	Lêro	Ihêro	To-day
Hombros	Óqui tem, or oqui pépe	Quincinze	Mapè-ua	Shoulders
Homem	Ólume	Iala	Mamuna	Man
Homem branco	Óchindére qui era	Óchindere-chivenga	Mozungo	White man
Hontem	Hê-ra	Izao	Zuró	Yesterday
I				
Ilha	Óchicolo, or Oqui fúca	Quicolo	Sua	Island
Inveja	Óqui-púrúro, qui penhe	Sanda	Véja	Envy
Inverno	Oudombo	Luinza	Mainza	Winter
Ir	Ocu-ende	Ámaie	Uaeuda	To go
Irmão	Manjangue	Muana eto	Bare	Brother
J				
Joelho	Ongóro	Libure	Mabôudo	The knee
Jogo	Óchi era	Chiera	Juga	Game (sport)
L				
Ladrão	Oqui-múno	Muizi	Báva	Thief
Lamber	Ócu-lessa	Cu-liassa	Anguta	To lick
Largar	Ócu-echa	Cu-ana	Ihéca	To let go
Leão	Óochi, ongue-ama	Dumba	Pondóro	Lion
Lebre	Ondimba	Calumba	Suro	Hare
Leite	Ámére or assengere	Mavere	Mocáca	Milk
Leito	Úra	Muera	Catadó (palavra indiatica)	Bed, bedstead
Lembrar	Ócuivaruca, Ocusócórora	Cuezuoura	Dinála, ou Cumbuca	To remember
Levar	T'uara	Tuara	Tacúra	To carry
Leve	Quirera	Chirero	Darúra	Light (not heavy)
Limpar	Ocu-comba	Cu-comba	Pecuta	To cleanse
Lingua	Eráca, or erímo	Rimi	Lelime	Tongue
Livre	Omá máre	Muana abara	Furro	Free
Longe	Cúpana	Culagjaco	Patávi	Far
Lua	Óssain	Gonde	Mueze	Moon
M				
Macaco	Ê-pundo	Pundo acima	Coro	Monkey
Machado	Ondiavite	Gimbo	Bázo	Axe
Madrugada	Qui-te-que teque	Qui me ne me ne	Círachéna	Dawn
Mãe	Maé	Nana	Mama	Mother

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
Magro	Uácopa	Naocama	Uonda	Lean, thin
Maior	Qui-nê-ne	Qui ne ne	Mucuro. Puro.	Greater
Mais	Chiarua, or ópo	Vingui	Temiza	More
Mal	Chin-in, cachi-uáco	Cátimoco	Uadaipa	Bad, ill
Mama	E vêre	Vere	Mabeli	Dug, teat
Mandar	Ocu-tuma	Cu-tuma	Uatinna	To order
Mão	Ócuóco	Livoco	Manja	Hand
Marfim	Ómbinga	Binga	Minhanga	Ivory
Massa	Etéte		Sima	Dough
Matar	Ocu-ipa	Cu-tigja	Cupa, or Báia	To kill
Mato	Dipa	Dicu tigja	Metungo	Wood
Meún	Ua-tema	Uacassa	Udaīpa	Water-fowl
Medir	Ocu-ionga	Cu-ceté ca	Pima	To measure
Medo	Óssumba	Uoma	Gópa	Fear
Meia noute	Mecondombóro	Mocatican tiqui	Pacatepar ussizo	Midnight
Meio dia	Mocati quiro	Mocati quiero		Noon
Mel	Ouiqui	Úqui	Uxe	Honey
Menor	Ómbuti	Canique	Pangono	Less
Menos	Chitito	Chidende	Pangura	Least
Mentira	Óaquemba	Sanda	Cúnama	Lie
Mentiroso	Óembi	Uanzi	Magunca, or Bóza	Lying
Meter	I'nhissa	Cu-cobera	Paquira	To put
Meu	Chiangue	Viangue	Ango	My
Milho	Épungo	Li pungo	Mapira	Maize
Misturar	Ocu-tenga	Cu-singa	Sequetiza	To mix
Moer	Ocu-para	Cu-ara	Póia	To grind
Mole	Quiáren-nhera, or Oui are freteca	Chi bo ba	Feva	A huge thing
Molhar	Qui aríra, or chai ura	Cu-zura	Tota	To wet
Morrer	Uá fa	Nazir	Uáfa	To die
Mosca	Órunhi	Zinzi	Chenge	Fly
Mosquito	Órua ume	Tu gue ne gue ne	Buibidue	Mosquito
Mostrar	Ócu-requissa vanja	Gilequesse	Lenga	To show
Muito	Chárua	Vingui	Bseninge	Very
Mulhér	Ucai	Puebo	Mucázi	Woman
„ amigada	Ucai ocussocana	Cussomboça	Rancáia	Concubine
„ branca	Ucai-Uiera	Obuca	Doua	White woman
„ mulata	Ucai-Uomoraóssi	Utira	Senhára	Mulatto
N				
Não	Datti	Oue	Ahi-ahi	No
Não conhecer	Sichí	Cangibizi	Senaziva	Not to know
„ poder	Cachitaba	Cabite	Daúmariza-nai	„ to be able
„ querer	Catui iongóra	Cabite	Daçana, or Dinhônho	„ to wish
„ saber	Catuchi	Cangibize	Senaziva	„ to be aware
„ ter	Chicûete-cachirípo	Biagji	Apâua	„ to have
Nariz	Éuhúro	Zuro	Puno	Nose
Nascer	Ócu-chita	Cu-sema	Uaméra	To be born
„ do sol	Ócumbi riatunda	Pangua riloboca	Choca-Zua	To rise (the sun)
Negar	Uaricara	Naribiana	Aconda	To deny

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
Noite	Uteque	Butzqui	Ussico	Night
„ clara	Cúúmbura	Guezi	Cuchena	„ (clear)
„ escura	Uere ma	Mirima		„ (dark)
Nosso	Chicto	Chieto		Our
Nôvo	Chacarie	Biarero		New
Nuvem	Érende	Sé rua		Cloud
O				
Offender		Cu-banca	Daparamura	To offend
P				
Pelle	Óchipa	Quilambo	Pârâme	Skin
Pendurar	Ócu-turica	Cu-turica	Manica	To hang, slope
Penna	Énha	Zigon ná	Mantenga	Feather
Pequeno	Catito	Cadende	Pangouo	Little
Perçovejo	Ólóisso	Vançanha	Sequize	Bug
Perder	Ocu-danherissa	Cu-zimbiessa	Utáia	To lose
Perdiz	Ouguári	Coucúé	Chicuáre	Partridge
Perguntar	Ócu-pura	Cu-úla	Vunza	To ask, inquire
Pernas	Ó bólu	Mahindi	Múendo	Legs
Perto	Ochipepi	Mochechi	Fupi	Near
Pés	Ó lomain	Bilhato	Minhendo	Feet
Pescôço	Óssingo	Singo	Cóssi	Neck
Pisar	Ocu-sura	Cútua		To tread
Pilão	Ochine	Chini	Banda	A mortar
Pintar	Pintar	Cu-coronga	Nunba, or Namavára	To draw, paint
Piolho	Óloua	I'na	Savâva	A louse
Polvora	Tundanga	Fúndanga	Ungá	Powder
Pombe (bebida)	Chibombo	Ualua	Bádua	Pombe (drink)
Pombos	Ólopomba	Pomba	Gangaiva	Doves
Pôr	Capa	Haca	Tira	To put
Pôr ao sol	Ongorossi	Guezi		To expose to the sun
Porco	Onguro	Gúro	Incumba	Pig
Porta	Epito	Pito	Messua	Door
Pouco	Catito	Chidende	Pangôno	Little
Povoação	Óambo	Limbo	Muzi	A village
Prenhe	Oe mina	Ué mita	Adacùta, or Anamimba	Pregnant
Prêto (cor)	Otecamea	Ulava	Ocupeipa	Black
Principiar	Ocu-fetica	Cubareca	Atôma	To begin
Pulga	Pulga	Puruqua	Uvavani	Flea
Q				
Quebrar	Ocu-nepa	Cu-ana tigji	Tiora	To break
Queimar	Ocu-atemia	Cu-ê meca	Dápsa	To burn
Queixar	Ocu-cassapure	Cu-cánburure	Quaquira	To complain
Quente	Chassanha	Tui ma	Datenta	Hot
Querer	Ocu-diongola	Cu-ginachangue	Funa	To wish
Quizumba (fera)	Qui malunca	Lissumbo	Tica	Quizumba (beast)

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
R				
Raiz	Óbi		Mizi	Root
Rapaz	Umarem	Muqueze	Bixo	Boy
Rapar	Ocu-puta	Cu-teura		To shave
Rapariga	Ucain	Púebo		Girl
Rasgar	Ocu-tóra	Cu-taora	Parúra	To tear
Rato	Ómuco	Tu-ubi	Macóso	Rat
Rebentar	Ocu-tocóra	Cu-baturá	Dapuquira	To split
Receber	Pambula	Uá	Tambira	To receive
Rede	Ouanda	Uanda	Uconde	Net
Remar	Ocu-tapura	Cu-cassa	Chápa	To row, paddle
Remos	Óbipando	Zingassi	Gombo	Oars, paddles
Repartir	Teta pocati	Baturá acati	Pambura,or Gáva	To divide
Responder	Ocu-datáva	Cu-ginatava	Tavira	To answer
Rijo	Chacoura	Chinacóro	Uauma	Strong
Rir	Ocu-iora	Cu-zora	Séca	To laugh
Rôla	Onende	Catere	Giva	Turtle-dove
Rosto	Ochipara	Lugjlo	Cópe	Face
Rio	Ólui	Donga		River
S				
Saber	Dachicurigja	Nangue Gichizi	Daziva	To know
Sacudir	Ocu-ritu tu mura	Licucú múna	Coucumura	To shake
Sahir	Ocu-tunda	Loboca	Chóca	To go forth, out
Sal	Omungua	Mengua	Munho	Salt
Sangue	Sonde	Mau ninga	Murôpa	Blood
Sanguesuga	Aturi	Maçumzu	Sungunu	Leech
Saúde	Omúenho	Cangunca	Móio	Health
Sede	Énhoua	Puila	Nhóta	Thirst
Segurar	Ocu-ata	Cu-ata	Sunga	To secure, assure
Semear	Ocu-cu na	Cu-cuna	Cábzára	To sow
Serviço	Upangu	Bicaracara	Bássa	Service
Seu	Iro	Iove	Anum	His, her
Sim	Sim	Calungá	Iude	Yes
Só	America	I'angue rica	Eca	Alone, only
Sogra	Datembo	Netomoeno	Mábzála	Mother-in-law
Sogro	Datembo	Tero-moeno	Tátábzála	Father-in-law
Sol	Utanha	Mutanha	Zua	Sun
Somno	Ótulo	Tuló	Turo	Sleep
Sonho	Onjôi	Zouzi	Vhóta	Dream
Subir	Ocu-londa	Cu-londa	Quira	To climb
Suspender	Ocu-turica	Cu-turia	Sangica	To suspend
T				
Tabaco	Acáe	Macanha	Fódea	Tobacco
Tapar	Ocu-chitica	Cu-chitica	Guanira	To stop (a gap)
Ter	Diquete	Ginri nabio	Eripó	To have
Terra	Póssi	Ma vo	Mataca	Earth, land
Testa	Ópolo	Luólo	Cúma	Forehead
Teta	Olussoca	Zinçoca	Sombreiro	Teat, breast
Tigre	Ongíré	I'ugué	Nharngué	Tiger
Tirar	Inhaura	Tentura	Chóssa	To draw, pull

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
Tocar (mùsica)	Ocu-chica	Cu-chica	Reiza	To play (music)
Tolo	Ua tópa	Ua-topa	Uapussa	Foolish
Tomar	Pambula	Tambula	Tambira	To take
Torcer	Ocu-passira	Cu-ossa	Riza	To twist
Tossir	Ocu-cossora	Cu-coola	Chifúa	To cough
Travesseiro	Ópeto	Sátero	Samiro	A bolster
Trazer	Uena	Néa	Zana-aú	To fetch
Tripas	Óvanra	Mira	Buió	Intestines
Trocar	Ocu-procar	Cu-landancana	Linta	To barter
Trovão	Quiremiro	Muchato	Murungo	Thunder
U				
Unha	Ólonjanra	Viala	Chára	Nail, claw
V				
Vae	Cuende	Ámaie	Limuca	He goes
Varrer	Ocu-comba	Cu-comba	Chipsaira	To sweep
Vasar	Ocu-peçera	Cu-zucura	Cutura	To empty
Veio?	Ueia	Neza?	Bueré?	Is he coming?
Velho (homem)	Econgo	Naculo, or quibenzi	Caramba	Old (man)
Velho (cousa)	Iacuca	Chinaculo		Old (thing)
Vender	Ocu-landa	Cu-landa	Ugurissa	To sell
Venha	Euju	Tuáia	Buéra	Come
Verão	Ombambi	Massicá	Cherimo	Summer
Verde			Massambadimo	Green
Vergonha	Ossoin	Soui	Manhazo	Shame
Vestir	Ocu-rica	Cu-zara	Válla	To dress
Vida	Omoenho	Muóno	Penia	Life
Voar	Ocu-panranra	Nacatucá	Bruca	To fly
Voltar	Tinca	I'luca	Buhéréra	To turn
Z				
Zebra	Oingólo	Góló	Bize	Zebra
PRONOMES.				PRONOUNS.
Eu	Áme	Iangue	Iné	I
Tu	Óbe	I'obe	Iué	Thou
Elle	Ió	Gue iobe	Ié	He
Nós	Ét u	Ié tu	Ifé	We
Vós	Vóbo	Tá vovo	Imué	You
Elles	Vobana	Tavavazé	Ii	They
Meu	Changue	Changue		My
Teu	Chóbe	Chobe		Thy
Delle	Chan-e	Cho-ú		His
Nosso	Chêtu	Cheto		Our
Vosso	Chobo	Chabo		Your
Delles	Chabobo	Chavazé		Their

Portuguese.	Hambundo.	Ganguela.	Tete Kaffir.	English.
NÙMEROS.				NUMBERS.
1	Moche	Cossi	Posse	1
2	Vari	Cari	Pire	2
3	Táto	Cáto	Tato	3
4	Quana	Uá na	Nái	4
5	Tano	Tano	Cháno	5
6	Epando	Sambano	Tantáto	6
7	„ vari	Sambari	Chinómue	7
8	Echena	Naque	Sére	8
9	Echerana	I'ua	Femba	9
10	Ecuin	Licumi	Cume	10
11	„ na mochi		„ na moze	11
12	„ na vari		„ na zivire	12
13	„ na táto		„ na táto	13
14	„ na quana		„ zináî	14
15	„ na tano		„ zicháno	15
20	Acuin avari	Ma cumi avari	Macume a vire	20
21	„ „ la mochi		„ „ na moze	21
22	„ „ la vari		„ „ na zivire	22
23	„ „ la táto		„ „ na zitáto	23
24	„ „ la quana		„ „ na zináî	24
25	„ „ la tano		„ „ na zichano	25
30	Acuin atáto	Macu mi atáto	Macume a táto	30
40	Acuim aquana	„ aúana	„ a nái	40
50	„ tano	„ atano	„ a cháno	50
60	„ epando	„ assambano	„ a tantáto	60
70	„ epando vari	„ assambari	„ a nómue	70
80	„ echena	„ naque	„ a sére	80
90	„ echerana	„ iua	„ a femba	90
100	Ochita	Chita	Zana	100
1000	Ocan rucáe	„ iua	„ ma cume	1000

INDEX.

Aba, the theodolite, i. 16
Abbadie, i. 12, 13
Acacia trees, i. 105
Acacias, i. 66, 121; ii. 6
Accession of a king, i. 169
Adicul, ii. 254
Adventure, curious, i. 66
Africa, East, i. 2; Eastern, i. 1
African questions, i. 2
Agriculture, i. 274, 294, 330; ii. 271, 272
Aguardente, i. 46, 50, 62, 172, 186
Ague fit, i. 143
Aguiar, i. 83, 88
Ait, i. 142
Aits, ii. 93
Albino, i. 124
Albino, João, i. 126
Albino's grave, i. 358, 359
Albuquerque, i. 18, 26, 29
Alcohol from honey, i. 173
Algarve, i. 4, 8, 10
Altitude taken, i. 106
Alves, i. 201, 202, 203
Ambriz, i. 19, 20; described, i. 20, 21
Ambuella girls, i. 326; king's daughters, i. 327, 337; ii. 332; pleasant, i. 345; race, i. 335; villages, i. 292; woman, i. 325
Ambuellas, i. 317, 338-347, 344
Ammunition stolen, ii. 53
Amplitude, ii. 51
Amulets, i. 285
Anchieta, i. 74, 75, 80
Andrade Corvo, i. 3
Angola, i. 18
Animals, i. 41
Ant-hill, i. 122, 251; ii. 252
Antelope, i. 59, 169, 174, 267; ii. 74, 81, 87, 92, 200, 263
Antelopes, i. 58, 236; river, i. 298, 299, 300
Antonio, i. 199
Ants, i. 175, 261, 262, 309; white, i. 101, 248; ii. 153
Ape, ii. 40
Apes, ii. 32
Aprons, i. 229
Armed men, i. 139
Arms, i. 12, 15, 344, 345, 346, 369; ii. 40; carried away, ii. 103
Army, i. 230
Arrechicho, i. 374
Arrow-heads, i. 346
Arrows, i. 179
Ass, i. 60
Assassin wounded, ii. 29, 30
Assassination attempted, ii. 29
Assegai, i. 208, 179, 345; ii. 41
Asses, i. 66
Astronomical instruments, i. 218; observations, i. 88, 217; ii. 118, 119, 120
Astronomy, i. 2
Attack probable, ii. 137
Atuco, i. 85
Atundo, i. 268, 269
Audacia fortuna juvat, i. 98
Augusto, i. 188, 189, 190, 211; lost, ii. 91, 92; returns, ii. 92

Badgers, i. 86
Bahita, i. 45
Bailundos, i. 186
Bamanguatos, ii. 202
Bamba, i. 333
Bandeira, i. 76
Bangles, i. 347
Bangue, ii. 33, 37
Banja village, i. 85

Banks, tree clad, i. 365
Baobab, i. 66; trees, i. 23, 61
Baobabs, i. 55, 57; ii. 102
Barata, i. 37
Barbal, i. 350
Barometer, diurnal observations, ii. 125; fall, i. 368
Barôze, i. 375; ii. 3, 33; country, i. 362
Barros, i. 92, 97, 99, 105, 147
Barter, i. 36, 322
Basalt, ii. 80, 84, 86, 102
Basaltic stone, ii. 203; strata, ii. 80, 81, 83,
Baskets, i. 294
Batará, i. 54
Batára, 145
Bath, i. 312
Batuques, ii. 27
Bays, i. 332
Beads, i. 193, 203, 231, 316, 320 321; procured, i. 185
Beans, i. 254, 274, 278, 337, 339; ii. 74; Kidney, i. 278
Beard, i. 279
Beca, i. 192
Beef, i. 372
Bees, i. 282
Beeswax, i. 282
Behrens, ii. 274
Beirense dinner, i. 21
Belmonte, i. 144, 149, 150, 151
Bembe, i. 261, 263, 264
Bemposta, i. 40
Benguella, i. 30, 34, 40, 41, 49, start from, i. 43
Bergfontein, ii. 50
Bicéque, i. 274
Bihé, i. 146, 155, 156; history, i. 156, 160; territory, i. 138; trade, i. 161; woman, i. 161
Biheno stranger, i. 317
Bihenos, i. 157, 160, 163, 164, 166, 172, 175, 355, 356; carriers, i. 162
Bihenos' huts, i. 233–34; manufactured articles, i. 185
Billet-doux of an officer, ii. 12, 13, 14
Bilombo, i. 90, 91, 92
Bingundo, i. 282, 334, 348
Bird, ferocious, i. 276, 277
Birds, i. 66, 86, 252, 298, 349
Biscuits, i. 19, 78
Bitovo, i. 253
Blacksmiths, i. 127
Blankets, i. 193
Blossoms, perfume, i. 361
Boat, i. 334; ii. 76; country, i. 19; indiarubber, i. 296, 297, 332 334; macintosh, i. 207, 226, 227, 242, 300, 303
Boatmen, mutinous, ii. 99
Bocage, i. 11, 16
Boer encampment, ii. 266–270; farm, ii. 271; homestead, ii. 341; village, ii. 274
Boers, i. 355; ii. 257, 264, 278
Bog, i. 141
Bôle wood, i. 191
Bomba rivulet, i. 114
Bongo-Tacongonzêlo, i. 273
Bonito, i. 137
Books, scarcity of, i. 154
Boots and shoes, i. 12
Botto, Professor, i. 9
Boughs, green, i. 233
Bows and arrows, i. 282, 344
Bracelets, copper, i. 280
Bradshaw, ii. 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 140
Brain, inflammation, i. 146
Brambles, i. 357
Brand, ii. 289
Bread, ii. 136
Bridge, Cassanha, i. 116; customs, i. 138; native, i. 72; of trees, i. 101, 105, 106, 268, 269, 286; reconstructed, i. 349; timber, i. 242
Brito, i. 45
Bronchitis, i. 24
Brook, i. 290; ii. 106
Brooks, i. 252
Bryony, i. 286
Buffalo, i. 100, 360; adventure, ii. 90, 91; horns, i. 235
Buffaloes, i. 265; ii. 246, 247, 248
Bugs, ii. 104
Bullet making, ii. 58
Bullets, iron, i. 179
Bundas, i. 127
Burgers, ii. 292
Burglary, i. 37, 38
Burial customs, i. 131, 168
Burundoa, i. 111
Bushmen, ii. 188, 189
Buzi, i. 299

Cabango man, i. 248, 249
Cabango Sova, i. 248, 249
Cabindondo, i. 53
Cabir, i. 201; woods, i. 199
Cacápa, i. 368
Cacarura, i. 138
Cachota, i. 138

Caconda, i. 73, 78, 81, 83
Cahanda, princess, i. 156, 157
Cahu-éu-hue, i. 312, 333; left, i. 343
Caiaio, i. 227
Caimbo, i. 87, 88
Caiumbuca, i. 364, 365, ii. 50, 51
Calabash, i. 333
Calabashes, i. 333
Calacas, ii. 86, 92
Caláe, i. 90, 92, 101
Calamagrostis arenaria, ii. 34
Calcareous carbonate, i. 48
Caldeira, i. 38
Calico, i. 79; white, i. 99
Calle cataract, ii. 87
Calombeu, i. 362
Calomo, i. 63
Calucula, i. 57
Calunga, i. 59, 333
Calungo, ii, 72
Camacho, Captain, i. 2
Cambuta, i. 274, 278
Camp deserted, ii. 52; fortified, i. 358; regained, i. 302, 303
Canal, ii. 72, 332, 336
Canals, i. 343
Canary seed, i. 254, 256, 269
Canata, i. 85
Cane, ii. 206; brakes, ii. 97
Canes, i. 298, 332, 362
Canga river, i. 54
Cangala, i. 273
Cangamba, i. 292
Cangamba articles, i. 294; Sova, i. 293, 294, 295, 296
Cangamba range, i. 52
Cangombo, i. 253
Cangonha, ii. 33
Canhete, i. 370, 373
Canhungamua, i. 105
Canjongo, i. 86
Cannabis indica, ii. 33
Cannibal feast, i. 175
Cannibals, i. 174
Canoe, i. 142, 330, 331; tree, ii. 78; and paddle, Cuchibi, i. 331
Canoes, i. 227; ii. 71; overland carriage, ii. 86
Capata, i. 172, 173; ii. 10, 27
Cape Palmas, i. 18; Verde, i. 17
Capello, i. 4, 6, 7, 8, 12, 13, 28, 29, 42, 48, 53
Capéu, i. 327
Capitão, i. 134
Capôco, i. 90, 94, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 104
Capuço, i. 113
Capússocússo, i. 91
Caquenha, i. 201
Caquingue, i. 136; country, i. 124;
Caravan, i. 209, 235; sighted, i. 55
Caravans, i. 36
Carcass-eating men, i. 353, 354
Carimuque, ii. 99, 100
Carique, i. 125, 126, 137
Carisampoa, i. 273, 274
Carriers, i. 118, 121, 153, 285; arrive, i. 249; discharged, i. 60; fled, i. 197, 198; from Sambo dismissed, i. 116; got together, i. 39; how to be obtained; i. 17; ill, i. 275; in readiness, i. 126; lame, i. 307; refuse to go on, i. 114; song, i. 272; sought, i. 80; threaten, ii. 137
Cartridge bartered away, i. 309; making, i. 197; ii. 58
Cartridges, i. 179
Caruci, i. 138
Carungolo, i. 83
Cascades, ii. 84, 85
Cases for specimen, i. 16
Cassamba, i. 207
Cassangassanga, i. 273
Cassequera, i. 123
Cassoma, i. 106, 107
Cassonge, i. 137
Cassumbi, i. 133
Castor, i. 254; oil, i. 113, 228 279; plant, i. 274, 279, 339
Castro, i. 76; Ensign, i. 153
Catápi, i. 73, 76, 83
Cataract of the Cuchi, i. 138
Cataracts of Quiverequeto, i. 77
Catengo, ii. 97
Caterpillars, i. 120
Catiba, i. 348
Catima-Moriro cataract, ii. 96
Catraio, ii. 102, 236, 237, 238
Cats, ii. 77
Cattle, i. 179; ii. 35, 42; straying, i. 231, 232
Cuchoix, i. 40
Caverns, i. 48
Cephalophus mergens, i. 62, 174; ii. 246
Cereals, i. 244
Cervicapra Bohor, i. 59, 72, 238, 258
Chacahanga, i. 201
Chacaiombe, i. 200, 206, 245, 285
Chacaonha, i. 114
Chacapombo, i. 112
Chacaquimbamba, i. 101, 104

Chalongo, i. 352
Chalussinga, i. 55
Chaquicengo, i. 280
Chaquiçonde, i. 200
Chaquimbaia, i. 139
Chaquingande, i. 161, 162
Chaquissembo, i. 279
Chaquiunde, i. 250
Chara Woods, i. 138
Chasseurs, 4th, i. 8; 12th, i. 2
Chibitano, ii. 2
Chicheque, ii. 97
Chiconde, i. 253
Chicúli Diengui, i. 58
Chicului, i. 348
Chief, i. 87
Chiefs, i. 125, 369; ii. 68
Childbed, death in, i. 136
Chimbarandongo, i. 68, 69, 70
Chimbenzengue, i. 294
Chimbombo, i. 172
Chimbuicoque, i. 121
Chinderes, ii. 19
Chindonga, i. 115
Chindua, i. 138
Chinguêne, i. 341
Chipulo, i. 342
Chitando, i. 85
Chitequi, i. 73
Chloral, hydrate, ii. 244
Christmas Day, ii. 202
Christopher lost, ii. 264–6
Chronometers, i. 12, 143, 155; regained, ii. 236
Chua, ii. 189
Chucurro, ii. 253
Cicóta, i. 369, 370
Cigar, ii. 210
Cigars, i. 316
Circumcision, i. 336
Clapping-hands, i. 329, 333
Clay, i. 241; ii. 193, 241, 245; greenish, ii. 96
Cliffs, gigantic, i. 87
Cloth of bark, i. 280
Clothing, i. 12
Club, i. 336
Cobongo rivulet, i. 253
Cobra, i. 86, 264, 265; ii. 198
Cobra's skin, i. 352
Cobras, i. 330, 343; ii. 99
Cock shooting, i. 345, 346
Coelho, Senhor, i. 1
Coillard, i. 138, 139, 140; ii. 204–6, 233, 234; family rejoined, ii. 172
Coimbra, i. 200
Cold, i. 241, 249, 250, 275, 286, 315
Colenso, Bishop, ii. 350; (place), ii. 344
Cololos, ii. 2
Combule, i. 356
Commandant Woods, i. 202
Comooloena, i. 59
Confeitaria Ultramarina, i. 15
Convicts, i. 36
Coporolo, i. 47
Cora, i. 64, 239, 349; ii. 72
Cora's death, ii. 199
Coral, i. 228
Cordeiro, i. 5, 8, 11
Corn, Indian, i. 111
Corvo, i. 5, 9, 11, 27
Cosmetic, i. 228
Costa, i. 11, 12
Cotton, i. 231, 234, 279, 294, 339; cloth, i. 193, 294
Council of ministers, ii. 28, 59
Counge, i. 72, 73
Court at Lui, ii. 5; grandees, i. 376
Courting customs, i. 136
Courts, negro, i. 45
Cowries, i. 186, 228, 231, 316, 336
Cowry, i. 193
Creoles, i. 36, 194
Crimes in the Bihé, i. 169, 170
Criminal proceedings, i. 131
Criminals, i. 36
Crocodile, i. 295, 298, 375; ii. 252; river, ii. 241
Crocodile's teeth, i. 285
Crocodiles, i. 77, 295, 343, 349; ii. 75
Cualiba, ii. 193
Cuando, i. 278, 286, 290, 347; ii. 104; crossed, ii. 135
Cuango, i. 272, 273
Cuanza, i. 209; crossed, i. 226, 227
Cuassequera, i. 73
Cubango, i. 115
Cubangui, i. 278, 290, 291, 292, 295
Cuce, i. 85
Cuchi, i. 138
Cuchibi, ii. 91, 287, 288, 303, 304, 306, 307, 316, 336, 347; Sova, i. 312
Cuculus albirostris, i. 350
Cuçuce, i. 101
Cuena, i. 89
Cuime, i. 247
Cuionja, i. 201
Cuito, i. 203, 254, 256, 257
Cumbambi, i. 59
Cunene, i. 66, 77, 105
Cuqueima, i. 141, 142, 267; crossed, i. 142–4

Cutangjo, i. 274, 279
Cutato, i. 121; dos Ganguellas, i. 121
Cuverai, i. 66

Daca, ii. 172
Dance, war, i. 372; by chiefs, i. 46
Dancing, i. 347
Davis, ii. 250
Death, customs, i. 63, 130
Deer, i. 62
Delirium, i. 146
Depression, i. 239; ii. 54
Desert, Baines, ii. 184
Deserter flogged, i. 205
Deserters, military, i. 204
Desertions, i. 51
Despair, i. 363
Diligence journey, ii. 342
Distrust everybody, i. 79
Ditassoa, i. 244, 245
Diviner, i. 132, 133, 134, 245
Divindica chief, i. 242
Doctor, ii. 14
Dog, i. 64, 77, 340
Dogs, eaten, i. 308
Dolls, automatic, i. 337, 338
Dombe, i. 43; Grande, i. 46; river, i. 47; valley, i. 48
Domingos, i. 153
Dôro dos homens, i. 89
Doves, ii. 169
Dragon tree, i. 101
Draining, i. 330
Drakensberg, ii. 339
Dress, i. 279, 320, 321; ii. 4, 37–40, 69, Luchaze, i. 279
Drum, Ambuella, i. 332
Drunkenness, i. 172; ii. 10
Duck, ii. 57
Ducks, ii. 49
Dumbo chief's village, i. 106
Durban, ii. 346
Dwellings, i. 61

Eagles, aquatic, ii. 97
Early rising, i. 315
Earthen vases and platters, i. 123
Earthenware, ii. 37
Eat too much, i. 373
Eburn, ii. 219
Ecápa, i. 368
Eggs, i. 125; tried in water, i. 338
Elephant charmer, i. 267, 268
Elephants, ii. 89, 90
Eland's river, ii. 272
Eleazar, ii. 98, 100, 146, 147
Embarira, ii. 104, 131, 137
Emydes, i. 366
Encampment, i. 210, 231, 233; ii. 14, 43, 111, 245; on fire, ii. 44, 45, 46
English colonists, ii. 221, 222; encampment, ii. 340; girls, ii. 270, 271
Englishman, ii. 132, 133, 134
Ethnology, i. 323, 325
European, ii. 98; news, i. 135; residences, i. 34
Europeans, i. 36
Evil, presentiment of, i. 360, 377
Explorer, how I became one, i. 1
Explosive bullet accident, i. 63

Faggots of sticks, i. 336
Faro, i. 9, 10
Feet cut, ii. 152; wounded, i. 54
Fernandes, i. 19, 24, 25, 26, 29
Fern tree, i. 245, 246
Ferns, i. 66, 144, 301
Ferreira, Marrecas, i. 8
Festival, i. 236–8
Fetus arboreus, i. 245
Fever, i. 64, 76, 87, 88, 93, 99, 100, 101, 104, 105, 108, 109, 122, 123, 137, 144, 150, 200, 284, 285, 358; ii. 1, 10, 11, 15, 20, 58, 60, 74, 81, 88, 93, 94, 96, 97, 98, 99, 104, 132, 140, 141, 142, 144, 145, 148, 180, 181, 182, 202, 210, 261
Ficalho, Count, i. 11, 16
Fields, i. 330
Figaniere, i. 11
Fight, between a lion and buffalo, ii. 102; for life, ii. 46
Figs, Turkish, i. 316
Finches, i. 282
Fire, dread of, i. 131; of wood, i. 315
Fish, i. 89, 295, 297, 341, 342, 349, 350; ii. 49, 50, 57, 97
Fishermen, i. 341
Fishing with osier baskets, i. 298
Flag, i. 229
Flamingo, ii. 9
Flies, i. 358; ii. 81
Flints, i. 256
Flora, aquatic, i. 297
Flour, i. 49, 113; ii. 75; maize, ii. 75
Flower, Ouco, i. 304, 305, 331; ii. 183
Fly-flapper, i. 293, 294; ii. 4
Fly, horse, ii. 241
Fog, i. 368, 370
Food, i. 343, 344; brought, i. 90; spoiled, ii. 155

Foreign affairs, interview with the Minister, i. 3, 4
Forest, i. 34, 58, 140, 207, 243, 252, 253, 264, 284, 304, 348, 349, 357, 361; ii. 50, 86, 91, 102, 151, 182, 191, 193; primeval, i. 304; virgin, i. 56
Fowl, i. 84, 113; house, Luchaze, i. 281
Fowls, i. 90, 139, 153, 181, 344, 374, ii. 101
Frogs, i. 343
Fruit, i. 268; of Cuchibi, i. 288

Galvão da Catumbella, letter, i. 234
Gamba, i. 73
Gambella, i. 376; ii. 5, 9, 11, 19, 20, 23, 26, 27, 30, 31, 32, 70
Game, i. 92, 253, 303, 307, 310; ii. 96, 101; abundant, ii. 92; procured, ii. 145; snare, i. 318, 319; trap, i. 282
Gando Sova, i. 207
Gandoassiva, i. 82
Ganguella, i. 368; women, i. 209
Ganguellas, i. 211, 212
Garanganja, i. 143
Garrido, i. 24
Gazelle, i. 72; ii. 68
Gazelles, i. 238
Geese, i. 297; ii. 68, 79
Genamba, i. 270
Geographical commission, i. 3, 8, 19; lesson, ii. 11; observations, i. 225; ii. 219, 222, 224; Society, i. 5; Society of Lisbon, ii. 13; summary, ii. 105, 117
Geology, i. 222, 287; ii. 183, 272
George Eliot, ii. 200, 201
Ginguba, i. 244
Giraffe, ii. 253
Girls, i. 275, 371
Gnu, i. 292
Gnus, i. 286
Goat, i. 64; ii. 72; Cora, i. 149
Goats, i. 179
Goître, i. 174, 287, 303
Gomes, Dr., i. 4, 5, 7
Gonçalves, i. 65, 66, 83, 137, 144; Francesco, i. 125
Gongo, i. 62, 112
Gonha cataract, ii. 85; heard, ii. 84
Gonin, ii. 266, 270
Gonzellos, i. 126
Gorjão, i. 26
Gout, i. 84
Gouvea, i. 9
Govera, i. 137
Granaries, i. 372
Granite cliffs, i. 73; masses, i. 85; mount, i. 87; river bed, i. 82, 121
Granitic, i. 72; bed, i. 67; soil, i. 54, 66
Grass, i. 61, 210, 244, 365; ii. 169, 180, 190: -eating men, ii. 263; on fire, ii. 80; stems, i. 298
Grasses, i. 39, 66, 72, 106, 122, 123, 307
Graves of chiefs, i. 123; of Europeans, ii. 170, 171
Guano, ii. 193
Guejuma's Kraal, ii. 148
Guides, i. 271; dismissed, i. 292
Guilherme, i. 125, 197
Guinea fowl, ii. 207
Gun stolen, i. 202
Guns, i. 344; Belgian, i. 178, 179

Hair, arrangement, i. 228
Hair-dressing, i. 97
Hare, ii. 153
Hatchet, i. 294; Ambuellas, i. 294
Head-dresses, i. 248, 336; women's, i. 113
Heat, i. 89; ii. 43, 44
Heathcocks, ii. 68; ii. 81
Heidelberg, ii. 336
Height, i. 216
Heir apparent, i. 168
Hen, i. 114
Hens, i. 125
Herbaceous plants, i. 66
Hills, i. 53, 89; wooded, i. 243; ii. 152; little, i. 122
Hippopotami, i. 375; ii. 73
Hippopotamus, i. 72, 77, 86, 375; ii. 94
Hippotragus equinus, i, 267, 353
Hoeing women, i. 200
Honey, i. 268, 292, 350
Hop, i. 173
Hops, i. 274
Horse, valuable, ii. 223–5; young, ii. 333, 335
Horses, ii. 232
House, i. 18, 376
Houses, i. 280, 281, 333, 374; cone-shaped, i. 374; reed, i. 371
Howick cataract, ii. 345
Huambo, i. 90, 91
Human victim, i. 169
Humulus lupulus, i. 173

Hunger, i. 59, 262, 263, 264, 366, 367; fear of, i. 291
Hungry, i. 107
Hunter, Ambuella, i. 340
Hunters, i. 293
Hunting, i. 265, 266, 267; excursion, i. 347; for game, i. 180, 181
Hurricane, i. 139, 140, 368
Hut built in an hour, 234; skeleton of, i. 233
Huts, constructing, i. 314
Hyenas, i. 72, 353, 358
Hygrometrical table, ii. 125
Hymenopter, i. 261
Hypsometrical observations, ii. 121

Illness, i. 271, 272, 275, 276, 287, 291, 292, 296, 303, 350, 362; ii. 92, 104, 261, 265; of Bihenos, i. 276
Imbundi, i. 173
Implements, i. 256
Indiarubber-ware from England, i. 312
Indiarubber, i. 36; articles, i. 12
Indicator, i. 350, 351, 352
Ink from "magic" ink bottles, i. 314
Insects, ii. 198, 244
Instructions, i. 26, 27
Instrument makers, i. 12
Instruments, i. 15, 16
Insubordination, i. 309, 362, 363
Intoxication, i. 62
Introduction, ceremony, i. 334
Inundations, fertilising, i. 330; ii. 34
Iron, i. 274, 279, 294; articles, i. 129; buying old, i. 184; manufacture, i. 128, 294; Ambuella, i. 344; manufactures, i. 241; mines, i. 116, 128; work, ii. 35, 36; workers. i. 274
Island, ii. 98, 99
Islands, i. 332, 333; ii. 81, 87, 89, 93, 97, 102
Islet, i. 142
Itufa, ii. 75; houses, ii. 76, 77
Ivens, i. 1, 7, 8, 11, 28, 29, 53; ill, i. 186
Ivory, i. 36; ii. 71

Jacintho, i. 21, 22, 23, 24
Jeannette Peak, ii. 336
Joco, ii. 89
Jungle, i. 264, 270, 284, 304; ii. 151, 169, 182, 240

Kabenda, i. 25
Kalahari, ii. 183
Khama, ii. 231, 232; king, ii. 209
Kid, i. 273
King, i. 375; white, i. 372
Kingfisher, i. 298
King's rifle, ii. 56
Kings, ii. 68
Knives, i. 240
Kraal, ii. 169

Ladies in Luchuma, ii. 141
Ladysmith, ii. 343
Lake, i. 47, 48, 284, 352, 362, 366, 375; ii. 151, 152, 179, 197, 239; fishing, ii. 173; Liguri, i. 252, 253; Tamafupa, ii. 180; Tamazetze, ii. 180
Lakes, i. 375; ii. 34, 49, 72
Lamupas, i. 123
Languages, Barôze, ii. 8
Lanyon, Governor Sir W. O., ii. 334
Lapwing, i. 349
Latitude, i. 216
Lava, ii. 81
Lazarinas, i. 178, 344
Lead for bullets found, ii. 55, 56
Leeches, i. 146, 252, 287, 343
Leg, inflammation, i. 287
Leonardo, i. 21
Lençol, i. 192
Leopard, ii. 254
Leopards, i. 285, 286, 349; ii. 244
Leopardus jubatus, i. 284
Lepidopter, gigantic, i. 120
Lesseps, i. 12
Letlotze, ii. 206
Letlotze Valley, ii. 219
Letters, i. 195
Liabui, i. 375; ii. 1
Liambai, i. 375; ii. 73, 84
Liambai, Little, ii. 71
Liapêra, i. 138
Liara, i. 375
Libata Grande, i. 77
Libatas, i. 167, 175, 176
Licócótoa, i. 269
Liçondes, i. 279
Lienzi, i. 344, 347
Lightning, i. 77, 104, 139
Limpopo, ii. 241; ii. 274; Upper, ii. 251
Lincumba, i. 342
Linde, ii. 292
Linhonzi, i. 347
Linocanim, ii. 198
Lion, i. 72; shot, ii. 82, 83

Liondo, i. 375
Lions, i. 349, 358; ii. 81, 97, 166, 244, 255
Lisbon, i. 3, 4, 5, 13, 14
Lilutela, ii. 192
Liuica, i. 209; chief, i. 210
Liver, inflammation, ii. 90
Loads, destroyed, i. 215; lessening the number, i. 238
Loanda, i. 17, 26
Lobossi, i. 376; ii. 3, 21, 25, 26, 27, 30, 60, 70, 71; king, i. 376
Locnas, i. 211
Loge, river, i. 21, 24
Lombe, i. 167, 176, 207
London, i. 12
Longitude, i. 216
Lorcha, ii. 91
Lost at night, i. 56
Luale, ii. 204
Lucandu rapids, ii. 96
Luchaze, i. 255; articles, i. 283; hamlets, i. 273
Luchazes, i. 254, 279, 282, 283
Luchuma, ii. 141; left, ii. 148
Luggage, anxiety about its bulk, i. 17
Lui, ii. 3, 33; history of the, ii. 15; kingdom, i. 375; ordered to quit, ii. 23; plain, ii. 80
Luimbas, i. 211
Luina man, ii. 38; woman, ii. 39
Luinas, i. 368, 369, 370, 372, 375; ii. 32
Lumbe, ii. 87
Lungo-é-ungó, i. 273
Lusso, ii. 93; rapids, 92, 93
Lussóla, i. 73
Lutué, i. 368
Luvubo, i. 88

Macalacas, ii. 164
Macaricari, ii. 191, 194
Machachas, language, ii. 69
Machauana, ii. 7, 19, 23, 24, 49, 61
Machilla, ii. 101
Mackenzie, ii. 219
Macololos, ii. 2
Maconco, i. 242
Macotas, i. 167, 168, 236
Macua, ii. 59
Macuas, ii. 19
Madeira, barracks, i. 2
Magalhaçs, i. 146
Magalies Berg, ii. 275
Magnesium light, ii. 254
Maize, i. 61, 113, 318, 337, 339, 343; ii. 14; fermented, i. 173; flour, i. 92, 199
Malanca, i. 353, 354; ii. 165
Mambares, ii. 20
Mambue cataract, ii. 93
Mammalia, Cuchibi, i. 343
Mammifers, i. 343
Mamungo, ii. 86
Man, Luchaze, i. 283
Mandioca, i. 61; fields, i. 62
Manguato, ii. 211, 216
Manhicungu rapids, ii. 96
Manioc, i. 49, 61, 78, 113, 244, 254, 274, 279, 294, 295, 339, 371; flour, ii. 99, 102
Manjoro, i. 236
Manjunda, i. 343
Manutumueno, ii. 12
Map, i. 237, 285; making, i. 277
Mapole, i. 288, 289, 291; ii. 91
Mapoleque, i. 288, 289
Maramo, i. 347
March, forced, i. 365; order of, i. 313
Marcolina dies, ii. 272; burial, ii. 273
Mariana's warning, ii. 31
Marico, ii. 256
Marimba, i. 45; ii. 26
Marine, ministry of, i. 11
Marques, i. 39, 78
Marsh, i. 141, 284, 285, 290, 298, 348, 362
Marshes, i. 332
Marshy banks, i. 252; ground, i. 264, 286; land, i. 290; soil, i. 210
Massacas, i. 127
Massambala, i. 61, 371; ii. 14, 74, 99
Massangano, i. 1
Massango, i. 256, 263, 269, 270, 273, 274, 275, 279, 292, 294, 295, 296, 307, 308, 314
Massaruas, ii. 188, 189, 192
Massonge, i. 60
Mathematics without books, i. 154.
Matheus, i. 73
Matrimony, customs, i. 62, 63
Mats, i. 294, 336
Matta do Cavaco, i. 34
Mayer, ii. 170
Medicine man, i. 132, 169, 194, 195, 245
Mello, i. 31, 38, 42; his furniture, i. 53; his history, i. 32, 33
Mello's letter, i. 196
Men, Mundombe, i. 50
Mendes, i. 35
Meningitis, i. 146

Merchandise, i. 192
Mercury, transit, i. 218
Messengers, i. 234
Meteorological observations, i. 155, 222, 223, 224; table, ii. 122, 123, 124, 126, 127
Miasma, ii. 35
Micha, i. 256
Miguel, i. 206
Military commandant, i. 10
Milk, ii. 75; curdled, ii. 59; pots, 35
Minana, ii. 92
Mirage, ii. 101
Missionaries, ii. 301, 305; English, ii. 216
Missionary history, ii. 174–176
Missions, ii. 218
Mocha-mocha, ii. 91
Mocumba, ii. 137
Moenacuchimba, i. 112
Moehe Cahenga, i. 294
Mohumbes, i. 157
Moma country, i. 116
Money scarce, ii. 222
Monkeys, i. 23, 332
Moranziani, ii. 99
Mosquitos, ii. 164
Moss, i. 267
Mould, i. 251
Mount Quissécua, i. 66; Tama, i. 58
Mountain, i. 34, 48, 56, 77, 88, 272, 290; ii. 80, 141, 168, 206; catongo, ii. 49; wooded, i. 306
Mozambique governor, i. 1
Mozi-oa-tunia, ii. 102, 153
Muangana, ii. 74, 76
Mucano, i. 170, 171, 172, 181, 203
Mucassequere, i. 348; encampment, i. 320
Mucassequeres, i. 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 325
Muchenche, ii. 91
Mucuri, ii. 168, 169
Mueneputo, i. 372; ii. 9
Muenevinde, i. 277
Mulatto, i. 211
Mundumbes, i. 42
Mupas, i. 123; de Canhaçuto, i. 77
Music, ii. 26, 27, 28
Musician, negro, i. 191; ii. 15
Mutanga, i. 227
Mutema country, ii. 92
Mutiny, i. 309
Muzeu, i. 227
Muzinda, i. 208; chief, i. 209.
Muzungos, ii. 19
Nanguari, ii. 86
Napkins, i. 201
Napoleon, Prince, ii. 351
Nariere, i. 375
Nata, ii. 186
Native conversation, i. 355, 356
Natives, i. 102, 275, 345, 346, 647
Needle, deflection, i. 216; inclination, i. 216; variation, ii. 50
Negro, hard to civilise, i. 354, 355; huts, i. 35
Negroes and negresses, little, i. 85; armed, i. 139; Lueña, ii. 69
Nenuphar, i. 331
Nervous state, ii. 186–8
Nervousness, ii. 200–1, 207
Net, fishing, i. 350
Neuroptera, i. 262
Newcastle, ii. 341
Newton, American consul, i. 26
Nhele, i. 342
Nhengo, i. 362, 365, 374; plain, i. 362
Nhembas, i. 127
Nhongoaviranda, i. 270
Niggers disappear, i. 59; return, i. 60
Ninda, i. 306, 357, 358, 360, 361, 365
Nitro-glycerine balls, ii. 46, 47
Noise of waterfall, ii. 83
Nondimba, i. 73
Norôco, i. 375
Notes, system of taking, i. 314, 315
Ntuani, ii. 245; forded, 249
Numida meleagris, ii. 81
Nuts, ii. 75, 84; ground, i. 339

Observations, i. 314, 315; ii. 68
Officer in garrison, i. 1, 2
Oil of Cuchibi, i. 288
Oliveira, i. 15
Olunginge, i. 262
Omême, i. 179
Onda, i. 242, 244, 245, 247, 252, 253
Ongiris, ii. 81, 242, 243
Ongue, i. 179
Opudo, i. 326–329, 338
Opumbulume, i. 306; ii. 91
Orchilla weed, i. 36
Orange orchard, i. 149
Ordnance, carriageless, i. 34
Organ, automatic, i. 338
Ornaments, i. 321, 369, 370; ii. 69
Ostriches, ii. 246, 247
Otter, i. 298
Otters, i. 343

Ouco, i. 361; flower, i. 304, 305
Outfit, i. 14, 15, 16
Ox, i. 88, 92, 122, 124, 207, 208, 209, 231; ii. 71; saddle, i. 137; shot, 211
Oxen, i. 65, 210, 372; ii. 6

Paddle, Chuchibi, i. 331
Palanca, i. 88, 107, 118, 148
Palisade, i. 176
Pallahs, ii. 74
Palm trees, i. 10, 366, 370; palms, i. 86
Pano, i. 192
Panorama, i. 272
Paris, i. 12
Parliament, Bill, i. 9
Parroquets, i. 286
Parrot, ii. 72; lame, i. 239
Partridges, i. 181; ii. 81, 153
Pasture, i. 339; ii. 34
Patamatenga, ii. 170
Pateo, ii. 76
Paterson, ii. 227–230
Pecuniary resources growing short, i. 337
Pedometer, i. 313
Pepeca, i. 83, 210
Pessenge, i. 85, 86
Pestles and mortars, i. 199
Phenomenon, ii. 51, 52
Phillips, ii. 141; ii. 181, 182
Pietermaritzburg, ii. 345
Pig, i. 84, 87, 90, 112, 114, 117, 139, 174, 199
Pigeons, i. 274; wood, i. 181, 274
Piland's Berg, ii. 266
Pipe, i. 240; Luchaze, i. 281
Pipes, ii. 237
Pib's Bote, ii. 272
Pitchfork, i. 336
Plain, i. 77, 144, 210, 264, 348, 349, 361, 362; ii. 168; boggy, ii. 241; spongy, i. 365
Plains, i. 101; marshy, i. 207
Plantations, i. 121, 200, 279, 330
Plants, aquatic, i. 365; gramineous, i. 101; leguminous, i. 72
Plaster, i. 357
Plateau, i. 73
Põe, i. 103
Poison, i. 134
Poisonous plant, ii. 180
Police, i. 37
Polygamy, ii. 33
Pombeiro, i. 164, 165, 205, 206, 211, 212
Pombeiros forgiven, i. 349, 350
Pond, ii. 194
Pool, muddy, ii. 151
Pools, i. 343
Porto, i. 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 66, 92; do Fende, i. 77, 163; da Lenha, i. 24
Porto's letter, 196
Portugal, a comparison, i. 87, 88
Portuguese, ii. 226, 227; army, i. 37, 38; establishment, i. 61; flag, ii. 47, 48; manufactures, i. 23; poetry, ii. 7; possessions, i. 1; secretary, i. 162; spoken, i. 334; traders, ii. 65, 67
Potatoes, i. 81, 111, 339, 368; sweet, i. 294, 295, 367, 374
Poultry, i. 180, 339, 371
Powder, i. 345
Prado, i. 18
Precipice, i. 264
Presents, i. 344, 371
Pretoria, ii. 276; hospitalities, ii. 282, 306
Price, ii. 219
Prices at Bihé, i. 192
Prisoner in Embarira, ii. 132
Programme of the King, i. 375, 376
Prostration, ii. 96
Proto, ii. 66
Provisions, i. 15, 344, 371; low, i. 365; obtained, i. 367, 368; run short, i. 57; running short, i. 362; scarce, ii. 77; short, i. 291, 311, 312, 362, 364; ii. 145
Pumpkins, i. 113, 339
Pups eaten, i. 308
Puti, ii. 246
Pygargo, ii. 97, 98

Quail, i. 78
Quails, i. 349; ii. 81
Quando, i. 85
Quarrelling carriers, i. 113
Qué, i. 66, 71, 72
Queen, ii. 74
Queimbo, i. 285, 348
Quiaia, i. 112
Quiassa, i. 173
Quibanda, i. 175
Quibôcos, i. 270
Quichobo, i. 299
Quiene, i. 67
Quillengues, i. 60, 61, 65; men, i. 50; people, i. 61, 62; range, i. 65
Quillimane, i. 5, 6
Quimbandes, i. 241, 250; country, i. 227

Quimbares, i. 205; ii. 20
Quimbombo, i. 172; ii. 7
Quimbundo, i. 84; ii. 20
Quimbungo, i. 103, 104, 105
Quingolo, i. 86, 87
Quingue, i. 123; captain, i. 124, 125
Quinine, i. 88, 118, 215; ii. 15, 74; blisters, ii. 91; sulphate of, i. 12; sulphate injected, ii. 94
Quiôcos, 270, 271
Quipembe, i. 83; Sova, i. 210
Quiporolo, i. 47
Quirana, i. 192
Quissangua, i. 174
Quisseque, ii. 97, 98
Quissonde, i. 261
Quissongo, i. 137, 165
Quissongos, i. 164
Quissunge, i. 175
Quitaqui, i. 60

Races, i. 323, 324
Rain, i. 77, 100, 104, 110, 111, 112, 116, 122, 123, 137, 138, 139, 140; ii. 100, 151, 155, 183, 198, 199, 200, 240, 243, 244, 245, 275, 339
Rains, i. 180; ii. 34; and wind, i. 113; deposits, i. 53; stopper, i. 135; water, i. 54; reservoirs, ii. 152
Raisins, i. 234
Rapid, ii. 88, 102
Rapids, i. 77, 121; ii. 83, 87, 89, 94, 95, 96
Rats, i. 308, 309; ii. 99; eaten, i. 309
Reed-walled houses, i. 333
Reeds, i. 210, 298, 362
Reis, i. 48
Released, ii. 134
Reptiles, i. 343; ii. 198
Revolution projected, ii. 24, 25
Rheumatic pains, i. 137, 138, 144, 146
Rheumatism, i. 118, 122, 124, 140, 141
Rhinoceros, ii. 353
Rice, i. 92
Rifle, vertical deviation, i. 360, 361; out of order, i. 360, 361
River, i. 34, 86, 268, 278, 362; bed dry, ii. 185; full of crocodiles, i. 71; navigation, i. 297, 300, 301, 302, 303; width, ii. 75
Rivers soon navigable, i. 286, 300; ii. 197; deeper, i. 243; navigable, i. 244
Rivulet, i. 66, 72, 352; ii. 153, 169, 206, 152
Robbed by a black servant, i. 39; by blacks, i. 187
Rocks, blackened, i. 86
Rodrigues, i. 11
Roots, i. 320; tuberculous, i. 270
Rose bushes, i. 149
Roza, i. 56, 60, 64, 65
Rubalis lunatus, ii. 92
Rushes, i. 73

St. Francisco, i. 47
Sale, i. 92, 371, 373
Salt-pans, ii. 194–6
Sand, i. 80, 251; calcareous, i. 34; river bed, i. 209, 244, 297, 307
Sandy bed of lake, i. 252; bottom of river, i. 343; plain, ii. 149; tract, ii. 140
Sanica, i. 248
Santos Reis, i. 44
Sardines, i. 19
Savages without dwellings, i. 322
Schutt, i. 30
Scorpion, ii. 244
Scorpions, i. 330, 370; ii. 167
Scrub, i. 264
Sebseb, ii. 262
Sebs-sebs, ii. 92
Secula-Binza, i. 76, 82
Seculos, i. 167
Seculu Unguri, i. 65
Selous, ii. 320
Senzalas, i. 35; ii. 20
Serra, i. 271, 272, 273, 290
Serpents, venomous, i. 86
Setlequan, ii. 204
Shallow water, ii. 72
Sham fight, i. 230
Sheep, i. 54, 57, 64, 65, 210; purchased, i. 35; without wool, i. 179
Shepstone, ii. 294
Shoshong, ii. 208, 220; left, ii. 232
Shrubs, i. 243; ii. 169
Silva, i. 11, 24, 35
Simoane, ii. 191, 192
Sioma, ii. 84
Situmba rapids, ii. 84
Skins, ii. 246
Slave, i. 334; trade, i. 157; ii. 64
Slavery, i. 259, 260; Portuguese laws, i. 29
Slaves, i. 257, 258, 322; ii. 33, 73; gang of, i. 211; set free, i. 213
Snails, i. 365; ii. 193
Snare for game, i. 318
Snuff, i. 112; ii. 37

Soares, Captain, i. 2
Soldiers, i. 50
Songue, i. 307, 310, 311
Songues, i. 349
Sorcerer, i. 132, 134
Sorcerers, i. 135
Sorcery, i. 127, 307
Sores, i. 307
Soul's Port, ii. 266
Souza, Marquis, i. 11
Sova, i. 167, 333, 334; Cau-eu-hué, i. 318, 319; Capoco's letter, i. 232; Iumbi, i. 208; of Ambuella, i. 338; of Ambuella's daughters, i. 343, 356, 357; of Cangamba, i. 294, 295; Mavanda, i. 227, 229, 231, 235, 242; mode of addressing, i. 347
Sova's brother, i. 334, 335; daughters, 337, 338
Sovas, i. 166; of the Dombe, i. 44, 45
Soveta of Lienzi, i. 348
Sovetas, i. 303
Spectacles broken, i. 121
Spider house, ii. 77
Spiders, i. 346; ii. 76, 263
Spirit from Indian corn, i. 172
Spirits, malignant, i. 133
Spring, ii. 169
Stake foundations, ii. 333
Stalking, i. 266
Standerton, ii. 338
Stanley, i. 25, 26, 27
Start made, i. 242, 268
Steamer from Lisbon, i. 28
Steel, i. 256
Steinbok, ii. 252
Sterility, charm against, i. 336, 337
Stockade, i. 149, 150
Stomach inflammation, i. 275
Store-houses, i. 333
Storm, i. 141; ii. 148, 261
Strangers, i. 364
Stratifications, vertical, i. 287
Streams, i. 303
Strepsiceros Kudu, ii. 81
Sugar-cane, i. 49, 125, 209, 231, 244, 371
Sulphate of lime, i. 48
Swamp, i. 349, 373, 374; fevers, ii. 35
Swampy, i. 349
Sycamores, i. 61, 73, 87, 149

Table Land, i. 272; Cangala, 257
Tamega, i. 25, 26, 29, 39; gunboat, i. 20, 24
Tapa, i. 373
Taramanjamba valley, i. 53
Tavares, i. 19
Taylor, ii. 222, &c.
Tea service, i. 64, 313
Temperature, i. 315, 316
Tempest, i. 140; ii. 167
Temple for conversation, i. 96
Tent reached, i. 56
Termites, i. 175, 251, 262, 309, 370
Termitic ground, i. 203; soil, 121, 122
Testa, i. 11
Thalamabelli, ii. 200
Thatch, i. 333, 371
Theodolite, difficult to get, i. 13
Thermometer, rise, i. 368
Thicket, ii. 184
Thieving attendants, i. 309
Thirst, i. 54, 348
Thorns, i. 62, 86; ii. 197; white, i. 53
Thunder, i. 138, 139, 140; storm, i. 105; ii. 88, 100, 154, 155
Tia Lina, i. 21, 22, 24
Ticks, ii. 224, 261
Time, value of, i. 315
Tinder, i. 255
Tine, i. 54
Tito, i. 17
Tobacco, ii. 75, 112, 191, 294, 371
Toilet, i. 312, 313
Tomahawks, i. 240
Tomb of a chief, i. 124
Tools, i. 16
Torrent, i. 264; crossed, i. 52, 53
Tortoises, i. 366
Trade, articles of, i. 41; variations of, i. 36
Traders, ii. 65–68; at Bihé, i. 171
Traitors plotted against, ii. 42, 43
Transvaal, i. 355; ii. 277; colonists, ii. 211
Trap for game, i. 282
Travel, plan of, i. 312–316
Travelling requisites, i. 12
Tree, miraculous, ii. 336
Trees, i. 243, 284; ii. 197; enormous, i. 371; ii. 153; lightning-struck, i. 144; on green slopes, i. 210
Trials, ii. 26, 27
Tribes, ii. 3
Tronda, i. 248
Trophy, hunting, i. 333; of the chase, i. 333
Tui, i. 60
Tumours, i. 307; carriers, i. 307

Tumulus, i. 285
Typha, ii. 319
Typhus, ii. 262
Turf, i. 252

Uanhis, ii. 97
Umpuro, i. 59
Underwood, i. 243, 304, 318
Upanga, i. 73
Urivi, i. 282, 318, 319
Usongue, i. 76
Usserem, i. 71
Utensils of Bihé, i. 187

Valley, i. 306; ii. 166, 203
Vambo, i. 59
Vaneno, ii. 112
Varea, i. 242, 250
Vasconcellos, i. 11
Vegetation, i. 58, 66, 86, 243, 273, 304, 331; ii. 80, 81, 85, 86, 93, 183, 192, 206, 272; aquatic, i. 297, 331
Verissimo, i. 141
Vicéte, i. 76
Victoria Regia, i. 331
Village, i. 84, 280; Chimbambo, i. 348; fortified, i. 109
Villages, i. 177, 269, 316; in the water, i. 317
Violin, i. 191
Virgins, i. 90
Volcanic formation, ii. 152; ground, ii. 80
Voyage home, ii. 352
Vultures, i. 352

Waggon accident, ii. 239, 240; Coillards, ii. 178; found, ii. 235; lost, ii. 233
Wall, stone, i. 86
Walsh, ii. 134
War, dance, i. 372; rumours of, ii. 18, 19
Warriors, i. 376
Wars, i. 177, 178
Water, i. 362; ii. 179, 183, 184, 185, 192; clearest crystal, i. 307; drinker, i. 334; salt, ii. 190; scarce, ii. 148, 168, 169
Waterfalls, River, ii. 338, 339
Waters high, i. 63
Watley, ii. 250
Waves of the river, 97
Wax, i. 36, 250, 254, 282; hunters, i. 303
Weakness, i. 89
Weather, i. 105; predicter, i. 135
Well, ii. 194; in the bed of a rivulet, i. 53
Wells, i. 34
Westbeech, ii. 141
Wet ground, i. 370
Wheat, i. 181
White stranger near, ii. 104
Whites in Africa, ii. 216–222
Wild beasts, i. 358; smell of, i. 48
Wind, ii. 75, 96, 168
Wire, i. 193
Wives of Palanca, i. 107
Woman, Ambuella, i. 325; Cutango, i. 280; Luchaze, i. 280; of Cabango, i. 247
Women, i. 208, 346, 347; ii. 41, 42; Ganguella, i. 120; Luchazes, i. 256; Mundome, i. 49; not allowed at the mines, i. 129; photographed, ii. 325, 326
Women's headdresses, i. 227, 228
Wonderboom, ii. 335, 336
Wood, i. 100; manufactures, i. 241; pigeons, i. 86; scarce, ii. 101; virgin, i. 77, 86
Wooded ground, ii. 152
Woods, i. 72, 286, 287, 288, 371
Wounded men tended, ii. 48
Wounds of ankle, &c., i. 307

Zaire river, i. 18, 19; steamers, i. 17, 19
Zambesi, i. 1, 374, 375; ii. 34, 84, 86, 93, 97; canoes, ii. 79; falls, ii. 156, 165; Lower, i. 1; navigation, ii. 78, 79
Zebra, ii. 101
Zoutpansberg, ii. 254
Zuarte, i. 192, 316
Zulu, ii. 230; alarm, 327, 330
Zymotic diseases, ii. 35

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